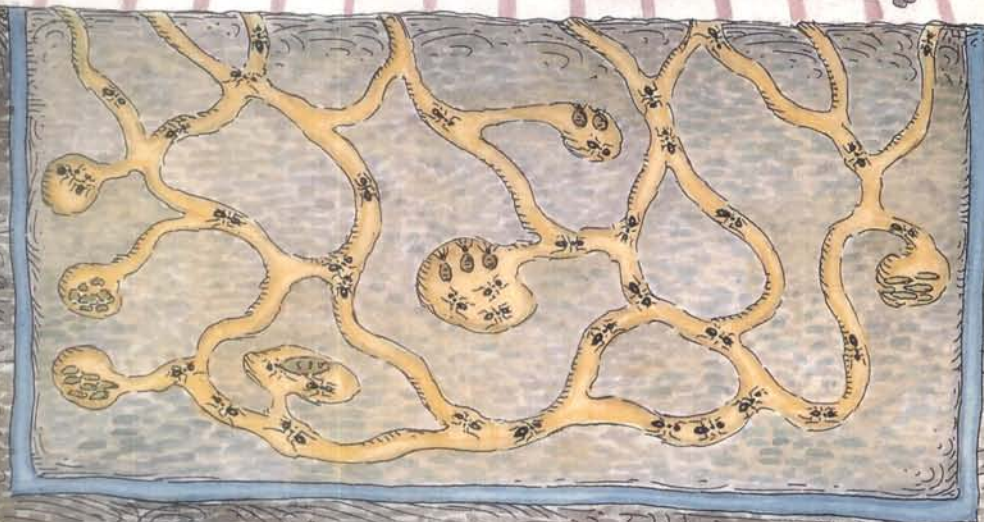


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

NEAL FOSTER founded London's Liaisons Theatre Company seven years ago, when he was nineteen. If you ask him why, you'll get a frank answer. "I found that, no matter how comfortable I was with my performances, if I was in a bad show it was all intolerable. I wanted more control over what was happening onstage." Control has long been an issue for Mr. Foster. From an early age, he wanted to be an actor-manager, and he was willing to raise money to attain that goal. Three years ago, he landed a part in "The Seagull," at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, by raising almost a quarter of the production costs. His method? Interviewing celebrities before an audience for a modest admission fee. He'll apply the same technique on June 14 at Symphony Space, when he interviews Glenn Close and Richard Dreyfuss to benefit an actors' exchange he has set up between Liaisons and an American troupe to be named later. If Mr. Foster fills up the theatre, he will raise seven or eight thousand dollars, which is enough, he figures, to sponsor the New York-London exchange of two American and two British actors next season. If reports from his "Seagull" series of interviews are any indication, New York audiences are in for a lively time. "I think it should be a criminal offense to bore an audience," Mr. Foster says.

To judge from its programming, Symphony Space shares his philosophy. The theatre has a well-established series of Monday-night fiction readings; June 15 will be the third of five readings from "The Great Gatsby." The event will feature Christine Baranski, Roscoe Lee Browne, Mia Dillon, and Charles Keating; it will take place at the new Hudson River Park, in Battery Park City, at 6:30, and will be broadcast over WNYC-FM on the following Friday. On June 16, at 7, Symphony Space hosts readings from another classic work, "Ulysses," with its annual "Bloomsday on Broadway" event. This one's back uptown, at Broadway and 95th Street.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ANNA, THE GYPSY SWEDE—Viveca Lindfors wrote and stars in this one-woman play. Opens June 8 at 8, and runs through June 28. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109.)

BALANCING ACT—A new musical comedy by Dan Goggin. Previews through June 14. Opens June 15 at 7. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

FLAUBERT'S LATEST—A new comedy by Peter Parnell. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

THE INNOCENTS' CRUSADE—A new play by Keith Reddin. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

MANHATTAN PUNCH LINE—Presenting the eighth annual festival of one-act comedies, which will be the company's last New York production. Evening A: Plays by Michael Panes, Michael Aschner, Stephen Gregg, Theresa

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14	15	16	17			



*Tony Goldwyn, Kevin Bacon,
Sandra Santiago, and Julie White
in "Spike Heels"*

Rebeck, and John Holleman. ... ♣ Series B: Works by David Bottrell, Mr. Panes, Larry Blamire, Barbara Lindsay, and Michael Dempsey. Series A opens June 10 at 8; Series B opens June 11 at 8. Both wind up on June 21. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. For reservations, call 239-0827.)

THE NIGHT LARRY KRAMER KISSED ME—A play by the actor David Drake. In previews. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 691-2509.)

THE PRICE—Hector Elizondo, Debra Mooney, Joe Spano, and Eli Wallach in the Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of the Arthur Miller play. Previews on June 9 at 8 and June 10 at 2. Opens June 10 at 8. (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

RICHARD III—A Royal National Theatre production of Shakespeare's play, starring Ian McKellen. Previews June 9-10. Opens June 11 at 7, and runs through June 21. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

SALOMÉ AND CHINESE COFFEE—Al Pacino stars in two shows that will run in repertory. The first is a production of the Oscar Wilde work, and the second is a contemporary play by Ira Lewis. Both are in previews. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

WEIRD ROMANCE—Ellen Greene and Jonathan Hadary in a new science-fiction musical by Alan Brennert (book), Alan Menken (score), and David Spencer (lyrics). Previews through June 14. Opens June 16 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

OPENED RECENTLY

BEAU JEST—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

THE BEST OF FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. It features three old favorites (Michael McGrath, Toni DiBuono, and Roxie Lucas) and a Mr. Patrick Quinn, who is new to us and constitutes a real find. There is some new material, but our favorite sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-

Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Marilyn Michaels, the fourth member of the company, does imitations of imitations. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The final play of the season is **EMPTY HEARTS**, by John Bishop. With Mel Harris and Cotter Smith. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes June 14.)

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bitter-sweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

CRAZY FOR YOU—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DANCING AT LUGHNASA—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN—Mike Nichols' Americanized version of Ariel Dorfman's play (in which Juliet Stevenson took London by storm last year) is a sad disappointment. The play, which is set in "a country that is probably Chile" and concerns a woman's attempt to punish the man she holds responsible for torturing her in captivity fifteen years before, is anything but subtle, and Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman are all grossly miscast. (3/30/92) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

THE EXTRA MAN—Richard Greenberg's new play, about a blocked writer who tricks a married friend into an adulterous affair so that he will have something to write a novel about, is arch, smug, and inept, and—despite a first-rate cast that consists of Adam Arkin, Boyd Gaines, Laila Robins, and John Slatery—does nothing to offset one's impression that this playwright's experience of life is confined to parties, chic restaurants, and the New York literary scene. (6/1/92) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes June 21.)

FALSETTOS—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. We've never understood the appeal of William Finn's "Marvin" trilogy. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. To us, though, it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikely people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikely songs. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

FIRES IN THE MIRROR: CROWN HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN AND OTHER IDENTITIES—Anna Deavere Smith is a wily mimic and verbal caricaturist, with a sharp, discerning ear and a tongue to match. The program, which she wrote as well as performs, takes as its point of departure the aftermath of the accident last summer in

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Crown Heights, Brooklyn (in which a car carrying members of a Hasidic sect went out of control and killed a black child, Gavin Cato). Miss Smith impersonates more than twenty-five people who were either directly or indirectly concerned. Her net is far-flung and, not surprisingly, she is often strongest when funniest. Those here gathered include Angela Davis, in California; Professor Leonard Jeffries, of City College; and the omnipresent Reverend Al Sharpton. There are also a couple of rabbis; a couple of rapping street kids; a local Jewish housewife; and, most notably, Norman Rosenbaum, an Australian whose brother Yankel was stabbed to death in retribution on the night of the accident. All the material in the show was based on actual interviews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes June 28.)

FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and



Joe Spano, Eli Wallach, and Hector Elizondo in "The Price"

"Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

HAUPTMANN—John Logan's self-congratulatory play about the accused kidnapper of the Lindbergh baby, recently seen at the Victory Gardens Theatre, in Chicago, might be worth seeing for Denis O'Hare's performance in the title role, but it has a rather nasty aftertaste. The play arrives with great fanfare and a certain air of self-satisfaction, and tells us a number of things we already know—that capital punishment is horrible and that, guilty or not, Bruno Richard Hauptmann probably got a raw deal. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

INNOCENT ERÉNDIRA AND HER HEARTLESS GRANDMOTHER—An adaptation of a novella by Gabriel García Márquez; directed by Jorge Ali Triana. Performed in Spanish; simultaneous-English-translation sets are available. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

JAKE'S WOMEN—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, is pretty much what you'd expect: some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting, in repertory, Samuel Beckett's *ENDGAME* and a triple bill of one-acts by Václav Havel: *AUDIENCE*, *UNVEILING*, and *PROTEST*. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

JELLY'S LAST JAM—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if ever there was one, was written and directed

by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. Luther Henderson has adapted Morton's music and offered some music of his own; the lyrics were written by Susan Birkenhead; and Hope Clark was the choreographer. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—The granddaddy of all junk musicals. This road-show revival, starring Sheena Easton and Raul Julia, is in every respect adequate to the occasion. Miss Easton is not the most expressive actress in the world, but then Mr. Julia is not the most accomplished singer. Tony Martinez, who plays Sancho, recently celebrated his two-thousandth performance in the role—and it shows. Joan Diener substitutes for Miss Easton on Tuesday evenings and Wednesday matinees. (5/11/92) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

MARVIN'S ROOM—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering adolescent. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleeker Sts. 420-8000.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—This is one musical we think the world could be without and feel no sorrow. The story of a girl forced to content herself with some old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everyone a lesson about making do with what life has to

offer, it's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana. As for Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera production, it's your basic slightly-better-than-average dinner-theatre revival. What's the rumpus? (2/24/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PUNCH ME IN THE STOMACH—A one-woman show starring Deb Filler. Written by Ms. Filler and Alison Summers, who directed. Presented by New York Theatre Workshop. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 302-6989.)

THE REAL LIVE BRADY BUNCH—Episodes from the acclaimed TV series, reenacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleeker St. 475-5120.)

RED DIAPER BABY—Josh Kornbluth's one-man show, recently seen at Second Stage. Performances resume June 12. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

RUTHLESS!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. She gave us the pip. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. 254-5076.)

SIGHT UNSEEN—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. (2/3/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

SPIKE HEELS—"Private Lives" à la mode. The combatants are a sexy, volatile young woman (Sandra Santiago) and three Back Bay types—a writer (Tony Goldwyn), a lawyer (Kevin Bacon), and a fiancée in sensible shoes (Julie White). The setting is Boston, the ending is happy, and laughter abounds. Theresa Rebeck wrote the play, and Michael Greif directed it. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—Gregory Mosher's revival, with Jessica Lange in the role of Blanche DuBois, plays like a parody. It features a cuddly, avuncular Stanley (Alec Baldwin), a

Stella (Amy Madigan) straight out of a Carol Burnett skit, and a lot of embarrassing staging. Miss Lange's acting is all "for the camera." One feels that she is trying to rescue the role of Blanche from decades' worth of assumptions about it but hasn't had much help or guidance from her director. (4/27/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

THE SUBSTANCE OF FIRE—Jon Robin Baitz's play about an intransigent publisher at odds with his grown children, having moved from Playwrights Horizons, seems stronger than ever in this more formal theatre. The remarkable Ron Rifkin continues in the leading role, and he is ably supported by the members of the company—Patrick Breen, John Benjamin Hickey, Cordelia Richards, and Maria Tucci. (3/9/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

TUBES—A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

TWO TRAINS RUNNING—August Wilson's latest, set in a Pittsburgh luncheonette in 1969, is one of those plays in which all the performances seem to be groping hotly after Tony nominations and everything is freighted with Meaning. (4/27/92) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)

THE FANTASTICKS: The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirty-second birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838.)

FOREVER PLAID: Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART: Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

LOST IN YONKERS: This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

LES MISÉRABLES: The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

MISS SAIGON: Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

PERFECT CRIME: A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.)

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA: This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

THE SECRET GARDEN: This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SONG OF SINGAPORE: A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING: The never-ending nuptials of Anthony Angelo Nunzio and Valentina Lynne Vitale. With audience participation, as you probably know. (St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.)

THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES: The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. With Mac Davis. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)



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We've been feeling pretty good about ourselves lately here at Maker's Mark. We've been getting consistently good press from the wine and spirits writers, and our whisky still has yet to lose an international tasting competition. Immortality must be just around the corner.

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"I recently moved to South Dakota. Imagine my confusion when I walked into a bar and asked for 'Maker's' — the cocktail waitress thought I was

referring to baking powder!"

Well, you could have heard my ego deflating from one end of the distillery to the other. It's a tough lesson to learn that not everyone out there is as interested in our whisky as we are.

Still, if you have such an interest we humbly invite you to track down a bottle of Maker's Mark and judge it for yourself. If you have trouble finding it, write me. I'll do my best to point you in the right direction.

Especially in South Dakota.

Bill Samuels, Jr.

Bill Samuels, Jr.
President
Maker's Mark Distillery

**Maker's
Mark®**

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, KY 40037, 45% Alc./Vol. (90 Proof), Fully Matured

DANCE

YOU have these images to play with: a handsome giantess in a magical, billowing cloak; two fabulous birds, one with stars on its wings; a ram with golden horns; and a spotted cat with a golden collar.

If you were the Russian artist Alexandra Exter in 1916, what would you have designed?

The curtain and portal for the Moscow Kamerny Theatre, founded two years earlier. Exter's idea of presenting the curtain as a woman in the act of spreading her cape—to reveal the animals mentioned above—was probably the antecedent for other Russian theatre curtains, including the Kirov's.

You have these forms to play with: four circles, two segments of a circle, four triangles, and seven rectangles. Your colors are shades of purple, chartreuse, and blue, on a white ground.

If you were the Soviet Constructivist painter Alexander Rodchenko in 1920, what would you have designed?

A Pierrot for an (unproduced) staging of Zamyatin's "We." In Rodchenko's design, the performer leans to his right, probably in the act of taking a bow. His face is blue; he may have flubbed it.

You are in a studio full of wide-eyed adolescent girls. They wear dark gym shorts and thin sleeveless T-shirts cinched with leather belts. A choreographer has packed them together into three rows arranged on risers. The children link arms in complex, uncomfortable ways; some of them have been forced to cant their heads, others to swing them into sharp profile to face you and your bank of lights. You tell them, "Hold it." Obediently, they freeze their biceps and necks and hold their breath. Could this be art, you wonder, to turn a flock of kids into a simulacrum of a conveyor belt? You notice that each exquisite little face is locked up in boredom or anger or resignation, except for one, from which a smile is about to fly free.

If you were Margaret Bourke-White making a trip through the Soviet Union in 1931, what would you have just photographed?

A Constructivist "Machine Dance," at the Moscow Ballet School.

These and hundreds of other remarkable paintings, models, and photographs—and even a reconstruction of the Exter curtain—are contained in the eye-filling show "Theatre in Revolution: Russian Avant-Garde Stage Design, 1913-1935," at the IBM Gallery (Madison Avenue at 56th Street), through June 13.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—June 9 at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "The Waltz Project," and "Prague Symphony."... June 10 at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Sonatas and Interludes," "Tarantella," and "In G Major."... June 11 at 8: "Square Dance," "Ancient Airs and Dances," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... June 12 at 8: "In G Major," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons."... June 13 at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Valse Triste," "Concertino," and "The Four Seasons."... June 13 at 8: "Square Dance," "Herman Schmerman,"

"Duo Concertant" (with guest artist Mikhail Baryshnikov), and "Prodigal Son."... June 14 at 1: "The Waltz Project," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... June 14 at 7: "Square Dance," "Bugaku," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... June 16 at 8: "Delight of the Muses," "Sonatas and Interludes," "Three Preludes" (New York premiere; with Mr. Baryshnikov), "Two's Company," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... June 17 at 8: "Images," "Concertino," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 28.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—June 8 at 8: "The Other," "Grass," and "Serious Pleasures."... June 9 and June 11-12 at 8, and June 10 and June 13 at 2 and 8: "Don Quixote."... June 15-16 at 8 and June 17 at 2 and 8: "Bruch Violin Concerto No. 1," "Moondance" (New York premiere), and "The Rite of Spring." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 20.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE CENTER—The seventh gala performance by students from the scholarship program and members of the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble and the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. June 9 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 767-0590, ext. 321.)

YES MUSARD AND THE VA DANCERS—In an hour-long "dance installation," which explores the spatial characteristics of the rooftop environment. (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. June 11-14 at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

ANITA FELDMAN—With her company of tap dancers and musicians in a program including "Hooved Mammals" (premiere), "City Scraped" (New York premiere), and "Landings Takeoff" (New York premiere), as well as repertory works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. June 11-13 at 8.)

JAPANESE PUPPETRY AND DANCE—With guest Kabuki actor Tomotaro Nakamura. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 12 at 8.)

LAMENT



There's an impromptu AIDS memorial across the West Side Highway just north of Christopher Street, in the form of a freshly painted mural on an asphalt surface. Paint fades quickly outdoors, so the work's melancholy impermanence symbolizes the shortness of the lives it honors. You know right away what you're looking at, because the words "AIDS MEMORIAL" appear in tall yellow letters, outlined in black, on a low concrete wall halfway between the highway and the Hudson River. Roughly eighty feet by thirty feet, the mural consists of a strip of robin's-egg-blue clouds, three O'Keefian flowers, five doves, and—stencilled in black, white, and red—twelve skeletons astride twelve colleagues. A legend reads "Art Studio founded in 1989 by Steve Kaufman and Adam Karen to bring awareness to inner city problems!" This request is scrawled along the top: "Please write your loved one's name down below who has died of AIDS!" And in case one invitation to participate isn't enough, a second, accompanied by an arrow, reads: "Write your loved one's name down here!" To date, the names Keith Haring, John Sex, John Schafer, Gary, Bob, and Billy have been spray-painted on the asphalt in the same hand responsible for most of the writing. The name Stuart, in another hand, has already begun to fade.

NIGHT LIFE

LOU REED's recent appearance at Radio City was closer in spirit to an evening at the theatre than to a rock concert. Before the show, an announcer laid out the "program," which included an intermission, and warned that, at the artist's request, no stragglers would be readmitted during the first two songs of the second set. All this solemnity had a purpose: Mr. Reed, the sardonic chronicler of sex, drugs, and rock and roll, New York City division, has lately turned his attention to a more sober topic. The first half of the evening consisted of a complete run-through of his most recent album, "Magic and Loss," a prolonged meditation on illness, death, and mourning, which evolved from the loss to cancer of two of Mr. Reed's close friends. The work is every bit as grim as it sounds—much discussion of I.V.s, wasted bodies, dashed hopes—but the performance was hardly one-dimensional. Mr. Reed and his band—the drummer Michael Blair, the nimble bassist Rob Wasserman, and the guitarist Mike Rathke, who at times played through a synthesizer to simulate, say, a piano—created a variety of taut, hypnotic soundscapes. And Mr. Reed's lyrics offset rage and grief with irony and gallows humor.

Needless to say, this was not the kind of show where one would be tempted to shout out requests for "Sweet Jane," though that's exactly what the thick-necked bunch in front of us did. The rest of the audience was hard to read: was their rather muted response a sign of disappointment or absorption? Things loosened up a bit during the second half of the evening, which was devoted to selections from "Songs for Drella" (1990), a tribute to Andy Warhol by Mr. Reed and John Cale, and "New York" (1989), a powerful and angry portrait of Reagan-era urban America. Both of these works showcase Mr. Reed's gifts for storytelling and pinpoint imagery; the Warhol material, in particular, strikes us as a musical waiting for a stage. For an encore, Mr. Reed chucked his stern demeanor and ran through a few of his signature songs, including an inspired reworking of "Walk on the Wild Side," featuring the R. & B. singer Little Jimmy Scott. But even here Mr. Reed seemed more interested in challenging his audience than in pleasing it.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... Music and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The WISEGUYS can currently be found in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Their program features such composers as Jerome Kern, Harold Arlen, Ray Noble, and Maltby and Shire. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Thirty-year-olds in love call Mabel Godwin a "scandal." Now in her seventies, she remains a singer of racy jazz numbers, a devout chatterer, a wearer of gold lamé suits, and a pianist who perks along quite nicely to



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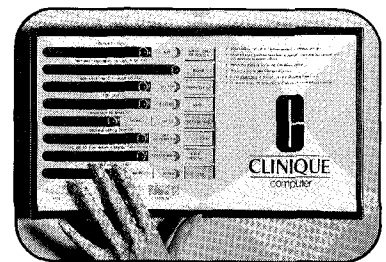
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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

the accompaniment of a snare and a standup bass. Ms. Godwin performs Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sundays, cornettist Lee Lorenz leads the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band, on Mondays the Grove Street Stompers do their Dixieland thing, and Tuesdays through Thursdays belong to Al Bundy. Arthur's is currently decorated for the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Halloween, and St. Patrick's Day.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted animal skulls. German-born actress and singer **INGRID CAVEN** can be found here through June 13. Caven has a deep, gravelly voice and trafficks in outsized emotions. Onstage, as she sings of broken hearts, usually her own, her pale face is set off by a black Yves Saint Laurent dress. Caven was married to the German filmmaker Rainer Werner Fassbinder, and part of her set is devoted to lyrics he wrote for her back in the seventies. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. "Casino Paradise," a cabaret-size opera by William Bolcom and Arnold Weinstein about a real-estate developer who brings gambling to a sleepy Southern town, will run here from June 16-21 (with a preview on June 14 at seven). **BLOSSOM DEARIE** performs here Fridays and Saturdays at six-thirty, and Sundays at three.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An uptown jazz house with a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. This week: the **GREG ABATE** quartet (June 10); the **DEBBIE DAVIS** quartet (June 11); the **WALTER BISHOP, JR.** quintet (June 12); the **VIRGINIA MAYHEW** quartet (June 14); and **MERCY MONET** (June 15). Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? June 9-14 is in the hands of **EDDIE PALMIERI** and **JACK DE JOHNETTE SPECIAL EDITION**. As of June 16, **MARIO BAUZA** and his group will be on the premises, along with **KENNY BURRELL's** quintet. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE WILLOW, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. (673-6480)—This room is oddly Victorian for lower Broadway, a region almost exclusively devoted to the celebration of youth culture. You won't find any funky murals or drinks with funny names here, just marble walls, antique furnishings, and a ceiling that would be hard to hit with a baseball. It's an agreeable place for conversation, which is probably why the small jazz combos that set up here nightly often get relegated to being background music. Music from seven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, airy folk-and-rock club. **CLIFF EBERHARDT** and **MARE WINNINGHAM** share a bill on June 10. The **OYSTER BAND**, an English outfit that will perform here on June 11, recently released a record called "Deserters." The group plays a springy variety of rock that makes liberal use of traditional instruments like fiddles, concertinas, and uilleann pipes. Their lyrics often have a political edge, but they also speak of time and travel and the search for a transcendent love. June 12-13 belong to the a cappella outfits the **PERSUASIONS** and **ROCKAPELLA**. The Persuasions are elder statesmen of cool. They formed in the late sixties on a sandlot in Brooklyn and went on to prominence as keepers of the doo-wop flame, singing in an easy, street-corner fashion. The young guns who call themselves Rockapella have been known to do "Zombie Jamboree," "Hound Dog," and "Long Cool Woman in a Black Dress," as well as more predictable numbers like "Under the Boardwalk." All the while, they work in some wonderfully cheesy jokes and a good deal of goofy, put-your-left-foot-in choreography. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. **DONALD HARRISON**, **ERIC REED**, **CARL ALLEN**, and **DWAYNE BURNO** work out through June 13. **MIKE LE DONNE**, **KENNY WASHINGTON**, and **PETER WASHINGTON** get under way on June 15. Music from ten. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT**. Mr. Short, who is accompanied by a bassist and a drummer, commands the room like a jovial headmaster. He has trouble sitting still: he keeps rising from the piano bench to snap his fingers, emphasize a lyric, or lean forward and address the audience. His selections are uniformly witty and sly. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ♪ Across the hall, in Bemelmans



L7 at Maxwell's

Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano. Carroll's sets, which are usually equal parts jazz and cabaret, include songs by Gershwin, Cole Porter, Harold Arlen, Dizzy Gillespie, and Billy Strayhorn, along with some of her own. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club—a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti—is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CORNELIA STREET CAFE, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—In the basement of this tucked-away Village restaurant-bar is a narrow, white-brick-walled room, decorated with a few tables and steampipes, where you'll find music, poetry readings, and theatre-of-the-cramped. The restaurant itself is a wine-and-candle-light neighborhood café; downstairs, there's a do-it-yourself, sixties-coffeehouse aesthetic at work.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—As uninviting a hole-in-the-wall as you're likely to find, this blues bar is dingy, depressingly lit, and located on a block out of a Gus Van Sant movie. In the world of blues, however, this spells authenticity, and the bands here are often worth the trouble. Music from ten nightly.

DUPLEX, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The bright, clean, wedge-shaped downstairs bar has French windows giving on to the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the clamor indoors is far greater. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, and the waitresses sing/shout pop standards with risqué lyrics and fire off wisecracks across the room; patrons are encouraged to take the mike, too. Upstairs there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room rings forth with Hibernian sounds on Fridays, with sets at nine and ten-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **PHAROAH SANDERS**, an avant-garde saxophonist who teamed up with John Coltrane in the sixties, is in evidence June 9-14. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-and-bar—forested and twilight—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including the **HAL SCHAEFER** trio (June 10), **DAVE LEONHARDT's** threesome (June 14), and the **HILTON RUIZ** trio (beginning on June 17).

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An unpretentious second-floor jazz retreat where a bandleader was once heard saying, "I wanna introduce my drummer first on account of because he has to go put a quarter in the meter." This week: **DICK HYMAN** (June 8); **BILL WURTZEL** and **HOWARD MORGEN** (June 9); Ray Kennedy, Jon Burr, and Bob Paterson (June 10); the Lynne Arriale Trio (June 11); **BARBARA LEA** (June 13); and the **DARYL SHERMAN** trio (June 16). Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JUDY'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boîte* attached to the Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour bar-birds occupied. In the dining room, vocalists work out from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat house for the avant-garde. In some ways, the Knitting Factory doesn't really belong in New York: the cover charge is too reasonable, the management is too laid back, the audiences are too polite. It's a slice of post-collegiate counterculture that somehow landed on Houston Street. The country singer and songwriter **LONESOME BOB**, a.k.a. Bob Chaney, will perform on June 10. Mr. Chaney, who lives in New York and is an alumnus of the Ben Vaughan Combo, is N.B.A. height, wears a ponytail, and has a deep, resonant voice. At a performance here with the Mekons' Sally Timms not long ago, Mr. Chaney nearly stole the show with his rendition of Clarence Carter's "Patches." Also on the bill is **VACANT LOT**, a snappy, Buzzcocks-esque power-pop band. **ARTO LINDSAY**, **MELVIN GIBBS**, and **DOUGIE BOWNE** will perform June 12-13. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Spiffed-up theatre patrons walk by this club's façade—a Silver Eagle bus, with tires you can kick—and scratch their heads. Inside, big bearded guys with cowboy hats rub elbows at the bar while newcomers study the Texas memorabilia and, upstairs, the display of vintage Gibson guitars. The dining room, where bands hold sway, features a Wright Brothers-era airplane suspended from the ceiling, a dance floor where you can kick up some dust, and a balcony for quiet types. Music after nine. Dining.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—This blues bar stands apart from the Upper East Side's usual array of singles bars, and has become a big draw for the neighborhood's army of post-collegiates. The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drink concoctions lend the place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: this long, dark, brick-walled room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. This week's lineup includes the **HOLMES BROTHERS** and Jeff Rogers on June 10, Jerry Portnoy and the Streamliners on June 11, and Joe Leone's Chop Shop on June 12-13. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. The **LYRES**, a Boston quartet, have long enjoyed near-godlike status in the sixties-garage-rock scene. Their sound is composed of crunching guitar riffs, unstoppable rhythmic grooves, pounding organ chords, and the hard-edged vocals of lead singer Jeff Conolly (a.k.a. Mono Man). When the band is in peak form (not always a sure bet), their music is a pure distillation of frenzy, lust, and rebellion. They're here on June 15, along with the Rising Storm. The L.A.-based group **L7** performs on June 17. The band, part of the recent wave of angry, aggressive, and ear-splitting female rockers, recently released their big-label debut, "Bricks Are Heavy." Shows are usually at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on other nights.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. Non-filmmakers can usually be found onstage here the rest of the week, in a main dining room that strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. Pianist Terry Waldo is currently heading up a New Orleans-style group that includes trumpeter Bill Dillard and clarinetist Orange Kellin. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a lot. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking "Is the water too warm?" **SUSAN ANTON** is in residence for the next few weeks. Shows from nine. On Sundays, at seven and nine-thirty, raconteur and man-about-the-music-biz Jonathan Schwartz holds forth; on June 14, he'll be joined by Linda Ellerbee. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS**, Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers. Jordan Sandke's band plays on June 10, and David Allyn's big band performs on June 17. Show times vary.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This space was once a theatre, as the cherubim friezes and Louis the Something ceiling attest. Then it was Studio 54, and, if you try real hard, you can still hear the grunts, moans, and snorts of seventies disco ghosts. Now it's a massive rock club, where the orchestra has been gutted for maximum standing capacity, where you have to wear a hospital-like wristband if you want to drink, and where, if you're bored with the band, you can watch the goons guarding the stage pass along rowdies like buckets of water at a fire. **SKINNY PUPPY**, an industrial-rock, prophets-of-doom outfit, will perform on June 9, along with Godflesh. Show times vary.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to score. Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. Rex Smith, Scott Holmes, and Mary Ellen Stuart—all known to those who follow the soap opera "As the World Turns"—provide the entertainment on June 14. Shows Sundays at eight and ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SONG OF SINGAPORE THEATRE, 17 Irving Pl. at 15th St.—The new home of the New York Swing Dance Society, a group of Lindy Hop enthusiasts who've been putting on eight-o'clock Sunday-night dance parties for several years now (the Cat Club was their former home base). Swing music at a mock-forties Singapore night club—the musical "Song of Singapore" is put on here—may sound like an

odd juxtaposition, but who cares? Strike up the band. The **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND** has the stage on June 14. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SPACE AT CHASE, 98 Third Ave., at 12th St. (475-1407)—One of those East Village joints where, for a few bucks, you can hear a handful of local rock bands. As is usually the case at these establishments, some of the bands will make you want to cower under the pinball machine while others will make you want to dance and shout and start your own independent label. As for décor, there's a bar, some chairs, some tables, some walls, a ceiling, and two dart boards. Music from nine-thirty, except on Tuesdays, when it starts at seven.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—If you arrive late for a show at this shrine of jazz, you run the risk of being seated in the glass-enclosed terrace, which means you'll need a periscope to see the show. Otherwise, Sweet Basil is just the right environment for patrons—chiefly because it has a silence-or-else policy during shows. Pianist **MC COY TYNER** leads a trio (the other two-thirds are bassist **AVERY SHARPE** and drummer **AARON SCOTT**) through June 14. Tyner puts on extraordinary shows, which move seamlessly from the thunderous and showy to the lyrical and understated. **DOROTHY DONEGAN** starts up on June 16. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. **DON CHERRY's** foursome works out June 9-14. **TOMMY FLANAGAN's** trio starts up on June 16. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA**. Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. Music at ten.

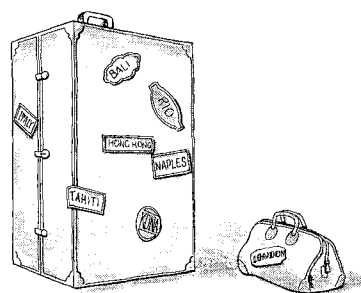
ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** will be on hand for two weeks beginning on June 9. Music from eight every night but Sundays, when sets begin at seven-thirty.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY— PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"**THE FINLEY-HUNT REPORT**"—A collaborative work by Karen Finley and Jerry Hunt. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. June 11-14 at 8:30.)



QUEEN ELIZABETH 2 1993 WORLD CRUISES



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CUNARD

ART

IN Los Angeles a few weeks ago, it seemed as if Nancy Rubins might be occupying more indoor space than any other artist in America. In "Helter Skelter," downtown at MOCA's hangar-like "Temp Contemp" facility, Rubins weighed in with a huge, hulking stabile made of derelict water heaters and dismembered mobile homes somehow wired together. The work, which was visible from almost anywhere in the building, loomed over the rest of the exhibition like some storm cloud of industrial-era wreckage. At the same time, over on North La Brea, at the demure Burnett Miller gallery, you could have seen a smaller gathering of water heaters, and yet another junkyard bruiser, made of scrap airplane parts—a sequel of sorts to the artist's 1986 "Four Thousand Pounds of Smashed and Filleted Airplanes." What was impressive about these works, apart from the physical energy and mechanical ingenuity they implied, was their highly evolved definition. These junk-yard babies had real, articulated shapes, with an appeal beyond the charm of rusting parts.

Now Rubins has come to New York, and the first thing she did when she got here, apparently, was to go around scavenging for more junked water heaters. On view at SteinGladstone (99 Wooster Street; through July 31) is the result of these efforts, "Drawings and Hot Water Heaters," a piece that dramatically obstructs your view as you walk into the gallery, and that, like the works in L.A., falls somewhere between improvised installation and constructed sculpture—between, say, Allan Kaprow and John Chamberlain. What Rubins can do with illusions of weight and density is especially evident here. Strewn over the top of this work are several graphite drawings on big sheets of paper that, at least from certain angles, appear to be the heaviest elements around. They suggest A-frame roofs, Dutch bonnets, or even bodies basking in artificial light. Rubins shares the gallery with Matthew Barney—here represented by a videotape and a wall relief, in his Cronenbergian "Dead Ringers" mode—and with a young painter named Sam Reveles, who has contributed two pretty, highly refined monochromatic abstractions. But there's no question who steals this show.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Korean Ceramics from the Ataka Collection" includes more than a hundred examples of celadon ware and other glazed ceramics from the tenth century through the nineteenth. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A large gathering of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Paduan Renaissance master Andrea Mantegna. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A retrospective of black-and-white and color photographs by Helen Levitt. Through June 28. . . . ¶ Fifty works by William Harnett (1848-92), an Irish-American painter who was the father of the trompe-l'oeil school. Through June 14. . . . ¶ "Modern Design: 1890-1990" shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. . . . ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collec-

tion—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. . . . ¶ "The Lotus Transcendent." Through June 28. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Antoni Tàpies in Print" presents more than a hundred lithographs, intaglio prints, and illustrated books, from the forties to the present, by the Catalan artist. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Félix González-Torres has created a piece for the "Projects" series that consists of an enlarged black-and-white image of a slept-in, empty double bed; the same image appears on billboards throughout the city. Through June 30. . . . ¶ Photographs by Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934), including genre scenes, allegorical compositions, and portraits of New Yorkers, Native Americans, and fellow-photographers. Through July 14. . . . ¶ "More than One Photography," an exhibition of sixty post-1980 works that incorporate photography in one way or another, drawn from each of the museum's six curatorial departments. Through July 19. . . . ¶ Twenty-three videotapes, mostly from the seventies, by Joan Jonas, Nam June Paik, and William Wegman. Through July 16. . . . ¶ A display of glass and ceramic tableware by Finnish designer Kaj Franck. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum's reopening is scheduled for June 28.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibition of landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and boxing matches by painter and lithographer George Bellows (1882-1925). Through Aug. 30. (A show of prints by Bellows is at Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St., through June 26.) . . . ¶ Eighty-five works by Richard Prince, including his "re-photography" drawings, collages, silk-screen paintings, and wall reliefs. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A well-framed, expertly installed, compact exhibition of recent "Pastels" by Joan Mitchell. They're beautiful: vibrant, nimble, and utterly authoritative, though seemingly unfettered. Mitchell is in peak form here. Through June 21. . . . ¶ The first part of a show of recent additions to the museum's collection is currently on view; more than seventy paintings and sculptures are included. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Tacit Transit," a new installation, by Korean-born artist Jin Soo Kim, that consists of wire-mesh modules and found objects. . . . ¶ A display of first-edition etchings from Giovanni Battista Piranesi's "Carceri d'Invenzioni" group. Through July 26. . . . ¶ "Biomorphism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The Streets of Dai Fau," a show of photographs by Arnold Genthe (1869-1946) which depict San Francisco's Chinatown before 1906. Through June 30. . . . ¶ "Global Warming—Understanding the Forecast," a large exhibition developed

by the museum and the Environmental Defense Fund. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by new members includes pieces by Chuck Close, Martin Puryear, Saul Steinberg, and Elizabeth Murray. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show that documents several stages in the design of Frank Gehry's new bentwood furniture (several models of which were seen a few months ago at MOMA). Included are original drawings, prototypes, production models, photo-murals, and a history of bentwood furniture. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ "A Decade of Craft" highlights works in glass and wood that the museum has recently acquired. Through July 26. . . . ¶ Three site-specific installations: Sam Gilliam's "Windows Go Orange (e.e. cummings)," Robert Kushner's "Butterflies," and Dale Chihuly's "Nijiima Floats." (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Fifty works by the colorful and prolific painter Chang Dai-chien (1899-1983). Through July 19. . . .

¶ "The Cosmic Dancer." The tenth-century Hindu bronze of Shiva Nataraja, Lord of the Dance, is the centerpiece of this exhibition of fifty bronze, stone, and wood sculptures from India and Southeast Asia. Through June 28. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—Eight paintings from "The North American Trophy Room" series, by Honduran artist Francisco Alvarado-Juárez. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ The museum's twelfth "Artist in the Marketplace" exhibition includes thirty-six emerging painters, sculptors, photographers, and installation artists. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ "Contemporary Painting and Calligraphy from Japan." Through Aug. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Since its founding, in 1897, by the three Hewitt sisters, whose goal was to elevate taste in America, the Cooper-Hewitt has accumulated a marvellous, albeit rarely displayed, library of the decorative arts. On view since last summer, "A Design Resource" is a rotating sampler of nearly a thousand objects drawn from the collection. "Animals in Design" and "Designs for Seating" are among the new sections in the show. Through Aug. 30. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—"An Album of Interiors" consists of more than sixty nineteenth-century watercolors, from

two private family collections—one American and one European. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Bridges and Boundaries: African-Americans and American Jews." This show—comprising three hundred and fifty art works, photographs, and documents—explores the complex relationship of cooperation and tension between the two groups. Through July 19. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Sketching at Home and Abroad" presents more than a hundred British landscape drawings and



Self-portrait by Christopher Brown

watercolors—from the literal to the lyrical—by Turner, Constable, Wilson, Gainsborough, and others. Through Aug. 2. . . . ♣ Puss in Boots, the Master Cat, is the subject of an exhibition that spans three hundred years' worth of illustrations, beginning with Charles Perrault's original manuscript of Mother Goose stories. Through Aug. 9. . . . ♣ "Leaping the Fence," a show that examines, through illustrated treatises, the development of the English landscape garden. Through Aug. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"The Art of Embellishment" features nearly fifty painted and stencilled objects—including doors, pieces of furniture, tinware, and textiles—from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American homes. . . . ♣ The American hand-carved walking stick (more varieties than you can shake one at) is the subject of "Step Lively: The Art of the Folk Cane." (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-four prints, drawings, and watercolors by the German artist Lovis Corinth (1858-1925). Through June 28. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—"The Art Mall: A Social Space." Shopping malls have arguably had a more profound effect on the public psyche than have art museums. This museum, in an attempt to embrace many of the types of artists that it usually excludes, has temporarily turned itself into a mall of sorts. The results are interactive art of the silliest kind. The "stores"—a manicurist, a calligrapher who will write anything in Chinese, and a safe-sex shop with rubber gloves and colored condoms—are low on spark but high on earnestness. One control freak has set up spaces throughout the museum where people are instructed to discuss only designated topics; the works are evidently intended as a commentary on rules and conformity, but their irony quotient is almost nil. There are, fortunately, two works of some interest: Barbara Pollock and Grai St. Clair Rice's video, which informs viewers of some telling facts about controlled environments and free speech; and Tamas Banovich's ramshackle "comfort station," where the artist will wash your feet. On a different note, Todd Alden and Steve Ausbury's "Artkards," with portraits and "career highlights" of art-world luminaries, are amusing. Through June 28. . . . ♣ "Last Words," a window video installation by Seyed Alavi, presents images of Oakland high-school students, superimposed with their response to this proposal: "Imagine that you had the opportunity to speak on national television, but are limited to a single word. Consider further that after you say your word you must take a vow of silence. In essence, this word would be your last." Yikes! Through June 28. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show chronicling the design, construction, and urban context of New York's City Hall (1803-12). Forty-seven drawings, along with watercolors, prints, books, and a model, illuminate the neoclassical edifice. Through June 28. . . . ♣ "Forever Wild: The Adirondack Experience" presents two hundred paintings, photographs, architectural plans, pieces of furniture, and other objects. Through July 12. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Hail, Delirium!" a show of illustrated books and prints by Dorothea Tanning. Through July 18. (Third Floor Gallery). . . . ♣ One of the more comprehensive shows in the current crop of Walt Whitman centenary celebrations is "In Life or Death Forever": a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, photographs, and letters culled from both the Berg and Oscar Lion collections. (Berg Exhibition Room). . . . ♣ The forays of Percy Bysshe Shelley into the political arena are evidenced in the letters, manuscripts, and bank checks on view in "Shelley: Unacknowledged Legislator." Through Aug. 8. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room). . . . ♣ "On the Edge" is a show of more than two hundred black-and-white and color photographs from the covers and pages of *Vogue*. Through Aug. 1. (Gottesman Exhibi-

tion Hall.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) **ISAMU NOGUCHI GARDEN MUSEUM**, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88) designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his own sculptures. The entire range of his work is on view, from the early surrealist biomorphic sculptures through several types of stone carvings, and including documentation of his prodigious public-art projects. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with sculptures. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—"Slow Art: Painting in New York Now." Alanna Heiss's show of paintings by a hundred and three more or less New York-based artists, has no theme, no pretensions, no stylistic point of view, no concentration on either fame or obscurity, no axe to grind. All this—plus the fact that most artists submitted what they must have felt were strong pieces—may be why the show is so pleasant. It's an idiosyncratic and uneven "salon" exhibition that doesn't know it. There are no nineteenth-century airs or archly cluttered walls. The installations, throughout a dozen or so rooms on two floors of this big old building, are in fact surprisingly breezy—the rooms are almost underhanging, believe it or not. By the end of your tour, you might find yourself wishing a few more artists had been included. Highlights include works by Roy Lichtenstein, Ellsworth Kelly, Alex Katz, Byron Kim, Peter Hopkins, Jane Kaplowitz, Matthew Weinstein, and Stephen Mueller. But there's so much here that one could come up with a completely different list. Through June 21. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART, Flushing Meadow Park—Fifty-seven paintings, drawings, and installations by the twenty-five-year-old Russian artist Sergei Bugaev, a.k.a. Afrika. Through June 14. . . . ♣ "Circumference," an installation of hand-blown glass objects by Robin Stanaway. Through June 14. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

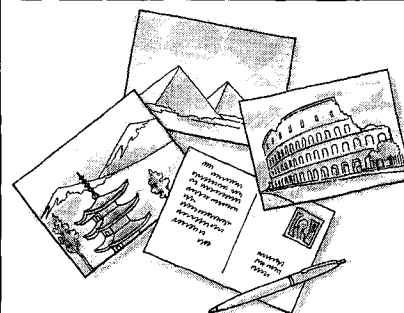
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GEORG BASELITZ—New York has yet to come to terms with the work of this formidable German artist, whose emphatically masculine paintings have come to symbolize Teutonic aggression. This show centers on the artist's first inverted paintings, from the early seventies, which are both dazzling and modest. It may come as a surprise to see how realistically they are rendered, particularly the three that were painted by finger—an apt tool for an art that is at once cerebral and personal. These are unsettling paintings: the people depicted in them are both disembodied forms and real people detached from a real world, like dummies in an ethnographic museum. Through June 26. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays. . . . ♣ Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St., has an exhibition of recent drawings by Baselitz. Through June 26.)

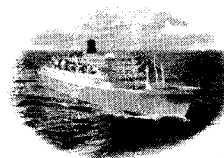
JAMES ROSENQUIST—Rosenquist is not always thought of as one of our great painters, but this show of his early Pop paintings, from 1961 to 1964, could well inspire second thoughts about the matter. Whereas Warhol and Rauschenberg were attracted to the mass media for their artificiality, their two-dimensionality, Rosenquist seemed to take the media at face value. In these pictures, he appears to have succumbed to the media's seductions—the white glint of smiling teeth, the curve of a Ford fender. When it comes to paint, Rosenquist has always been a traditionalist. This show features a number of his more complex canvases, including two from L.A.'s Museum of Contemporary Art (they are part of the legendary Panza Collection), and the smoky, glamorous "The Light That Won't Fail, I." Even in his simpler pictures, such as "Untitled (Blue Sky)," the surrealism can be haunting, compounded as it is of late-modernist alienation and a tinge of bombshelter anxiety. Also on view is a group of battered collages of magazine pictures—rough drafts for the paintings. Through July 11. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

SHORT LIST—**ROBERTO AIZENBERG**, CDS Gallery, 76 E. 79th St. (open Sundays, noon to 3, through

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CUNARD

ART—Cont'd

June 30); **SUZANNE BOCANEGRA**, Munroe, 9 E. 84th St. (opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays, through July 3); **BARBARA SCHWARTZ**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 19); **DAVID SMITH**, Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 27); **RICHARD SMITH**, Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (open Mondays, through July 20).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PHILIP SMITH—A strong show of recent paintings. Smith has a highly idiosyncratic, pains-taking technique. First, he makes a sort of rough-draft abstraction, using broad swaths of color, which he buries under a waxy monochrome. Then he scratches hundreds of inscrutably personal, spidery little hieroglyphic drawings into these surfaces using the tip of a screwdriver, in the process revealing bits of underlying pigment. The results of these concealments and revelations, at once serenely lyrical and overwrought, suggest a peculiar synthesis of Cy Twombly, Raoul Dufy, and, possibly, recent paintings by William Wegman. What's more, they have considerable decorative appeal. Through June 12. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St.)

SHORT LIST—**GEORGE BELLOW**s, Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 26); **RON JANOWICH** and **FREDERIC THURSZ**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through July 31); **CYNTHIA KNOTT**, De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through June 27); **ED RUSCHA**, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 13).

GALLERIES—SoHo

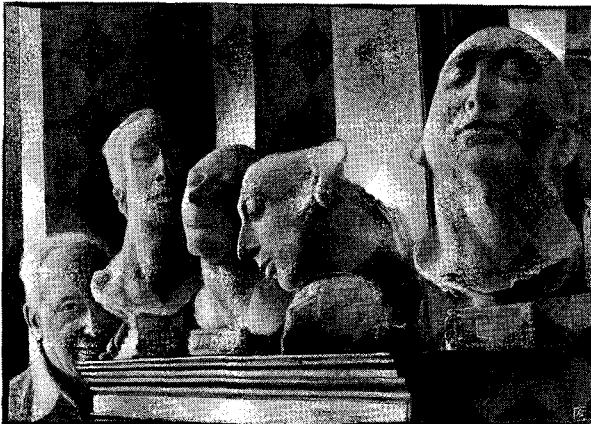
LISA BECK and **PETER DUDEK**—Beck's celestial-looking paintings with thin metal cables running through them, and Dudek's handsome freestanding sculptures of sleek curves composed of thin sheets of metal, plastic, and the occasional soiled blanket, make for a quite magical environment. Through June 20. (Theodore, 580 Broadway. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

IAN DAVENPORT—This young British artist uses several different types of house paint, each a slightly different shade of the same color. The paint is liberally poured onto the canvas and allowed to assume its own position and shape. The paintings here are covered with repeated spatula shapes, and their shiny and matte grays have moments of great sensuousness. Davenport seems to be trying to pick up the minimalists' thread, but right now he is more like a sadistic Morris Louis. Through June 27. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

PETER HALLEY—The evolution of Halley's painting style has been so programmatic that it reminds one of the electronics and automobile industries, with new models released at strategic intervals and marketed in a way calculated to make consumers feel the need to buy them to keep their stylish lives up-to-date. It's not that this approach hasn't resulted in some strong paintings—many of his earlier works are comforting in their formal dependability, like those of the sixties Frank Stella, an artist whose development Halley seems to have consciously sought to emulate. Halley, though, has evidently come to view production as an end in itself—he has got carried away with Warhol's supposed ideal of becoming an art machine—and, as this show amply demonstrates, pure production is no big feat. Through June 27. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

JOHN LINDELL—Lindell had an impressive group of shows a season ago involving issues of homosexuality and AIDS. Now he is having some difficulty carrying his memorial work any further. The current show centers on a group of gay-porn texts drawn in stencil form on the walls. The method of presentation seems to have been appropriated from Jenny Holzer's sarcophagi, though Lindell has used it for his own ends: the texts unexpectedly read from bottom to top, with the end, or top, of the text nearly dissolving into a shimmer. A huge white flag made of wedding-gown material and dragging on the floor, while evocative of thoughts of peace, surrender, and humble memorialization, doesn't quite succeed. More to the point is a modest series of collages made of porn-text fragments attached to postcards of the Taj Mahal. They are the simplest works, yet by invoking the most sublime memorial of all they are also the most potent. Through June 27. (Cugliani, 40 Wooster St.)

"SCULPTURE"—Mostly by painters. All of it is figurative, most of it phallic. One of the most arresting works is an above-the-knees mold of a man by Juan Muñoz, the one painter here who makes sculpture regularly. Sandro Chia, Mimmo Paladino, and Donald Baechler have added nothing to the genre of three-dimensional art, but Aldo Mondino's carved-chocolate, tusk-shaped tower of elephants is amusing; Julian Schnabel's sculpture of weathered wood cylinders on top of a stone-like amalgam of resin, sand, and graphite has a sensitive yet tough presence; and Ray Smith's witty post-Picasso totem is enjoyable to look at. Bruce Nauman's grouping of four pairs of bronze heads stuck together may be an overly familiar image, but it is also the most satisfying sculpture in the show. Through June 27. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)



Andr  Kert sz

SHORT LIST—**JENNIFER BOLANDE**, Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through June 13); **CHRISTOPHER BROWN**, Thorp, 103 Prince St. (through June 20); **FRED FEHLAU**, Nordanstad-Skarstedt, 49 Greene St. (through June 20); **DAN FLAVIN**, RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway (through June 26); **CHARLES GARABEDIAN**, Louver, 130 Prince St. (through July 10); **GUERCINO**, The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (open Wednesday evenings until 8, through Aug. 1); **ALFRED LESLIE**, Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through June 27); **JILL LEVINE**, Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through June 27); **JUDY PFAFF**, Protetch, 560 Broadway (through June 27); **HUNG LIU**, Steinbaum, 132 Greene St. (through June 27); **ROBERT MORRIS**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through June 27); **MARKUS OEHLEN**, Nolan, 560 Broadway (through June 26); **EDWIN RUDA**, Kelly, 591 Broadway (through June 23); **CHRISTY RUPP**, P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (through June 27); **HAROLD SHAPINSKY**, National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. (open daily, except Sundays, at noon; through June 27); **MASAMI TERAOKA**, Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through June 24); **JIM WARD**, Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. (through June 13).

OTHER GALLERIES

"METAMORPHOSE"—Guillaume Gallozzi is a young French dealer who has been on the scene here since the early eighties. Leaving the contemporary markets to others, he has become a specialist in European art and miscellany from roughly the Surrealist period, and in particular from Britain—a rather murky field. His gallery (which is also his home) makes for a pleasantly irregular sort of visit: pictures are hung all over the place—high on the walls, for instance, of the living room (which is be-decked, grotto-style, with moss), and all the way up a steep and narrow stairwell. This show includes small works from the mid-thirties to the mid-fifties by British artists, all of them rendered in a feverish, Surrealist style. Famous figures like Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland are represented, but most of the artists are little known. Steven Sykes, who was born in 1914 and is still living, is the one whom Gallozzi, quite tellingly, considers to be his find. In his ink-and-watercolor "Untitled (Anthropomorphic Moonscape)," a crescent moon looms out of a red-tinted sky over a craggy landscape of bewitched and dancing vegetation. Through June 20. (203 W. Houston St. Open Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

PEOPLE who knew Andy Warhol often talk about what a tightwad he was. Actually, Warhol's economical approach to life revealed itself at all turns, from his curt answers to questions to his use of very simple imagery. Nowhere is this strategy more evident than in his Polaroids, an exhibition of which, comprising work from 1971 to 1986, can be seen at the Pace-MacGill gallery (32 East 57th Street; through June 26).

Nothing in these Polaroids feels extraneous, and every detail, whether Warhol is photographing celebrities or false teeth, is remarkably clear. They are the modern equivalent of the miniature—tiny pictures that have as much force and content as grand works of art. The iconography of the photographs in this show follows the general pattern of Warhol's other art, but there is a concentrated quality to these images which gives them an identity of their own, notwithstanding that many of them were meant as studies for

paintings. Decidedly not throwaways, these Polaroids are a part of Warhol's oeuvre that deserves serious consideration, and, indeed, the catalogue makes a start. It includes an introduction by Vincent Fremont and an essay by Andy Grundberg, and both texts are worth reading.

Besides demonstrating Warhol's sense of what Polaroids have to offer, the show confirms his brilliance as a performance artist. There are a number of self-portraits of the artist in drag, and they're proof that Old Vacant Face had a deep understanding of image-making. Fremont tells us that Warhol particularly liked the Polaroid camera called the Big Shot. No doubt the name was part of what attracted him: the Big Shot for big stars—even if the pictures shot out small.

GERTRUDE K SEBIE (1852-1934)—A small, connoisseur's treat of a show, which highlights the strong forces in K sebie's vision: narrative photographs of domestic life, portraits of her male colleagues, and portraits of Native Americans. Through July 14. (Museum of Modern Art.)

SALLY MANN—A selection from "Immediate Family," the artist's most recent series of photographs of her children. A number of these pictures have an edge of sensuality, and even eroticism, to them. Mann will sometimes go back and re-create with her kids a scene that, in the course of their daily lives, has presented itself as a potential photograph. Her pictures have qualities—of simultaneous consciousness and unconsciousness, the casual and the staged—that make them spellbinding. Through June 27. (Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

SHORT LIST—**BILL BRANDT** and **AART KLEIN**, Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (through July 24); **ADAM F SS**, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 13); **ANDR  KERT SZ**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through June 20); **CONSTANCE STUART LARRABEE**, Manhattan East Gallery, 202 E. 76th St. (opens at 1, through June 30); **E. IRA MCCRUDDEN**, Wessel O'Connor, 60 Thomas St. (through July 3); **SANDY SKOGLUND**, Borden, 560 Broadway (through June 19).

MUSIC

THE beginning of summer is a good time for catching up on records that have arrived and sat unplayed during the concert season. We always go to the historical reissues first—not because we don't care for new recordings, but because we hear contemporary artists (the ones we like, anyway) in live performances, and so feel less need to listen to their records. One encouraging aspect of the season just past is the obvious improvement in the morale and the sense of musical purpose at the Philharmonic. Kurt Masur's performances may not, by and large, have been revelatory, but they have clearly been restorative; the orchestra is sounding more and more often like the major ensemble it has always potentially been.

So we turned with particular eagerness to the anthology of early New York Philharmonic recordings that appeared a while back, on Pearl Records. It runs from 1917 (one of two recordings under Josef Stransky, who had the unenviable task of succeeding Mahler on the podium) through 1939 (three substantial and interesting performances under John Barbiroli, who was in the same position with respect to Toscanini). Stransky's "Mikado" overture is energetic and precise; a group of Mengelberg discs from the twenties contains thrilling Wagner and enchanting Johann Strauss. Then comes an anonymous test recording that may have been by Toscanini, then two Toscanini performances that never saw regular publication, then a splendid Beecham performance of Strauss's "Don Quixote" (with the cello solos taken by Alfred Wallenstein, later an estimable house conductor for RCA Records). The most surprising items are the luminous Wagner and Debussy recordings made by Fritz Reiner in 1938; we hadn't known they existed.

Pearl Records are produced in London but with transatlantic cooperation; a mostly American team put together this package. The CDs are distributed in this country by Koch International. They've done well by the Philharmonic before, with anthologies of Toscanini and Mengelberg. What an orchestra of virtuosos! There are still more treasures in the vaults; perhaps a second volume may be hoped for.

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 875-5050; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

IN TOWN—OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—The opening of the company's twenty-sixth season of free outdoor concert productions, which will continue, at various locations, through June 27. June 16 at 8 (rain date, June 18 at 8): "La Bohème," with Maria Spacagna, Elizabeth Holleque, Franco Farina, and Kim Josephson; conducted by Christian Badea. (Great Lawn, Central Park.)... June 17 at 8 (rain date, June 18 at 8): "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Ruth Ann Swenson, Michele Farruggia, Mark Oswald, John Fiorito, and Paul Plishka; Paul Nadler. (Long Meadow Ballfields, Prospect Park, Brooklyn.)

"PHOTO-OP"—Final performances of Conrad Cummings' operatic swipe at presidential campaigns. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. June 11-14 at 7:30.)

WEI HAI-MING OPERA TROUPE—Ms. Wei plays the central role in a Chinese opera based on a classic story of the Tang Dynasty, "The Topsy Concubine," in which the title character slips ever deeper into drunkenness while waiting for the arrival of the emperor, who—like Godot—never materializes. The company also performs two short operatic episodes drawing on the martial arts. (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. June 11-13 at 7:30 and June 14 at 2. There will also be a performance-demonstration on June 13 at 2.)

IN TOWN—ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

RIVERSIDE SYMPHONY—George Rothman conducts Honegger's Symphony No. 2, Bernstein's "Serenade" (featuring violinist Victor Schultz), and shorter works by Mozart and Frank Martin. (Alice Tully Hall. June 9 at 8.)

FLORILEGIUM CHAMBER CHOIR—JoAnn Rice directs several sacred works by Hugo Weisgall, as well as pieces by Vaughan Williams and David McKay Williams. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. June 10 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Dino Anagnost conducts a mostly Vivaldi concert. (Alice Tully Hall. June 10 at 8.)

STEPHEN SONDHEIM TRIBUTE—However you care to classify his works—and they surely span the genres of opera, musical theatre, cabaret, and pop—Sondheim is one of a kind. Paul Gemignani conducts the American Theatre Orchestra and as many stars as you might find in the Swedish sky of a summer night. (Carnegie Hall. June 10 at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Richard Auldon Clark conducts three works by David Amram, as well as the premiere of a requiem composed by Edgar Granna to a text by Kurt Vonnegut (in which singer-and-actress Betty Buckley will appear as soloist). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. June 11 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Robert Bass directs the chorus and several soloists in a program heavy in excerpts from operas and operettas. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. June 12 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

NEW AMSTERDAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Glen Cortese conducts the premiere of Robert Black's "Underground Judges," and Mr. Black conducts Mahler's Ninth Symphony. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. June 12 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

IN TOWN—RECITALS

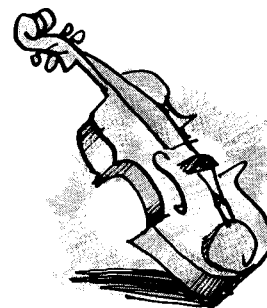
AZZONI-DOVALIS DUO—Christine Azzoni Dow and Pinio Dovalis Miner, a two-piano team from California, perform Schubert's F-Minor Fantasia, Milhaud's "Scaramouche," and works by J. C. Bach, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. June 9 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC—Pianist Anne-Marie McDermott performs Prokofiev's "Five Sarcasms"; violinist Nai-Yuan Hu joins her for Schubert's "Rondo Brillante" (D. 895); and cellist Jian Wang completes the ensemble for Tchaikovsky's A-Minor Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 11-12 at 7:30 and June 14 at 4.)

QUINTET OF THE AMERICAS and ALHAMBRA—At first glance, it might seem that Native Americans and Sephardic Jews would share little common ground. Yet both have reason to regard the "Columbus Year" celebrations with somewhat jaundiced eyes, since the year 1492 marked not only the beginning of the end for Native American culture, but also the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. The two cultures are here celebrated musically by a wind quintet and a group of Sephardic-music specialists. (Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St., at West End Ave. June 11 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

CHRISTIAN COLBERG—The violinist will perform the first sonatas by Beethoven (Op. 12, No. 1) and Fauré (Op. 13), as well as the New York premiere of an unaccompanied sonata by Jack Delano. Pianist Clinton Adams assists. Presented by Musica de Camara. (Merkin Concert Hall. June 11 at 8.)

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CUNARD



Stephen Sondheim

GABOR FUCHS—Pianist, performing a program that includes sonatas by Schubert (in A Major, D. 664) and Liszt (in B Minor), as well as two impromptus by Schubert. (Alice Tully Hall, June 11 at 8.)

BEVERLY HILL—In her New York debut recital, the soprano performs songs by Brahms, Hahn, and others, assisted by pianist Barry Farber (who will also perform solo-piano works by Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, and Debussy). (Merkin Concert Hall, June 14 at 3.)

SATURDAY BRASS QUINTET—Performing new music for brass by Korem, Harbison, Anthony Davis, and Benedict Mason. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. June 15 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

"A VIRTUOSO TRIO"—So they call themselves, this Beijing-based threesome consisting of a violinist, an oboist, and a pianist. They'll play music by no fewer than sixteen composers, of whom four are Chinese. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, June 15 at 8.)

THOMAS YEHUDAH TIRINO—Pianist, performing a program that includes sonatas by Mozart (in D Major, K. 576) and Chopin (in B Minor) and two sonatas by David Diamond. (Weill Recital Hall, June 16 at 8.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Performing Bach's Sixth "Brandenburg" Concerto and his Cantata No. 106 (the "Actus Tragicus"), as well as arias and instrumental movements derived from Baroque dance forms. The vocalists will include soprano Beverly Hoch, mezzo-soprano D'Anna Fortunato, tenor David Britton, and baritone Robert Honeysucker. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. June 17 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

BACH ARIA FESTIVAL—The Bach Aria Group presents music by Bach and his contemporaries. June 10 at 8:30: Early chamber works and the Cantata No. 106 ("Actus Tragicus"). . . . June 13 at 8:30: Arias and instrumental movements based on Baroque dance forms. . . . June 14 at 2: Arias and instrumental works by Bach and Johann Gottlieb Graun. (Staller Center for the Arts, University at Stony Brook. For information about tickets, call 1-516 632-7239.)

CAPE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL—June 10: Stephen Rogers Radcliffe conducts the Cape May Festival Orchestra in Bach and Tchaikovsky (his "Variations on a Rococo Theme," featuring cellist Fred Sherry), and a chamber group plays Schubert's C-Major String Quintet. . . . June 11: The New York Chamber Ensemble plays wind music. . . . June 13: The Cassini Ensemble plays Beethoven and Mendelssohn. . . . June 14: The New Jersey New Music Ensemble and Jerome Hines' Opera Music Theatre International offer a concert version of Peter Westergaard's comic opera "Mr. and Mrs. Discobolus," as well as shorter works. . . . June 17: Improvisations by pianist John Bayless. (Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets and locations, call 1-609 884-5404.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

TRACY CHAPMAN—The 1988 hit single "Fast Car" unforgettably married a terse blues lyric to the folk idiom, but the sudden fame it brought to the singer was an accident of global iconography, rather than a musical achievement. Success, on a far more modest scale, continues, and audiences are still drawn to the velvet-covered sound of her scolding, steady-burning voice. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. June 9 at 8.)

SIMPLY RED—Carrot-topped Mick Hucknall is nearly as brilliant a blue-eyed-soul singer as he thinks he is—which is pretty brilliant. Together with his Manchester bandmates, he makes first-rate albums that fall short of greatness only because they lack some extra spark of wildness. But that spark is definitely present in concert, where Hucknall's voice becomes an ethereal and commanding instrument, perfectly modulated to express the rapture and frustration of romantic passion. Bring a loved one, either actual or imaginary; Hucknall's swooning highs and thrilling lows were made to be heard under the stars in Central Park. (SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 10 at 7. For information about tickets, call 360-2777.)

PETER MURPHY—The slow march to a solo career has finally begun to pay off for this deep-voiced, fashionably emaciated rock singer. His claim to fame is a four-year stint as the vampiric figurehead of the early-eighties British "goth-rock" band Bauhaus, a gloomy, artsy bunch notorious for appropriating Bowie, the Velvet Underground, and Eno, and for achieving new heights of pretentiousness. Murphy still sounds like someone else, and still looks professionally undead, but his recent records have made concessions to pop prettiness, and he's now enjoying a second wind as an "alternative" act. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. June 12 at 8. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

AL GREEN/BE BE AND CE CE WINANS/THE STAPLE SINGERS—If these ultrasoulful gospel entertainers share their strengths among themselves, what a show this could be! The occasionally distracted Al Green might borrow some gallop from the Staple Singers and some fire from the soaring R. & B. pop of the Winans, and if he does his divine and secular powers will merge explosively, as has sometimes happened in recent years. BeBe and CeCe's passionate duets are extraordinary, and the Staple Singers are always fine, so the joy in the house should match up powerfully with the strong, chugging funk that Pops and his daughters lay down. (Meadowlands Theatre. 1-201 935-3900. June 17 at 8.)

CHAKA KHAN—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. June 8-9 at 8.

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH—Meadowlands Theatre. June 10 at 8. . . . Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 12-13 at 8.

DOO-WOP CONCERT—Little Anthony, Shirley Alston Reeve, Gene Chandler, and others. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. June 12 at 8.)

ERROL PARKER TENTET—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. June 12-13 at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.

SCHOONER FARE—With Jonathan Edwards. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 13 at 8.)

GRATEFUL DEAD—Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. June 14 at 6 and June 15 at 7.

MELISSA ETHERIDGE—With Jeffrey Gaines. (Jones Beach Theatre. June 14 at 8.)

ANGELA BOFILL—Central Park Zoo, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. June 15 at 7. For information about tickets, call 861-6030.

CARNEGIE HALL FOLK FESTIVAL—June 9 at 8: "Musical Broadides and Topical Songs," with Tom Paxton, Linda Russell, Mike Seeger, and the Heavenly Tones. . . . June 11 at 8: "The Main Squeeze," with the Polka Family Band, Tom and Maureen Doherty, Mick Moloney, the De Franco Family, Frank Cofone, and the Joaquin Brothers. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.) . . . June 12 at 8: "Carnegie Hall Hootenanny," with the Clancy Brothers, Robbie O'Connell, Doc Watson, Odetta, Tom Paxton, and Turner and Lynn Fodderrell. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Ferron, Barbara Higbie and Teresa Trull, and Toshi Reagon. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 13 at 7:30.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

YANKEES—Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, June 8-10 at 7:30.

METS—Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, June 12 at 7:40, June 13 at 7:10, and June 14 at 1:40. . . . Vs. the Montreal Expos, June 15-17 at 7:40.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

RACING

HORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

BOXERS OR BRIEFS?—Jockey International, Inc. presents a retrospective of its products and print and television ads. Founded in 1876, Jockey is single-handedly responsible for inventing the Kenosha Klosed Krotch as well as the "Y" Front Classic Brief. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Open Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8, and Saturdays, 10 to 5. Through Aug. 1.)

GATSBY—Symphony Space has organized a reading of "The Great Gatsby" that will take place on the four remaining Mondays in June. Readers will include Christine Baranski, Roscoe Lee Browne, Charles Keating, Mary Beth Hurt, James Naughton, Maria Tucci, and others. (Battery Park City. Evenings at 6:30. For more information, call 864-1414.)

ROCK GARDEN—The people at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden have been renovating their rock garden for the past two years. It reopens on June 14 at 1. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.)

BLOOMSDAY—Will be celebrated, as usual, at Symphony Space, with selected readings from "Ulysses." When the first reader begins, at 7, Leopold Bloom walks to the baths; at 8, Stephen Dedalus walks along the beach to Sandymount and, at 8:30, eats lunch; the wanderers head home around midnight; and, at 12:30 a.m., Molly Bloom gives her soliloquy. Readers will include Geraldine Fitzgerald, Malachy McCourt, Dermot McNamara, Ciaran O'Reilly, and many others. (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 16.)

READING—Charles Simic reads from his own poetry. (Educational Alliance, Mazer Theatre, 197 East Broadway. June 14 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

"HOMWORKS"—An evening of music, poetry, and dance. (Friends Meeting House, 15 Ruth-erford Pl., between Second and Third Aves. June 12 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

MEMORANDA—Flag Day will be celebrated on June 14. . . . The Puerto Rico Day Parade (up Fifth Ave., from 44th St. to 86th St.) will take place on June 14, starting at noon.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Pepi, Luci, Bom" (1980, directed by Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura.

Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

Theatre 3: "The Waterdance" (†).

Theatre 4: "Zentropa" (Lars Von Trier, in English and German), with Jean-Marc Barr, Barbara Sukowa, and Eddie Constantine.

Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (†).

Theatre 6: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French).

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through June 11: "Cousin Bobby" (†); and "Pictures from a Revolution" (Susan Meiselas, Richard P. Rogers, and Alfred Guzzetti), a documentary.

From June 12: "Cousin Bobby" (†).

NEWMAN THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

"The Enchantment" (1989, Shunichi Nagasaki; in Japanese), with Masao Kusakari, Kumiko Akiyoshi, and Kiwako Harada; and "Effi Briest" (1974, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Wolfgang Schenck.

MOVELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Theatre 3: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "Patriot Games" (†).

Theatre 2: "Thunderheart" (†).

Theatre 3: "Poison Ivy" (Katt Shea Ruben), with Tom Skerritt, Sara Gilbert, Cheryl Ladd, and Drew Barrymore.

Theatre 4: "Wayne's World" (†).

Theatre 5: "Patriot Games" (†).

Theatre 6: "Deep Cover" (†).

Theatre 7: "Incident at Oglala" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE 12TH STREET, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

"The Famine Within" (Katherine Gilday).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Toto le Héros" (Jaco Van Dormael; in French), with Michel Bouquet; and "Cold Heaven" (Nicolas Roeg), with Theresa Russell, James Russo, Talia Shire, and Mark Harmon.

Theatre 2: "Beautiful Dreamers" (John Kent Harrison), with Rip Torn.

Theatre 3: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash).

Theatre 4: "Cabeza de Vaca" (Nicolas Echevarria; in Spanish).

Theatre 5: "Lovers" (Vicente Aranda, in Spanish), with Victoria Abril, Jorge Sanz, and Maribel Verdu.

Theatre 6: "Sister Act" (†).

Theatre 7: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward.

CINEMA VILLAGE 3RD AVENUE, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

"The Fourth Animation Celebration: The Movie."

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

Theatre 3: "White Sands" (Roger Donaldson), with Willem Dafoe, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Mickey Rourke, Samuel L. Jackson, and Mimi Rogers.

Theatre 4: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Theatre 5: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

Theatre 6: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"The Playboys" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Alien 3" (†).

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).

Theatre 2: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).

Theatre 3: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward.

Theatre 4: "Sister Act" (†).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.



At Film Forum 2,
an Ernst Lubitsch festival

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).

Theatre 3: "Patriot Games" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through June 11: "Far and Away" (†).

From June 12: "Housesitter" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin, Goldie Hawn, Dana Delany, Julie Harris, Donald Moffat, and Peter MacNicol.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"The Mambo Kings" (Arne Glimcher), with Armand Assante, Antonio Banderas, and Cathy Moriarty.

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Lovers" (Vicente Aranda, in Spanish), with Victoria Abril, Jorge Sanz, and Maribel Verdu.

Theatre 2: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward.

CROWN GOTHAM, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"My Cousin Vinny" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"A Midnight Clear" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Theatre 2: "Class Act."

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Deep Cover" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through June 11: "The Waterdance" (†). From June 12: "Housesitter" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Goldie Hawn.

Theatre 2: "Far and Away" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).

Theatre 2: "For Sasha" (Alexandre Arcady, in French), with Sophie Marceau and Richard Berry.

Theatre 3: "The Playboys" (†).

ART EAST CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)

"Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: (Matinees only) "Beethoven" (†); and (evenings only) "Crisscross" (Chris Menges), with Goldie Hawn.

Theatre 2: "Alien 3" (†).

Theatre 3: "Alien 3" (†).

Theatre 4: "City of Joy" (Roland Joffé), with Patrick Swayze, Pauline Collins, and Om Puri.

Theatre 5: "Poison Ivy" (Katt Shea Ruben), with Tom Skerritt, Sara Gilbert, Cheryl Ladd, and Drew Barrymore.

Theatre 6: "Alien 3" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (†).

Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Player" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Beautiful Dreamers" (John Kent Harrison), with Rip Torn.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Patriot Games" (†).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Alien 3" (†).

Theatre 2: "Far and Away" (†).

LOEWS ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

Theatre 3: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Theatre 4: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

Theatre 5: "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre.

Theatre 6: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Theatre 7: (Matinees only) "FernGully... The Last Rainforest" (Bill Kroyer), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Thunderheart" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward.

Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through June 16: "Wisecracks" (†). From June 17: "The Inland Sea" (directed by Lucille Carra; in English and Japanese) and "Unknown Soldiers" (Veronika Souli; in English and Japanese).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "Once Upon a Time in China" (Tsui Hark; in Cantonese, with Chinese and English subtitles).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Alien 3" (†).

Theatre 2: "Alien 3" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Player" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Far and Away" (†). From June 12: "Housesitter" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Goldie Hawn.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "A Midnight Clear" (†).

Theatre 2: "Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

Theatre 3: "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian).

Theatre 4: "Proof" (Jocelyn Moorhouse), with Hugo Weaving, Genevieve Picot, and Russell Crowe.

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "Far and Away" (†).

Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).

Theatre 3: "Sister Act" (†).

Theatre 4: "Alien 3" (†).

Theatre 5: "Alien 3" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Player" (†).

Theatre 7: "The Player" (†).

Theatre 8: Through June 11: "Far and Away" (†). From June 12: "Housesitter" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Goldie Hawn.

Theatre 9: "Patriot Games" (†).

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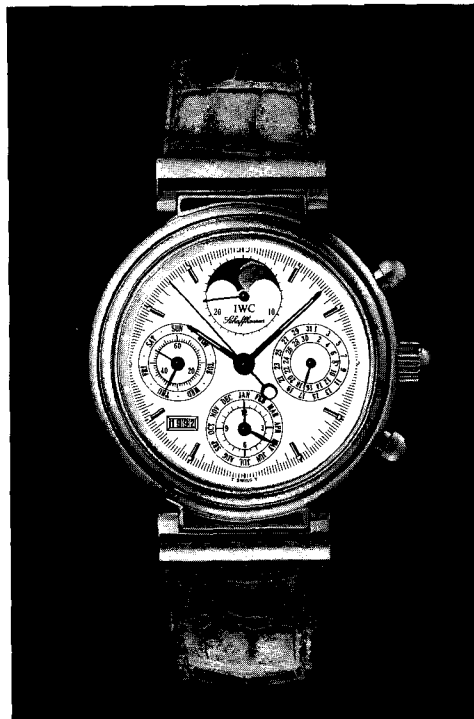
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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
 Theatre 1: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward.
 Theatre 2: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
 Theatre 3: "A Midnight Clear" (†).
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
 "Sister Act" (†).
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
 Theatre 1: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Diary of a Hitman" (Roy London), with Forest Whitaker, Sherilyn Fenn, and Sharon Stone.
 Theatre 3: (Matinees only) "Beethoven" (†); and (evenings only) "Split Second" (Tony Maylan), with Rutger Hauer, Kim Cattrall, and Neil Duncan.
 Theatre 4: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).
 Theatre 5: "Where Angels Fear to Tread" (Charles Sturridge), with Helena Bonham Carter, Judy Davis, Rupert Graves, Giovanni Guidelli, Barbara Jefford, and Helen Mirren.
 Theatre 6: "City of Joy" (Roland Joffé), with Patrick Swayze, Pauline Collins, and Om Puri.
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
 "Far and Away" (†).
LOEWS FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
 "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).
57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
 "Cold Heaven" (Nicolas Roeg), with Theresa Russell, James Russo, Talia Shire, and Mark Harmon.
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
 Theatre 1: "The Favor, the Watch, and the Very Big Fish" (Ben Lewin), with Bob Hoskins, Jeff Goldblum, Natasha Richardson, and Michel Blanc.
 Theatre 2: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington, Sarita Choudhury, Charles S. Dutton, Roshan Seth, Joe Seneca, Tico Wells, Sharmila Tagore, and Ranjit Chowdhry.
LOEWS FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
 "Howards End" (†).
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
 "Proof" (Jocelyn Moorhouse), with Hugo Weaving, Genevieve Picot, and Russell Crowe.
LOEWS COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
 "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward.
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
 "Night on Earth" (†).
LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
 Theatre 1: "The Adjuster" (Atom Egoyan).
 Theatre 2: "Adam's Rib" (Viatcheslav Krut'kovitch; in Russian), with Inna Churikova, Svetlana Ryabova, and Maria Golubkina.
 Theatre 3: "Monster in a Box" (Nick Broomfield), with Spalding Gray.
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
 "Far and Away" (†).
LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
 Theatre 1: "Patriot Games" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
 Theatre 4: "Sister Act" (†).
 Theatre 5: "The Player" (†).
 Theatre 6: "Patriot Games" (†).
METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
 Theatre 1: "Alien 3" (†).
 Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Alien 3" (†). From June 12: "Housesitter" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin, Goldie Hawn, Dana Delany, Julie Harris, and Peter MacNicol.
OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
 Theatre 1: "Basic Instinct" (†).
 Theatre 2: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
TIMES SQUARE AREA
CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
 Theatre 1: "Alien 3" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Alien 3" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Alien 3" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Basic Instinct" (†).
 Theatre 5: "Deep Cover" (†).
 Theatre 6: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
 Theatre 7: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
 "Sister Act" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Beauty and the Beast" (†). From June 12: "Acas: Iron Eagle III" (directed by John Glen), with Louis Gossett, Jr., Paul Freeman, Christopher Cazenove, Horst Buchholz, and Rachel McLish.
 Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Wayne's World" (†). From June 12: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Sleepwalkers" (Mick Garris), with Brian Krause, Mädchen Amick, and Alice Krige.
LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
 "Patriot Games" (†).
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
 Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Class Act." From June 12: "Housesitter" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin, Goldie Hawn, Dana Delany, Julie Harris, Donald Moffat, and Peter MacNicol.

REVIVAL HOUSES

LE CINEMATOGRAPHE, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
 "Lost Prophet."
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
 Through June 14: The New York International Festival of Lesbian and Gay Films
 June 15-16: "My Own Private Idaho" (1991, directed by Gus Van Sant), with River Phoenix, Keanu Reeves, James Russo, and William Richert; and "Mala Noche" (†).
 From June 17: "High Heels" (1992, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish); and "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (1988, Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, Julieta Serrano, and Kiti Manver.
FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
 Through June 11: "The Proud Ones" ("Les Orgueilleux"; 1953, Yves Allégret; in French), with Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan.
 June 12: "Anne Boleyn" (1920, Ernst Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings; and "The Doll" (1919, Lubitsch; a German silent film).
 June 13: "The Oyster Princess" (1919, Ernst Lubitsch; a German silent film); and "Kohlhiesels Daughter" (1920, Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.
 June 14: "The Mountain Cat" (1921, Ernst Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Pola Negri; and "Loves of Pharaoh" (1922, Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.
 June 15: "Sumurun" (1920, Ernst Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Lubitsch; and

Gabriel Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "L'Amore" (1948, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
 June 9: "Breaking Away" (1979, Peter Yates), with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley; and "American Flyer" (1985, John Badham), with Kevin Costner and David Grant.
 June 10: "The Fountainhead" (1949, King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "The V.I.P.s" (1963, Anthony Asquith), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Orson Welles, Margaret Rutherford, Linda Christian, Louis Jourdan, and Rod Taylor.
 June 11: "Harold and Maude" (1971, Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970, Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Ron Leibman, and Trish Van Devere.
 June 12-13: "All About Eve" (†); and "Sunset Boulevard" (see page 26).
 June 14: "The Seven Samurai" (1954, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
 June 15: "La Dolce Vita" (1960, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
 June 16: "Macbeth" (1971, Roman Polanski), with Jon Finch; and "Othello" (†).
 June 17: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Saboteur" (1942, Hitchcock), with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—June 8 at 2:30: "China Express" (1929, directed by Ilya Trauberg; a Russian silent film)...
 June 8 at 3 and June 9 at 12:30, 2:30, and 6: A program of about ninety television commercials made by American production companies...
 June 8 at 6 and June 13 at 2: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929, Friedrich Ermler; a Russian silent film)...
 June 8 at 6:30: A program of films by Michael Bryntrup, who will be present...
 June 9 at 2:30: "Moscow in October" (1927, Boris Barnet; a Russian silent film) and "Outskirts" (1933, Barnet; in Russian)...
 June 9 at 6 and June 15 at 2:30: "White Bird, Black Markings" (1971, Juri Ilyenko; in Ukrainian)...
 June 11 at 2:30: "Aerograd" (1936, Alexander Dovzhenko; in Russian)...
 June 11 at 3 and 6: "Conversations: Before the War" (1986, Karen Ishizuka and Robert Nakamura), "Days of Waiting" (1989, Steven Okazaki), "Solo" (1989, Susan Inouye), and "Family Gathering" (1988, Lise Yasui), all documentaries...
 June 11 at 6 and June 14 at 5: "The Youth of Maxim" (1935, Grigori Kozintsev and Leonard Trauberg; in Russian)...
 June 12 at 2:30: "Enthusiasm" (1930, Dziga Vertov; in Russian)...
 June 12 at 3:30 and June 13 at 5: "All the King's Men" (†)...
 June 12 at 6: "Salt for Svanetia" (1930, Mikail Kalatozov; a Russian silent film), a documentary...
 June 12 at 6 and June 14 at 2:30: "Sons, Mothers, and a General" (1955, Laszlo Benedek; in German), with Bernhard Wicki, Maximilian Schell, and Klaus Kinski...
 June 13 at 2:30 and June 14 at 5: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre...
 June 13 at 5: "Happiness" (1934, Alexander Medvedkin; a Russian silent film)...
 June 14 at 2: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959, Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian), with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorova...
 June 15 at 6: "Professors Mamluk" (1938, Adolf Minkin; in Russian)...
 June 16 at 2:30: "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (1944, Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkasov...
 June 16 at 6: "Chapayev" (1934, Sergei and Georgy Vassiliev; in Russian).
WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—June 8 at 2 and 6:30, June 12 at 4:15, and June 14 at 7: "World Apartment Horror" (1991, Katsuhiro Otomo; in Japanese)...
 June 8 at 4:15 and 8:30 and June 12 at 2 and 6:15: "For Kayako" (1984, Kohji Oguri; in Japanese)...
 June 9 at 2 and 6:45 and June 14 at 2 and 9: "A Farewell to the Land" (1982, Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese)...
 June 9 at 4:30 and 9:15: "Death by Hanging" (1968, Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese)...
 June 10



At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Anita Ekberg and journalists in "La Dolce Vita"

"The Eyes of the Mummy" (1918, Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings.
 June 16: "Madame DuBarry" (1919, Ernst Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings; and "Romeo and Juliet in the Snow" (1920, Lubitsch; a German silent film).
 June 17: "Carmen" (1918, Ernst Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Pola Negri; and "The Merry Jail" (1917, Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
 June 8: "L'Avventura" (1959, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti,

at 2 and 6:15, June 11 at 5:30, and June 13 at 6:30: "Extremely Personal Eros" (1974, Kazuo Hara; in Japanese). . . ¶ June 10 at 4 and 8:15 and June 13 at 4:30 and 8:30: "Sumo Do, Sumo Don't!" (1992, Masayuki Suo; in Japanese). . . ¶ June 11 at 2 and 8:15: "Minamata: The Victims and Their World" (1971, Noriaki Tsuchimoto; in Japanese). . . ¶ June 12 at 8:30, June 13 at 2, June 14 at 4:30, June 15-16 at 6:15, and June 17 at 8:45: "Crows and Sparrows" (1949, Zheng Junli). . . ¶ June 15 at 2 and June 16 at 4:30 and 8:45: "Town Alive" (1985, Masato Koike; in Japanese). . . ¶ June 15 at 3:45 and 8:45 and June 16 at 2: "The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On" (1987, Kazuo Hara; in Japanese). . . ¶ June 17 at 2 and 6:30: "A Promise" (1986, Yoshishige Yoshida; in Japanese). . . ¶ June 17 at 4:15: "Pineapple Tours: An Okinawan Film in Three Stories" (1992, Tsutomu Makiya, Yuji Nakai, and Hayashi Tsuta).

THE FILMS OF LOUIS MALLE—June 8 at 3: "Phantom India, Episode 1" (1969). . . ¶ June 8 at 6: "Elevator to the Gallows" (1957, in French). . . ¶ June 8 at 8: "The Lovers" (1958, in French). . . ¶ June 8 at 10: "The Fire Within" (1963, in French). . . ¶ June 9 at 12:30: "Le Monde du Silence" (1956, in French, with no English subtitles). . . ¶ June 9 at 3: "Phantom India, Episode 2". . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "Viva Maria" (1955, in French, with no English subtitles). . . ¶ June 9 at 8:30: "Zazie Dans le Métro" (1959, in French). . .

¶ June 9 at 10:30: "A Very Private Affair" (1961). . . ¶ June 10 at 12:30 and 6: "The Thief of Paris" (1967, in French, with no English subtitles). . . ¶ June 10 at 3: "Phantom India, Episode 3". . . ¶ June 10 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971, in French). . . ¶ June 10 at 11: "Histoires Extraordinaires: William Wilson" (1967). . . ¶ June 11 at 3: "Phantom India, Episodes 4-5". . . ¶ June 11 at 6: "Black Moon" (1975). . . ¶ June 11 at 8:15: "My Dinner with André" (1981). . . ¶ June 11 at 10:30: "Alamo Bay" (1985). . . ¶ June 12 at 1: "Human, Too Human" (1974, in French). . . ¶ June 12 at 3: "Phantom India, Episodes 6-7". . . ¶ June 12 at 6: "Pretty Baby" (1978). . . ¶ June 12 at 8:15: "Atlantic City" (1980). . . ¶ June 12 at 10:30: "Crackers" (1983). . . ¶ June 13 at 2: "God's Country" (1986). . . ¶ June 13 at 4: "And the Pursuit of Happiness" (1987). . . ¶ June 13 at 6: "Lacombe Lucien" (1973, in French). . . ¶ June 13 at 8:45: "Au Revoir les Enfants" (1987, in French). . . ¶ June 13 at 11: "May Fools" (1990, in French). (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"Burt Lancaster: The Tough Guy." June 13 at 2: "The Killers" (1946, Robert Siodmak), with Lancaster, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, and Sam Levene. . . ¶ June 13 at 4: "Local Hero" (1983, Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert and Lancas-

ter. . . ¶ June 14 at 2: "Brute Force" (†). . . ¶ June 14 at 4: "Bird Man of Alcatraz" (†).
MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"Jim Henson's World of Television." Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1: "The Muppet Show: Harry Belafonte" (1979) and "Of Muppets and Men: The Making of The Muppet Show" (1981). . . ¶ Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30: "The Jim Henson Hour: Dog City" (1989) and "The Storyteller: The Soldier and Death" (1989).

DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—June 9 at noon: "Chan Is Missing" (1982, Wayne Wang), with Wood May. . . ¶ June 11 at noon: "The Naked Civil Servant" (1976, Jack Gold). . . ¶ June 16 at noon: "The Man Who Envied Woman" (1985, Yvonne Rainer).

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—June 13 at 3 and 7: "Dersu Uzala" (1978, Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian).

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway. (1-718 783-6501)—June 13 at 2: "The Landlord" (†).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—June 12-13 at 7: Two programs of films by Marie Menken. . . ¶ June 12 at 8, June 13 at 3, and June 14 at 7:30: "Palestinian Diaries—Chronicles of an Occupation" (1990). . . ¶ June 13 at 9: A program of films by Robert Huot. . . ¶ June 14 at 4: "Diaries, Notes & Sketches" (1968-1969, Jonas Mekas). . . ¶ June 14 at 9: "Diary, 1980, Parts 1 and 2" (1980-82, Huot).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

ALIEN—The latest and perhaps the last of the science-fiction horror series that began with "Alien" in 1979. Here, the heroine of the previous films, Ripley (Sigourney Weaver), crash-lands on a godforsaken planet whose population consists of a couple of dozen mean-looking convicts running some sort of dilapidated foundry. She has, unwittingly, brought one of those nasty, dripping, sharp-toothed aliens with her in the spacecraft. The script (by David Giler, Walter Hill, and Larry Ferguson) is designed to keep us asking ourselves the fundamental questions: Who will get eaten by the alien? In what order? Is the next one going to be too grisly to watch? Unfortunately, the director, David Fincher, doesn't seem to have the skill to make even the simplest action sequence coherent, or the patience to give the audience the narrative information it needs. Although he's a gifted imagemaker, the images never quite add up. In the long climactic sequence, in which Ripley and the cons try to maneuver the beast through a maze of passageways, Fincher's fractured style becomes maddening; we're trapped in these elaborate sets and have no better idea where we are than the monster does. And our interest expires long before the alien has hissed its last. Also with Charles S. Dutton, Charles Dance, and Lance Henriksen. Cinematography by Alex Thomson.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/1/92.) (Bay Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

ALL ABOUT EVE (1950)—Ersatz art of a very high grade, and one of the most enjoyable movies ever made. A young aspiring actress, Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter), intrigues to take the place of an aging star, Margo Channing (Bette Davis), on stage and in bed, and the battle is fought with tooth, claw, and a battery of epigrams. The synthetic has qualities of its own—glib, overexplicit, self-important, the "You're sneaky and corrupt but so am I—We belong to each other darling" style of writing. The scriptwriter-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz's bad taste, exhibited with verve, is more fun than careful, mousy, dehydrated good taste. His nonsense about "theatre" is saved by one performance that is the real thing: Bette Davis is at her most instinctive and assured. Her actress—vain, scared, a woman who goes too far in her reactions and emotions—make the whole thing come alive (though it's hard to believe Anne Baxter could ever be a threat to Bette Davis). With George Sanders (as the critic Addison De Witt), Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, Thelma

Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Hugh Marlowe, Barbara Bates, Walter Hampden, and Marilyn Monroe, who has one of her best early roles. Based on a short story and radio play by Mary Orr. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Director, Screenplay, Supporting Actor (Sanders), Costume Design (Edith Head, Charles Le Maire), Sound Recording.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 12-13.)

ALL THE KING'S MEN (1949)—Broderick Crawford's Willie Stark might just make you feel better about the President you've got. Robert Penn Warren's novel about the rise of a bull-headed demagogue (modelled on Huey Long) was turned into a rousing melodrama, full of graft, double-dealing, and strong-arm excitement. Robert Rossen adapted the novel and directed; the film took the Academy Award for Best Picture, with Broderick Crawford also winning Best Actor, and Mercedes McCambridge, as tough Sadie, winning Best Supporting Actress. It's by no means a great film, but it moves along. With John Ireland, Joanne Dru, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick; cinematography by Burnett Guffey.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 12-13.)

BASIC INSTINCT—A vicious, grindingly manipulative urban mystery that uses a thick atmosphere of S & M kinkiness to distract the audience from the story's thinness and inanity. Michael Douglas plays a cop with a "dark side." Sharon Stone plays a rich, beautiful bisexual novelist who is the prime suspect in a murder case. He falls in love with her, and the two of them breathe heavily through the rest of the picture. Stone has a few bright moments early on. But our basic instinct as we watch Douglas's strenuous grimaces of sexual transport is to flee the theatre. And the mystery is so ineptly constructed that it's not much fun trying to work out the solution. We sense that the screenwriter, Joe Eszterhas, and the director, Paul Verhoeven, don't have any respect for the genre—that they're too jaded to care about anything but giving us enough voyeuristic jolts to keep us awake. When the picture is over, we realize that the only suspense that it has produced effectively is a weird kind of ideological suspense. Will the movie take its smarmy misogyny all the way, or will it pull back in the end? It goes all the way. Also with George Dzundza and Jeanne Tripplehorn; there's a very peculiar cameo by Dorothy Malone.—T.R. (4/6/92) (MovieLand 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—It's got storytelling vigor and clarity, bright, eclectic animation, and a frisky musical wit. In this Disney version of

the fairy tale, Belle (the voice of Paige O'Hara) is a book-reading French provincial girl—a virtuous sort of Mademoiselle Bovary. She dreams of a Prince Charming but gets more than she bargains for when she becomes hostage to the buffalolike Beast (the surprisingly orotund Robby Benson). Underneath his fang-gnashing glower, he's a prisoner of adolescence—unlike Peter Pan, he wants to grow up. He's the opposite of Belle's lunk-headed village suitor, Gaston (Richard White), a narcissistic macho man. Throughout, the Howard Ashman-Alan Menken score is clever and fluid in the best Lerner and Loewe manner, with flashes of oddball humor that keep everything light and bouncy. (Gaston's theme song trumps "C'est Moi," from "Camelot.") There's a great cast of supporting utensils at the Beast's enchanted castle, led by Jerry Orbach in an ebullient vocal turn as the Chevalier-like candleholder, Lumiere. David Ogden Stiers is Cogsworth, the mantel clock; Angela Lansbury is Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Jo Anne Worley is the Wardrobe. There isn't anything particularly haunting, and not all the script's variations are fresh. But this is easily the zippiest Disney cartoon feature in the thirty years since "101 Dalmatians." Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise directed the screenplay by Linda Woolverton.—M.S. (Embassy.)

BEETHOVEN—The director, Brian Levant, mixes a grand canine cast with drab dramatis personae, including a cruel, avaricious vet (Dean Jones) who specializes in dognapping, and an uptight suburban daddy (Charles Grodin) who manufactures air freshener. The titular hero is a St. Bernard pup who grows into a hundred-and-eighty-five-pound behemoth, wreaks havoc on Grodin's home, eats everything in sight, and does good by his adopted family. This is a family affair with a vengeance: anyone outside the nuclear core is not to be trusted. But the only persuasive bonding occurs between Beethoven and an unidentified terrier, who are together for just a few minutes. The screenplay is credited to Edmond Dantes—the Count of Monte Cristo—and Amy Holden Jones.—M.S. (5/4/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. Matinees only.)

BIRD MAN OF ALCATRAZ (1962)—Intelligent, affecting, clearly well-meaning—too well-meaning as it drones on and on, upliftingly. The director, John Frankenheimer, and the scenarist, Guy Trosper, are so sympathetic and discreet in their near-documentary approach to Robert Stroud (who was still in prison, at seventy-five, when the film was made) that they never solve the problem of how to dramatize the life of a convicted killer who

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

spent more than forty years in solitary confinement, with birds as his only companions. We don't get enough understanding of Stroud (Burt Lancaster) to become involved in how he is transformed over the years. (Stroud wrote a book on bird diseases.) And though Lancaster has to get points for his willingness to tackle the difficult role, he doesn't have much expressive range, and when he's cooped up like this and can't use his intense physicality he seems numb—half dead. With Karl Malden, Thelma Ritter, Betty Field, Edmond O'Brien, Neville Brand, Whit Bissell, Hugh Marlowe, and Telly Savalas. Based on the book by Thomas E. Gaddis; cinematography by Burnett Guffey.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; June 14.)

BRUTE FORCE (1947)—The title is accurate: this is a crudely powerful prison picture, produced by Mark Hellinger, written by Richard Brooks, and directed by Jules Dassin. The essentially old-fashioned material was modernized by the use of sadistic scenes and such devices as having the power-mad warden (Hume Cronyn) suggest a homegrown Hitler. This is the kind of movie that is often called a man's picture; that is, fast, action-packed, pseudo-realistic. With Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford, Roman Bohnen, Ella Raines, Yvonne De Carlo, Ann Blyth, Anita Colby, Sam Levene, Howard Duff, John Hoyt, Jeff Corey, Whit Bissell, and Vince Barnett.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; June 14.)

COUSIN BOBBY—Jonathan Demme's film about his cousin Robert Castle, an Episcopal pastor who works in Harlem, has a loose, friendly home-movie quality that's weird but appealing. Bobby is a chunky, balding, sixtyish priest who leads his poor parishioners on protest marches, delivers fiery speeches on the evils of racism, and generally stirs things up on behalf of the disadvantaged, the neglected, and the oppressed. Demme's off-hand approach draws us into an unusual kind of intimacy with Bobby and the ravaged urban world he lives in. The movie is a

brilliantly original portrait of a complex personality: it does justice to both the continuities and the discontinuities of its subject's life story. Demme, who is onscreen a fair amount, acts as a genial, low-pressure host; his manner is an invitation to the audience to join in the family feeling that's growing between him and his cousin. The movie's rhythm tries to reproduce the odd, intermittent nature of developing friendship—a process that in this case also includes a full, felt understanding of the priest's political ideas. The film ends up being a lovely, amiably persuasive demonstration of the personal sources of political conviction.—T.R. (6/1/92) (Little Theatre.)

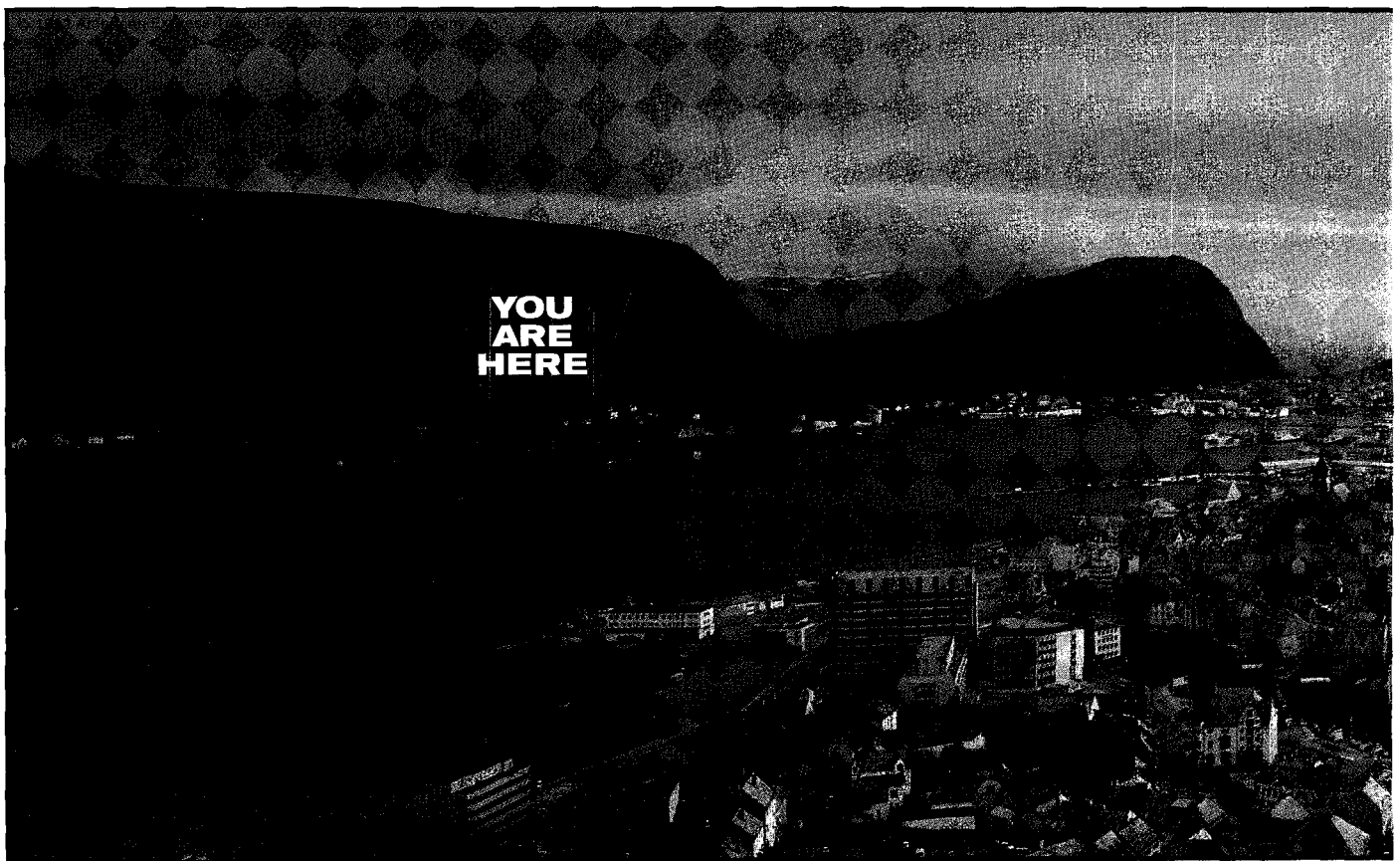
DEEP COVER—Hip novelist-screenwriters Michael Tolkin and Henry Bean must not have watched enough TV in the eighties to realize that the premise of their script—an undercover cop gets sucked into big-time drug life—has been done to death. The director, Bill Duke, a veteran of shows like "Hill Street Blues" and "Miami Vice," should have fessed up. Larry Fishburne plays the righteous policeman who goes to work for the D.E.A. and discovers that he loves being a narcotics baron. Jeff Goldblum is the drug-dealing Jewish lawyer who becomes his partner in crime. Goldblum gets most of the good lines and a fair share of the awful ones. He knows what to do with them, but his character is self-loathing and loathsome—the White Negro in a slick post-yuppie edition. The visuals are as gaudy as the language (Bojan Bazelli did the look-at-me cinematography), and the plot is jolt-happy. If there's such a thing as dull flash, "Deep Cover" defines it.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, 59th Street East Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

FAR AND AWAY—Despite all the publicity about the film's physical grandeur and the Gaelic heritage of the director, Ron Howard, this historical fantasy, set in the early eightennineties, centers on the spectacle of the real-life spouses Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise enacting a coltish courtship. She's headstrong Shannon Christie, the only child of a wealthy Irish landowner (Robert Prosky) and

a suffocatingly proper mother (Barbara Babcock). He's rebellious Joseph Donnelly, a tenant farmer's son who botches an attempt to kill Shannon's father. You may be willing to accept the broad farce and melodrama for the sake of the scenery, shot in an imposing new Panavision Super 70 process. But Cruise and Kidman are a couple of kids playing "Let's pretend." When they reach the United States, you keep waiting for them to light out for the territories. They're stranded in Boston, where she plucks chickens, he becomes a bare-knuckled boxer, and Howard exposes the backside of the American Dream and of America's favorite young star. The director stages the climactic Oklahoma land rush with aplomb, but by then the audience has ceased to care. Mikael Salomon earns his credit for the cinematography; Bob Dolman wrote the script from a story he concocted with Howard.—M.S. (6/1/92) (Coronet Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Art Greenwich Twin; through June 11.)

FRIED GREEN TOMATOES—Cancer, wife-beating, burning crosses, barbecue, fat-lady jokes at the expense of Kathy Bates, wisdom dispensed by Jessica Tandy, and female bonding that stops just shy of lesbianism. That's the recipe for this clunky, fraudulent, yet apparently crowd-pleasing laugh- and tear-jerker. In the framing story, Tandy befriends Bates and inspires her with the Depression-era tale of tomboy Iddie (Mary Stuart Masterson) and pretty, demure Ruth (Mary-Louise Parker), who discover happiness when they found the Whistle Stop Café in Iddie's small Alabama home town. The director, Jon Avnet, drenches the palate with sweet sauce, then goes for the throat. The only good white males are run over by a train; in this feminist wish fulfillment, it isn't only tomatoes that get sliced. Written by Fannie Flagg (who has a bit role) and Carol Sobieski from Flagg's novel "Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Café."—M.S. (Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews Festival.)

HOWARDS END—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome



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and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Praver Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensitive job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Also with Helena Bonham Carter, Samuel West, James Wilby, Nicola Duffett, Prunella Scales, and Adrian Ross Magenty.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Loews Fine Arts.)

INCIDENT AT OGLALA—Michael Apted's documentary is an investigative report on the case of Leonard Peltier, an American Indian Movement activist who was convicted of killing two F.B.I. agents in a 1975 shootout on the Pine Ridge reservation, in South Dakota. The movie contends that Peltier (who has been serving time for the murders since 1977) was railroaded by the F.B.I. The filmmakers don't require us to believe that Peltier

is innocent (although they clearly think he is). They concentrate on demonstrating that he didn't get a fair trial: the movie is built on an accumulation of subtle discrepancies and nagging doubts, rather than on a sense of inexorable progress toward a smoking-gun solution. For the most part, Apted guides us through this tangle of ambiguous evidence and back-and-forth legal maneuvering with patient, unobtrusive skill, and the cool rationality of his manner makes the movie's arguments seem all the more irrefutable. The picture never tries to whip us into a frenzy of indignation, but its restrained, lawyerly laying out of a pattern of injustice is devastatingly effective. Narrated by Robert Redford (who is also the executive producer).—T.R. (6/1/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII.)

THE LANDLORD (1970)—Hal Ashby's debut film as a director is one of his best. Based on the novel by Kristin Hunter, a black woman, and adapted by another black writer, William Gunn, it's about an affable, rich blond bachelor (Beau Bridges) who gets in over his head when he buys a house in a black ghetto, intending to throw out the tenants and turn it into his own handsome townhouse. The tenants include Pearl Bailey, and Diana Sands in probably her finest screen performance—when she becomes sexually and emotionally involved with the new landlord, he starts learning something about passion and terror. The dialogue is crisp and often quite startling, and though the editing may be a little too showy and jumpy, the picture has originality and depth, and it's full of sharp, absurdist humor. Lee Grant is particularly funny as Beau Bridges' ditsy mother and Lou Gossett, Jr., is fairly amazing as Diana Sands' axe-wielding husband. Also with Mel Stewart, Susan Anspach, Marki Bey, Grover Dale, Bob Klein, Walter Brooke, and Douglas Grant. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; music by Al Kooper. The distributors may have been frightened off by the tense interracial byplay—or perhaps the public was; relatively few people saw the picture, and it's rarely revived.—P.K. (Brooklyn Museum; June 13.)

LETHAL WEAPON 3—When that manic L.A.P.D. detective Martin Riggs (Mel Gibson) visits the home of rough-and-ready I.A.D. cop Lorna Cole (Rene Russo), he notices that her personal computer contains Three Stooges software. Moe, Larry, and Curly, who showed up in a film clip in "LW2," have become the guiding spirits of the series. The director, Richard Donner, and the screenwriters, Jeffrey Boam and Robert Mark Kamen, assembled this entry as if it were a wacky computer game of their own. The filmmakers are too proud of their hit formula. They keep restating it: Cole describes the career of Riggs and his staid partner, Roger Murtaugh (Danny Glover), as a combination of "The Police Gazette and Mad magazine." Topically enough, the villain is a brutal, corrupt ex-cop (played by Stuart Wilson). But all Donner and company deliver is their usual proficient mix of quasi-comic "chaos and mayhem." (That's another of the script's flagpost phrases. "He's chaos," Riggs quips. "I'm mayhem.") Cole reveals the ability to fight and mug as hard as Riggs and Murtaugh, and Joe Pesci surfaces again as Valley-speaking fixer Leo Getz, presumably to prove that the more stooges the merrier. But the central gag goes unstated. Riggs and Murtaugh are supposed to be effective. The "Lethal Weapon" movies put Keystone Kops on the Thin Blue Line and ask us to cheer them toward victory.—M.S. (Movie-land 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

MALA NOCHE (1986)—This first feature made in Portland, Oregon, by Gus Van Sant (his second was the 1989 "Drugstore Cowboy") is a story of romantic obsession, shot in 16-mm., mostly in black-and-white, and completed for \$25,000. It's the story of Walt (Tim Streeter), a young clerk in a skid-row convenience store who falls hopelessly in love with a Mexican boy, a tease who accepts handouts from him but derides him as a "stupid faggot." Based on a short novel by the Oregon poet Walt Curtis, the movie has a wonderful fluid, grainy look—expressionist



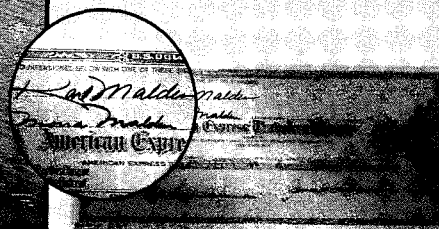
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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

yet with an improvised feel. It has an authentic grungy beauty; at moments, it's reminiscent of Jean Genet's short film masterpiece "Un Chant d'Amour." The tease, Johnny, is played by Doug Cooyate, an American Indian who doesn't speak Spanish. (His lines were dubbed.) The screenplay is by Van Sant; the (often hand-held) cinematography is by John Campbell.—P.K. (8th St. Playhouse; June 15-16.)

A MIDNIGHT CLEAR—Everything about this anti-war film is geared for poignancy, from the snow-swept settings (the area around Park City, Utah, stands in for Europe) to the Christian symbolism. But what keeps viewers watching this tale of six young G.I.s on the German-French border in the winter of 1944 is the tense jeopardy of military service. The heroes belong to a genius-I.Q. intelligence-and-reconnaissance unit; the action hinges on their vain attempt to complete a rapprochement with a handful of weary Germans. The movie is high-strung yet shock-proofed. A voice-over narration sets a tone of boyish contemplation and signals that there'll be spiritual solace even if the worst happens. The writer-director, Keith Gordon, has reverently adapted William Wharton's 1982 novel. His movie has no traction, only a holy, sepulchral glow. It's so determined to be haunting that it gives up the ghost. Ethan Hawke, Gary Sinise, Frank Whaley, Kevin Dillon, Peter Berg, and Arye Gross play the soldiers; Mark Isham did the rustling mood music, and Tom Richmond the blue-white cinematography.—M.S. (5/18/92) (Plaza, Quad Cinema, and 23rd St. West Triplex.)

MY COUSIN VINNY—The recipe behind this Dixie-based comedy hit is simple. The Southern characters consider themselves the salt of the earth; the Northern ones are proud to be the pepper. Joe Pesci plays Vinny Gambini, a neophyte Brooklyn lawyer who hightails it down to Wahoo City, Alabama, to help his college-boy cousin (Ralph Macchio) and a friend (Mitchell Whitfield) beat a bum murder rap. Vinny's quest takes at least thirty minutes too long. The producer-screenwriter, Dale Launer, bides his time, scattering hoary gags while planting details that eventually pay off. Luckily, the director, Jonathan Lynn, keeps the cork on Pesci, releasing his energy only in the trial sequences, and doesn't rely on him to carry the movie. Marisa Tomei, as Vinny's fiancée, imbues the most obligatory reactions with either a startling ferocity or a farcical ambiguity worthy of her character's name: Mona Lisa Vito. Fred Gwynne brings a wise, weighty charm to the role of a Yale-educated judge; in a cartoon, he'd be a basset hound called Beauregard. When Pesci sags, Tomei, Gwynne, and others (especially Austin Pendleton) perk things up. At best, it's a genial variety show that could use more variety.—M.S. (4/20/92) (Crown Gotham, 23rd St. West Triplex, Worldwide Cinemas, and Olympia.)

NIGHT ON EARTH—This anthology film, written and directed by Jim Jarmusch ("Stranger Than Paradise"), has a gimmicky premise. Each of its five stories takes place in a different city, and each is about a taxicab ride. All the trips are going on at the same time, but in different time zones, so there's an illusion of temporal progress: the picture begins at sunset in Los Angeles and ends at dawn in Helsinki. (The intervening episodes take place in New York, Paris, and Rome.) It's a feeble but serviceable conceit; if the sketches were funny, we'd barely notice the preciousness of the structure. Unfortunately, the material is very thin, and the movie doesn't vary its style from sketch to sketch: Jarmusch sticks doggedly to his trademark deadpan manner. The comedian Roberto Benigni, playing a motor-mouth cabbie in the Italian episode, briefly enlivens the picture with a riotous erotic monologue. But, for the most part, the movie induces in the viewer an eerie, suspended feeling that mimics the time-stands-still monotony of a long airplane journey. It tries for a chipper, light-hearted tone, but it gives the audience a gruelling flight—a red-eye to nowhere. Also with Winona Ryder, Gena Rowlands, Giancarlo Esposito, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Rosie Perez, Isaach de Bankolé, Béatrice Dalle, and Matti Pellonpää. In English, French, Italian, and Finnish.—T.R. (5/18/92) (Angelika Film Center, and 62nd & Broadway.)

OTHELLO (1965)—A filmed record of the National Theatre of Great Britain production starring Laurence Olivier; the techniques employed are pitifully inadequate. But there he is: the most physical Othello imaginable—deep voice, with a trace of foreign music in it; happy, thick, self-satisfied laugh; rolling buttocks. He's grand and barbaric and, yes, a little lewd. As a lord, this Othello is a bit vulgar—too ingratiating, a boaster, an arrogant man. Who can afford to miss this performance? With Frank Finlay as the pale, parched little Iago—a man consumed with sexual jealousy—and Maggie Smith as the quietly strong, willful Desdemona. Also with Joyce Redman, Derek Jacobi, and Robert Lang. Stuart Burge, who directed this filming, doesn't always protect the actors: they speak as if they were on a stage and they're sometimes seen very close (in stage makeup) when the camera should be at a discreet distance. The cinematography is by Geoffrey Unsworth.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 16.)



A murdered screenwriter. An idealistic young woman working her way up in a studio.

A producer who might consider pushing a baseball project if he could turn it into a musical for a female star. Hollywood luminaries playing themselves.

That's not the roll call for "The Player." It's a partial cast of characters for "Sunset Boulevard" (playing June 12-13, at Theatre 80 St. Marks, and June 24-25, at the 8th St. Playhouse). Billy Wilder's charged 1950 movie-colony melodrama uses elements of black comedy, exposé, and horror to disclose cushy, crawling corruption. "Sunset Boulevard" isn't the perfect Wilder film (it's no "Double Indemnity"). But it is his most original and creepy. The antihero, Joe Gillis (William Holden), is a debt-ridden screenwriter. On the lam from the finance company that's trying to repossess his car—in L.A. terms, his legs—he wheels into a seemingly abandoned estate that actually belongs to silent-era legend Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Desmond, plotting her return to the screen, hires Gillis to edit her hand-written pet script, an elephantine version of "Salome." He figures he can take her money and run, but soon he settles into being her gigolo.

Desmond isn't a mere witch. She and her butler, Max (Erich von Stroheim), are Old Hollywood in all its crazy grandeur. The idealistic studio reader (Nancy Olson) is Young Hollywood; she wants Gillis to write something "true and moving." Gillis, who narrates the picture in a sharp, amusing tough-guy lingo, represents the Hollywood norm. Compromise has become a habit with him. Wilder brought out the best in Holden, whose guilt-wracked Gillis, beaten but alert, connects the pieces of the film. The director and his co-writers (Charles Brackett and D.M. Marshman, Jr.) also basked in Desmond's glamour, giving her lines as pungent as Margo Channing's in "All About Eve" (another 1950 release and co-feature at Theatre 80) and an exit as potent in its own glittery way as Blanche DuBois'.

PATRIOT GAMES—With Harrison Ford, directed by Phillip Noyce. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U.A. East, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THE PLAYBOYS—This absorbing, uneven romantic comedy-drama, set in a small Irish town in 1957, takes its name from a travelling troupe. The heroine is an unwed mother named Tara (Robin Wright). She challenges every male authority figure in town and drives all the men wild—especially the violent, alcoholic constable, Sergeant Hegarty (Albert Finney), who seethes when he sees her with her actor lover Tom (Aidan Quinn). The screenwriters, Shane Connaughton (who co-wrote "My Left Foot") and Kerry Crabbe, are full of ideas and observations about orthodox religion, claustrophobic village mores, the craziness of life in a divided country, and the last gasp of strolling players before TV's ascendancy. Wright and Quinn are well matched, and the director, Gillies MacKinnon, and his cinematographer, Jack Conroy, provide images that sparkle with amorous possibilities. But the filmmakers don't funnel their panoply of themes gracefully into Tara's story. Her affair with Tom comes off as a foil to Finney's passionate portrait of stewed wrath and despair. He endows a clenched, masochistic character with such scale and force that he takes over the movie.—M.S. (5/18/92) (Gramercy, and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

THE PLAYER—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goof-ball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America. Also with Greta Scacchi, Peter Gallagher, Fred Ward, Whoopi Goldberg, Cynthia Stevenson, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lyle Lovett, Dean Stockwell, and Richard E. Grant; dozens of movie stars (and a handful of writers) turn up in cameos. The script, by Michael Tolkin, is adapted from his own novel.—T.R. (4/20/92) (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

SISTER ACT—With Whoopi Goldberg, Maggie Smith, Kathy Najimy, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Emile Ardolino. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy I.)

THUNDERHEART—This murder mystery, set on a Sioux reservation, teams Sam Shepard, as an F.B.I. agent who speaks with forked tongue, and Val Kilmer, as an agent who thinks with forked mind. Kilmer's character is one-quarter Sioux, which apparently affects the right side of his brain—he gets mystical flashes and visions. When he hangs out with Indian traditionalists like the tribal cop played drolly by Graham Greene, his ancestral instincts emerge, leading him to truth, justice, and the Native American way. John Fusco's messagey script satirizes the stereotype of the all-knowing authentic Indian, then buys into it. The director, Michael Apted, elicits credible performances from Shepard and (in a tiny part) Fred Ward, and blends them confidently with the non-professionals in the supporting cast. But Kilmer is more callow than necessary. His lack of authority makes the raising of his consciousness seem more like a coming of age.—M.S. (Loews

Village Theatre VII... ♪ Loews Orpheum VII. Evenings only.)

THE WATERDANCE—With Eric Stoltz, Wesley Snipes, William Forsythe, Helen Hunt, and Elizabeth Peña; directed by Neal Jimenez and Michael Steinberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center... ♪ Baronet; through June 11.)

WAYNE'S WORLD—"Saturday Night Live" has become a repackaging industry. The extended antics of idiot savants Wayne Campbell (Mike Myers) and Garth Algar (Dana Carvey) betray the same slapped-together quality as the TV specials "Toonies, the Cat Who Could Drive a Car" and "Saturday Night Live Goes Commercial," though the film is not as entertaining. Seen in five-minute spurts on "S.N.L.," beaming out their cable-access program from Wayne's basement, these two come off as cracked bellwethers of the Next Big Things of suburban youth culture, Hard Rock Division. (Their pre-"Truth or Dare" show with Madonna was a classic.) In the movie, Myers still boasts his inexplicably confident and cheery expressions—he's a mischievous smile button. But Carvey overworks his twisted mouth. Wayne and Garth weren't meant to be frozen on celluloid the way they are in this parody of cooptation, which casts them as victims of a manipulative commercial-TV promoter (Rob Lowe). Here they function as leaders of a nostalgia-fest for audiences with short attention spans. Carvey has one good bit, playing out a murder with some frosted crullers, and the ever-game Lowe musters up a funny walk after a cop gives him a heavy frisk. Penelope Spheeris directed, from a script by Myers, Bonnie Turner, and Terry Turner.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Gemini... ♪ Embassy; through June 11.)

WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP—A resourceful, sneaky-fast comedy about playground basketball. Ron Shelton, the writer and director, focusses on grown men trying to make a living at a boy's game, and he does full justice to the sweet absurdity of that enterprise. He keeps his eye on the fine points of playground

culture and lets the story's meaning—and its humor—emerge from the details. The heroes, Sidney (Wesley Snipes) and Billy (Woody Harrelson), are addicted to the game. As a two-man team, they venture into the tough, hostile inner-city neighborhoods of Los Angeles and try to hustle the kings of the local courts. It's a great con: everyone assumes that Billy can't play the speedy, shake-and-bake style of black playground ball. Shelton and his crew (which includes the cinematographer Russell Boyd and the editor Paul Seydor) have put together basketball sequences that capture the free-flowing rhythms of the game. The two-on-two contests here give us the delicious feeling a player gets when he's almost out of control: flying but lucid. Harrelson's performance is rich, subtle, and delicately funny. And Snipes is just amazing: everything he does seems to leap off the screen. Shelton orchestrates the narrative like a veteran point guard: he's a wily pro with a streak of playground showmanship, and that's an ideal style for movies as well as for basketball. Also with Rosie Perez, Tyra Ferrell, Kadeem Hardison, and Marques Johnson.—T.R. (4/6/92) (Murray Hill Cinemas.)

WISERACKS—The Canadian filmmaker Gail Singer explores the pressures on women comedians while showcasing performers ranging from Phyllis Diller, Whoopi Goldberg, and the talk-show host Jenny Jones (in her standup days) to a trio of madly inventive lip-synchers known as the Clichettes. In interviews and clips, Singer's subjects manage to be witty about everything from P.M.S. to pro-lifers, including the hostility these standups sometimes face from audiences and promoters alike. Singer doesn't pose any topic that comics like Maxine Lapiduss, Ellen DeGeneres, Sandra Shamas, Joy Behar, and Lotus Weinstock can't riff on or parody. The director has a sure sense of balance; she knows that what sounds portentous in theory can be hilarious in practice. Her movie succeeds as investigation because it also succeeds as entertainment.—M.S. (6/1/92) (Film Forum; through June 16.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST fall, in Yugoslavia, a friend who is a foreign correspondent set out to inspect the damage that Serbian shelling had inflicted on a mostly Croatian city at the edge of the war zone. "I wanted to look at the destruction," he said. "But when I arrived in the city and asked to be shown the damaged part, the people wouldn't take me at first. The men said, 'No, wait. Let us show it to you on video.' They had videotaped the war with their camcorders. I watched their home movies, and then, finally, they let me go see for myself. The houses on the outermost street had all been shelled, and each house had a hole in its back wall. The holes were lower at the right end of the street and higher at the left end—you could see the line of fire. I went into a couple of the houses, and people showed me what they had lost. There would be a VCR, a TV, and then a hole where the stereo had been."

War in Europe never seems possible until much too late. The idea that people who watch television, use cordless phones, have office jobs, and wear designer clothes could be waging a war is not something that we in the United States, or most Europeans, either, can easily accept. But for almost a year Yugoslavia—a place that Europeans have tended to think of as a sunny vacation spot on the Adriatic—has been bloodily divided against itself. Last November, newspapers carried front-page photographs of massacres in Vukovar, in Croatia, with headlines like "ROWS OF WOUNDED, PILES OF DEAD."

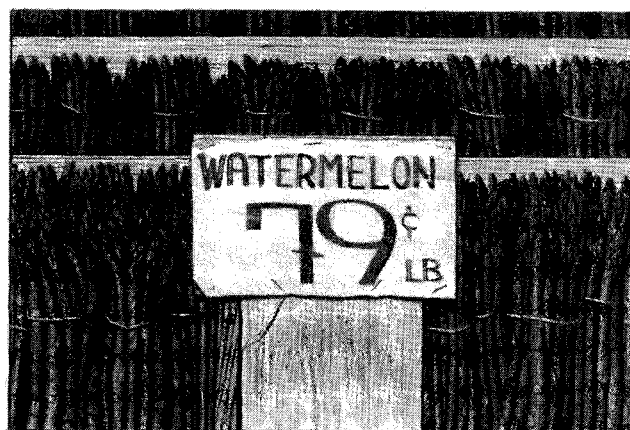
For months, though, the news didn't seem to register. It wasn't until the last few weeks, when the Serbian-led Yugoslav Army blockaded Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and we saw horrifying images of civilians being shelled while they were standing in bread lines, that the United States and Europe really took notice. But it wasn't simply the dramatic pictures that brought the news home. If anything, they only heightened the feeling that what we saw could not be happening—not in *Europe*. What finally made everyone understand that a war was taking place was, to a great extent, a single word: Sarajevo.

As recently as a year ago, the prospect of violence in this idyllic setting seemed as unlikely as it did in 1914, when Gavrilo Princip, a nineteen-year-old Serbian nationalist, shot Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess von Hohenberg, while they were touring the city. Princip told reporters that he committed his act because he wanted to avenge Serbs for the oppression they had been suffering. A *Times* headline the day after read, "TRAGEDY MAY ALTER POLITICS OF EUROPE," but nobody suspected that Princip's bullet would spark

a series of diplomatic blunders which eventually cost ten million lives.

Nationalist rivalries dominated the Balkans then, as they do now. In 1918 and again in 1945, an artificial Yugoslavia was stitched together, joining historically hostile nations, and both times it came apart. After the Second World War, Marshal Tito kept a lid on the country for thirty-five years, but with his death, in 1980, the old tensions resurfaced. The current explosion began last June 25th, when Croatia and Slovenia, following an East European trend, declared independence; Bosnia-Herzegovina did the same in December. After a brief struggle with the Yugoslav Army, Slovenia, the most homogeneous of the republics, managed to hold its borders. Croatia, with a Croatian-nationalist President and with seven hundred thousand Serbs in a total population of four million, has not been so lucky; and the fighting is worst in Bosnia-Herzegovina, which has one and a half million Serbs, two million Slavic Muslims, and just under a million Croats. Throughout this winter and spring, the Army and Serbian extremists have conducted a campaign of both mortar and long-range-artillery attacks on non-Serbian villages and cities, in the name of self-defense, blaming the Muslim and the Croatian armed resistance for the fighting. It is, as one Western observer told the *Times*, "a recipe for war without end."

Since last June, the war has killed twelve thousand soldiers and civilians, turned a million and a half people into refugees, and destroyed what had been the healthiest economy in Eastern Europe. At a funeral in Sarajevo, a grand-



mother stands above her dead grandson and says in front of the foreign press, "Your brothers who survive you will avenge you." A policeman tells reporters, "If this land is not going to be Serbian, it will be nobody's." In America, however, most of us are still trying to sort out the geography. What is Serbia? What is Croatia? And didn't all this happen before?

At an international summit late last month, Secretary of State James Baker said, "Anyone who is looking for reasons not to act, or arguing somehow that action in the face of this kind of nightmare is not warranted at this time, I think in the view of all of us in the civilized world is on the wrong wavelength." The next week, United Nations sanctions were imposed. President Milosevic, the ex-Communist Serbian nationalist who is the force behind the Yugoslav Army and much of the aggression, responded by criticizing the sanctions and denying any guilt. "As far as the accusations that we have committed aggression against Bosnia-Herzegovina are concerned, surely every citizen of Serbia knows that they are ridiculous," he said. "We have not committed any aggression against Bosnia." There is a fantastic quality to his statements—and, indeed, to Yugoslav politics in general—and this, too, may have contributed to many people's sense that what is happening is unreal.

But the reality is that Yugoslavians, or former Yugoslavians, are fleeing their homes, standing in bread lines, holding funerals, shouting vengeance against the U.N. and each other, and fighting. That so much of the world has been reluctant up to now to acknowledge the killing in the Balkans suggests how attached we have been to the vision—so vivid only three years ago—of a united, untroubled Europe. The word "Sarajevo" once signalled the end of Europe's long summer of peace; from now on, it is also likely to stand for people's inability to escape the animosities of the past.

Philadelphia Story

A FRIEND who lives in Pelham writes:

At the Colonial School, my son Jeb and his fellow fifth graders have been getting their first heavy dose of Ameri-

can history this year. The curriculum is straightforward and rigorously names-places-and-dates driven. The children start out in September with map skills and the European explorers, focus on the Native Americans of the Northeast and Middle Atlantic, move on to the English settlements in Jamestown and Massachusetts Bay, devote much of the winter to the thirteen colonies and the War for Independence, and, shortly before Memorial Day, arrive at the important-but-difficult-to-remember-why Gadsden Purchase. An annual trip to Philadelphia has long been the payoff for these labors—a graduation treat before the fifth graders move on to middle school. The excursion has usually been a one-day outing, but Ron Chidlow, a teacher at Colonial, enjoys the challenge of doing it as an overnight adventure. This year, it was decided that Mr. Chidlow would organize a two-day expedition for all four of the elementary schools in town. A hundred and seven children and forty-one adult chaperons, including me, signed up: a crowd large enough to require three buses. Being chosen as a chaperon is a pleasure, not a chore. To express her gratitude, one of the chaperons, Mary Mahoney, who works as a flight attendant for American Airlines, brought along a supply of motion-sickness bags and a state-of-the-art damage-control product called Barf Clean.

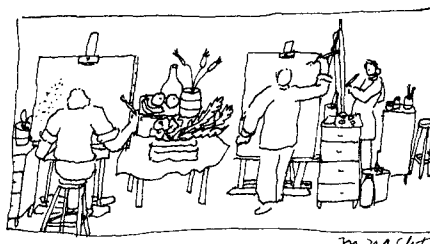
Having been a teacher in Pelham for twenty-five years, Mr. Chidlow has achieved a high degree of enlightenment about the planning of the Philadelphia field trip. Two weeks before the trip, the chaperons received a nine-page single-spaced memo on logistics, objectives, guidelines, agenda, and "suggestions for proper behavior." The rules, which have evolved in a flexible and thoughtful way, within certain fundamental limits, not unlike the Constitution itself, included injunctions against singing on the bus, changing seats on the bus, making faces or gestures out the bus windows, playing

Game Boy or Walkman sets at volumes that would annoy one's neighbors or damage eardrums, pulling hair, using the bathroom at any time without permission, renting movies in the hotel rooms, dunking each other in the hotel swimming pool, and failing to "respect the 'space' of others."

Mr. Chidlow has a hefty build, a gently firm, unfrivolous manner, and a let's-stick-with-the-facts-here pedagogical style. When Mr. Chidlow says "Boys and girls, could I have your attention, please?" he is not posing a rhetorical question. Mr. Chidlow believes that making eye contact builds character and enhances intellectual growth. He speaks in a direct, uninflected tone. The first day, he wore a blue blazer, gray slacks, a blue-and-white striped button-down shirt, and a club tie embroidered with Liberty Bells. At ten-fifteen that morning, when the buses unloaded at the visitor center of the Independence National Historic Park, Mr. Chidlow had the look of a man in his element.

Trying to cram all the important sites in the park—the Liberty Bell, Independence Hall, Congress Hall, Library Hall, Carpenters' Hall, the Market Street Houses, Franklin Court, the Merchants' Exchange Building, City Tavern, the Second Bank of the United States, Pemberton House, and Betsy Ross's House—into a day and a half, along with side trips to the United States Mint and the Franklin Institute, made the entire experience an exercise in historical impressionism, like being read a Carl Sandburg epic at high speed. At the Liberty Bell Pavilion, the Park Ranger said, "Think about liberty and freedom and what you would have if you didn't have liberty and freedom." We had about thirty seconds to do that before moving on to the next stop. At the mint, thousands of pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters were pouring out of the stamping machines so fast that the spectacle inspired Nicky Rosenstock to come up with an epigrammatic theory of monetary policy, entitling him to a place on the President's Council of Economic Advisers. "Inflation can go either way," Nicky said.

For dinner the first night, we drove forty minutes west, to a suburb called Plymouth Meeting, where the main attraction is a sociologically significant shopping center called the Plymouth



Meeting Mall. Every child received an allowance for dinner at McDonald's or Mandarin Empress Express or The Greenhouse Café or Yogurt Delite or Sbarro Italian Eatery, and later went for rides on the carousel opposite Auntie Anne's Homemade Soft Pretzels. Bill Smith, a Plymouth Meeting Mall maintenance worker, told me, "This is a very historic mall, you realize. Martha Washington used to shop at Woolworth's, down that way, and Ben Franklin bought his first set of bifocals over there, at Pearle Vision Center." When I asked Bill Smith where his information came from, he said, "I'm full time on the crew here. But I'm also a certified social-studies teacher."

The next afternoon, just before we boarded the buses to go back home, I conducted an unscientific but, I believe, reliable poll. I wanted to know what everyone thought was the best part of the trip. The virtually unanimous response was "The hotel." We had stayed at a Guest Quarters Suite Hotel across the street from the Plymouth Meeting Mall. The hotel has glass elevators and a Portmanesque atrium—a design feature that made it possible for Mr. Chidlow, standing in the Terrace Lounge, on the second floor, to observe anyone overhead who happened to be violating the no-running-in-the-hallways rule. I shared a room with Jeb, Edward DiSapio, Tommy LaSala, and Danny Capote.

My experience that night has suggested a few amendments that Mr. Chidlow might consider adding to next year's list of rules:

- (1) No dumping ice buckets down guys' pajamas.
- (2) No recitations of dialogue from Joe Pesci movies.
- (3) No binding ankles together with adhesive tape.

To get the boys' minds back on the big picture, I delivered a brief tutorial on the distinctions between hotels and motels. Edward looked both thoughtful and confused. "Oh, I never knew that before," he said. "I thought a hotel meant a place that had a casino."

Mr. Chidlow and the other teachers had compiled a nine-page study guide loaded with fill-in-the-blank questions and facts. The study guide included a



"There's splendid news from the F.D.A., my pretties!"

great deal of information that I had never known before:

- Benjamin Franklin organized a system of night watchmen's boxes throughout the center of the city as lookout points "for fires and burglars."

- Two hundred years ago, the cost of a night's lodging at the City Tavern—which John Adams called "the most genteel tavern in America"—was six dollars.

- A private in the Continental Army earned fifty-two cents a month.

A lot of other facts about the seeds of democracy flew right past me, partly because a chaperon is, by nature, a preoccupied person. I spent a lot of time imagining myself as a sergeant in the Continental Army; one of my duties was making certain that my charges weren't blowing their five dollars of souvenir money with sidewalk venders who were hawking joy buzzers and six-foot balloons and oversized sunglasses and switchblade combs, because it was supposed to be saved for the gift shop at Independence Hall, which sells facsimiles of the Declaration of Independence and pocket-sized copies of the Constitution. The souvenir money was an innovation this year. Mr. Chidlow said he had agreed to allow it because "this is

the only place where our government makes a profit."

Pink Dawn

SOME people lay down good claret when a kid is born. Our friend Vince's parents wrapped up a mint copy of the January, 1946, *Esquire*. "You think that was prophetic?" Vince asked us the other day. We said yes. Vince's mom still has the original *Esquire* in a chest at home, in Fort Lauderdale, along with the copy of a 1948 *Glamour* she saved for Vince's sister Ann and the copy of a 1950 *Mademoiselle* she kept for his other sister, Adele.

Vince is a pack rat. Among his collections are nineteen-fifties drinking tumblers, Hall china, paint-by-number pictures, posters from juvenile-delinquent movies and Spanish horror movies, African mud cloths, paperbacks from the nineteen-fifties and sixties, and beefcake photos (five thousand of these at last count). Lately, he has added fashion magazines.

"Isn't collecting a form of self-definition?" we asked Vince.

"I don't know," he replied. "I'm not too examined about all this."

Vince found his first fashion magazine a year ago at a flea market. He

loved the cover, he said. Actually, he already had that particular cover; he has saved it for twenty-seven years and kept it pinned to a wall of his bathroom. The cover is from the April, 1965, *Harper's Bazaar* and features a shot of Jean Shrimpton framed by what appears to be a hot-pink helmet. She's got on huge false eyelashes, and a plastic lenticular screen is glued to her right eye. When you hold the cover a certain way, Shrimpton gives you a big wink.

Vince lives in a seven-room apartment on Second Avenue in the East Village with an ancient pit bull named Bouche (pronounced "Bush"). From a Bouche's-eye view the apartment is a magazine cavern, constructed of glossy paper masonry. Stacked in the front hall are sixties *Vogues*. In special Conran's shelves in the dining room are *Vogues* from the thirties to the sixties. Piled in Vince's bedroom are purchases that he hasn't yet read and sorted. In the spare bedroom Vince keeps his dupes.

By now, he probably has two thousand magazines, almost all of them acquired on a yearlong tear. We asked how he had got hooked, and he said, "I had the Shrimpton picture on my bathroom wall, and I was thinking about it last year—I was wishing that I'd saved the rest of the magazine.

Then I went to this weird bourse, where you see the most out-of-it group of collector nuts, and I spotted a guy selling old fashion magazines. I asked if he had a copy of the Shrimpton issue. He said he'd check, and he brought it in the next week."

That was in the spring. The fever didn't hit until summer. Then Vince began haunting used-magazine stores and advertising for collections. In the late fall, he started seeing newsstands in his dreams. When we visited him at home, he put on an Adeva tape and sat at a round oak table amid his accumulations. "Until the sixties, *Bazaar* and *Vogue* were the best-designed American magazines ever, hands down," he said. "They had the great art directors: Alexey Brodovitch, Alex Liberman, and Henry Wolf—he'd been responsible for the great days at *Esquire*—and then Bea Feitler and Ruth Ansel, in the sixties. And the magazines had the size to make great art direction count." Vince held up a copy of the August, 1951, *Vogue*. The model on the cover was wearing heavy makeup, a hat, a fur stole, and a wool dress. It struck us that she was overdressed for August. "See, even the paper was richer and thicker than the stock they use now," Vince went on. "They had these wide, tall pages and expansive double spreads."

Vince keeps his finds in clear plastic slippases. For our benefit, he went on pulling magazines out one after another until the table was covered. The room quickly filled with the smell of ink and attics. Among the treasures he disclosed to us at random was the July, 1951, issue of *Vogue* with Irving Penn's twelve-page photo spread of sixty different men in work gear, and the May, 1937, *Harper's Bazaar*, with a daffy feature on "The Marlboroughs at Blenheim," and a Dawn Powell story called "Slow Burn," and an article titled "Too Proud to Prink: A Plea for More Vanity Among Aristocrats." Its cover was an illustration, by Cassandre, depicting a pattern of feathers and what appeared to be floating merkins.

"Originally, I had no real ambition to take this to a serious level," Vince said. "But now it's got to the point of obsessiveness—I'm almost a little alarmed. There's hardly a day that I'm not thinking of how to get more magazines."

Vince opened a 1947 *Vogue* to an ad for Anti-Birthday Creme. On the following page were two rows of varicolored lips that readers were encouraged to cut out and put over their own. The new lipsticks that year were Pink Dawn, Tiger Lily, Bright Lilac, and Orange Spice. A story on skirts featured a gamine model wearing what a caption called "a circle of ice cream felt." It looked to us like something you'd toss over a parrot's cage.

"*Vogue* started out as a high-end society magazine," Vince said. "The editors assumed that the reader had culture, read, went out, and was informed about things. She kind of knew what she was going to get before they brought it to her. *Bazaar* was always more adventurous. But both magazines practiced fashion dictation: You will wear this! At first, it struck me as weird, but then I decided that it must have been reassuring to have someone tell you how to dress and act from month to month."

One of Vince's pleasures in old magazines is finding new photographers. Jean Moral is a Vince find: "A kind of proto-Avedon who always shot women in streets looking offhand and relaxed." So is Toni Frissell: "Toni Frissell is completely underrated. There's a kind of society-at-ease thing she did that was a precursor of Bruce Weber's work for Ralph Lauren.



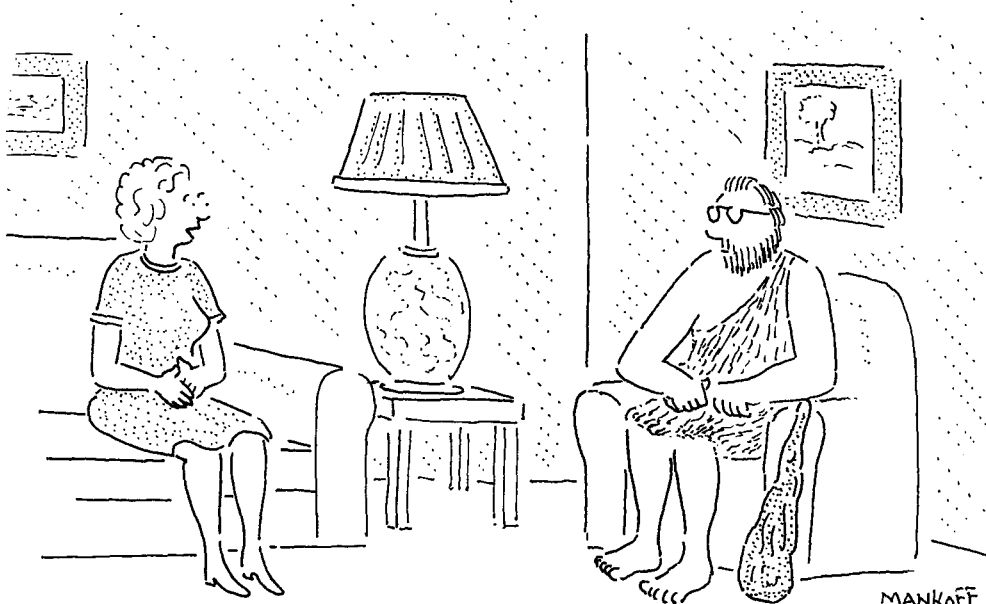
"This has been a test. In the event of an actual emergency, sell!"

Only, Frissell used real people, and that gives the pictures a documentary quality." Vince went on to tell us that Toni Frissell also did great sports stuff—women on the ski slopes or foxhunting or golfing—and when editors gave her high fashion to shoot, she'd put the clothes and models in odd contexts. He added that one of Frissell's best-remembered shots is a picture of a model in an evening gown which was taken underwater in Weeki Wachee Spring, in Florida: the cloth floats in tendrils around the woman, who seems like a mermaid or an exceptionally well-turned-out corpse. "That image is almost Surrealist," Vince said. "If you want to see it, I'm sure it's in one of these magazines somewhere." We asked Vince to give us a call when it turned up.

Celebration

IT'S probably a sign of the times that the twenty-fifth-anniversary party for the Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" was held, a week ago Monday evening, outside the Marine recruiting post in the middle of Times Square. That's where K-ROCK, the classic-rock station that's best known for waking us all up with Howard Stern, chose to sponsor an album sing-along, but it's not the station's fault that Sony's huge outdoor screen, which was needed to flash the lyrics to the singing crowd, happens to be opposite a place where Uncle Sam tries to get young men and women to join the armed forces and give war a chance.

We figured that the sing-along would attract the same demographic group that went to memorialize John Lennon at Strawberry Fields, in Central Park, a year after his death—you know, people who punctuate their conversation with "You have to understand, I'm a sixties person." But it turned out that most of the people in attendance were just innocent bystanders—office workers on their way home who noticed the gathering throng, stopped to see what was up, and suddenly found themselves singing "Twist and Shout," which was the first number in the sing-along even though it (a) wasn't a true Beatles song and (b) didn't appear on "Sgt. Pepper." Al Roker, of Channel 4 News, m.c.'d, and since his specialty is weather, not music, he probably isn't to blame for the selection.



"Dear, do you think you may have become too comfortable with your masculinity?"

"How was your weekend?" a man standing behind us asked his female companion.

"Not too good," she responded. "One of my housemates bit me. But it was a fun bite, not the mean kind."

"Oh," he said. Then he told her that he was eighteen when "Sgt. Pepper" was first released. The information elicited from her the response "No way! You don't *look* forty—uh, forty-whatever!" This, in turn, prompted him to recall that he once participated in an anti-war march that shut down the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. "All these people got arrested, because people *cared* back then," he explained. "So I was supposed to help bail them out. So I went around and raised some bail money, but before I went down to the courthouse I thought to myself, Screw it. And I used the money to buy myself some pot, and, I tell you, I stayed stoned for weeks."

A woman standing next to us was wearing a pair of hologram sunglasses, which she swore to us "make everything swirly and vague, but also make the world look like a much better place." We asked if we could try them on, and found that we could not see through them at all—definitely an improvement.

Some men dressed in Sgt. Pepper uniforms—satin jackets in bright pastel colors with elaborate buttons and epaulets—mounted a makeshift stage

to great applause, which ended when everyone realized that they were just ordinary K-ROCK employees. "Maybe I did too much LSD, or something, but I have no idea what's going on here," a man standing near us remarked. Eventually, a guy with a guitar led the crowd in "With a Little Help from My Friends" as the lyrics flashed across the Sony screen and a tiny cursor shaped like the K-ROCK logo bounced in time over the words.

After the song ended and the crowd finished cheering its own vocal skills, it seemed to be time to disperse, but some people were demanding T-shirts. Apparently, K-ROCK had promised free commemorative shirts to those attending, and nobody wanted to miss out. One of the uniformed guys started throwing some shirts from the stage, and someone else walked through the crowd handing out more of them. At one point, so many people descended on him, grabbing and poking and yelling and pushing and shoving, that the man ran and hid in a handy Federal Express truck to avoid getting trampled. "Looks like we've got a riot on our hands," someone said.

We hated to contemplate a world whose collective sanity might be in such a precarious state that an actual riot could be triggered by T-shirts, but in the twenty-five years since "Sgt. Pepper" made its debut even stranger things have happened.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

THREE weeks after Arthur's ex-wife, Kate, moves in with her fiancé, Arthur sees her on TV. It's the eleven-o'clock news, the Friday-night report, and she's being interviewed on the sidewalk in front of her new house, which is burning. Her long, brown hair is tucked neatly away from her face. Her eyes look calm, composed, her hands steady. She is always at her best in emergencies. When, just after their daughter, Melissa, was born, Arthur cut off the tip of his left thumb trying to clean out some wet grass from under their new lawnmower, Kate put it in a tuna-fish can full of ice. Not that that had done any good. The doctors hadn't been able to sew it back on. But, still, it had shown that she was thinking.

Now she is staring into the camera, a yellow fireman's jacket slung across her shoulders. She has on a long black dress under the jacket. Arthur can't tell for sure, but it looks strapless. Which means that they had been out, she and Ted, had come home—maybe a little drunk, tired—and found their yard full of firemen, the street crowded with their neighbors' kids oohing and ahing at the flames shooting up through the roof, and clapping when the upstairs windows blew from the heat and showered the shrubbery below with shards of glass.

"It was brand-new," Kate says. She shrugs at the camera, almost smiles. "Now look."

Behind her stands a group of neighbors, their backs to the fire. Some of them are waving. A boy is riding a unicycle in tight circles around the crowd, smiling wildly at the camera. Only the rear wall of the house remains intact, still burning. Two teams of firemen are working on it, the water from their hoses arcing high up through the air, disappearing into the darkness. Flashing red lights throw gigantic shadows across the grass. Kate pulls up the collar of the yellow jacket, touches it to the corner of her eye, and shakes her head. When the camera cuts away to the newsroom—to a man standing in front of a weather map of Ohio and Michigan and Indiana—Arthur turns off the TV.

He goes into the kitchen, looks up Kate's new number, and is already listening to the first ring before he

realizes that, of course, there's no phone on the other end. It's burned, destroyed—a slowly cooling pool of melted plastic. He lets it ring once more before hanging up. Then he stands at the sink for a moment, listening to the quiet of his empty house, wipes the counter with a damp sponge, turns out the kitchen light, and goes to bed.

FOR the past three weeks, Arthur has been sleeping downstairs, on an old Army cot he and Kate used to bring down from the attic when Melissa's friends slept over. Melissa is in college now, a sophomore at the University of Michigan, in Ann Arbor. Arthur has set the cot up in what used to be the dining room, underneath the front window. The windows are curtainless, and cars, passing by late at night, drag long, distorted squares of light across the opposite wall. Except for the cot, there is no furniture in the room. Arthur keeps his clothes stacked in neat piles in the front hallway, on the bottom steps of the stairs.

It had been an amicable divorce. Arthur didn't even go to court. Kate refused to accept any alimony, though Arthur continues to pay Melissa's tuition. Kate let him have the house, too, but she took everything else—the furniture and light fixtures and curtains and throw rugs, the bath towels and sheets and books and pots and pans and kitchen utensils, even the andirons from the fireplace. A team of movers came with a large, orange truck and emptied out the house. Arthur, vaguely planning on selling the place now that he was all alone, hadn't bothered to replace what they had taken. Instead, he salvaged what he could from the attic—the old Army cot, a tiny, six-inch TV that got only two channels, a card table covered in green vinyl, two lawn chairs, and an ancient clock-radio with plastic numbers that flipped down every sixty seconds with a sound

like teeth clicking together, audible even in his sleep.

And now all that furniture which Kate had taken—all that stuff which had filled up Arthur's house for so many years, which he had walked by, brushed against, sat in, eaten from, and made love on—is lying in ashes in the smoking husk of Kate's new house.

TWO hours after Arthur goes to bed, the phone begins to ring. He answers it in the kitchen.

"Arthur?"

"Hello, Kate," he says.

"Our house burned down."

"I know. I saw you on the news."

"Me, too. One of our neighbors taped it for us."

"That was nice," Arthur says.

"The firemen think it was electrical."

Arthur's refrigerator, a little brown box not more than a foot and a half tall, clicks twice and begins to hum. Arthur bought it at a garage sale down the block for fifteen dollars. "Where are you now?" he asks.

"In Perrysburg, at the Holiday Inn." Arthur can hear a TV playing in the background. "We lost everything," Kate says. "Just like that." Her voice sounds oddly cheerful.

"I'm sorry, Kate. I don't know what to say."

"And Melissa's coming home tomorrow."

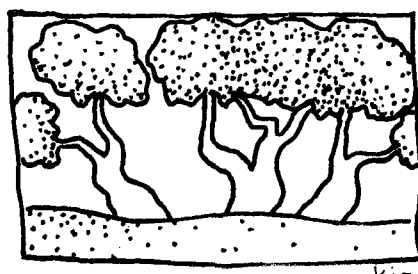
"Melissa?"

"It's her spring break. She's coming into Toledo on a bus. We're going to pick her up in the afternoon."

"I thought she was going to her roommate's, down in Tampa." Arthur hears the TV snap off in the background, and then, after a moment, the sound of running water.

"No," Kate says. "She called this morning. Her roommate's grandmother died. She has to fly out to Oregon for the funeral." Kate pauses for a moment, and Arthur can hear another conversation on their line, a woman laughing, faint and far away. "We were hoping Melissa could stay with you for a bit, until we get things straightened out."

"Of course," Arthur says. "As long as she wants." He looks at his reflection in the kitchen window. He's wearing wool socks, long johns, and an old brown sweater. Kate took all the sheets and blankets, and, instead of



turning up the heat at night, Arthur sleeps bundled up. The long johns are tight and make his legs look thin and frail, while the sweater puffs out his stomach. Though he is a little overweight, he is not a big man, less than six feet tall. He shows his age in the streaks of gray in his hair and the bags of loose skin below his chin.

"What about you and Ted?" he asks. "Where are you going to live?"

"We'll start looking for an apartment on Monday. I guess we'll stay here till we find one. Ted wants to rebuild on the same lot once the insurance comes through."

"Why don't you stay here?" Arthur asks.

"At your house?"

"Sure," Arthur says. "It's a big house, you know that. It seems silly to waste it."

Kate is silent. Arthur listens to the other conversation on their line. He tries to make out the words. "What about Ted?" Kate asks.

"Both of you," he says. "There's plenty of room. I'm sleeping downstairs now, so you could have the whole upstairs to yourselves." He listens with surprise to the tone his voice has taken on—almost plaintive, pleading.

"Oh, Arthur," she says, "that's nice of you, but I don't know—doesn't it seem like it would be kind of awkward?"

"There's no furniture. That's the only thing. You'd have to buy some stuff. But you'll have to buy it anyway, so you might as well do it now."

"I mean, it's our old house, Arthur. And I'd be there with Ted."

Arthur struggles to think of the right thing to say. "We're adults, Kate, right?" he says finally. "That's how we agreed to do this whole thing—the divorce, the settlement, everything. Doesn't this seem like the logical thing to do? You two need a place to stay, and I have some open rooms. You'd be silly to turn me down."

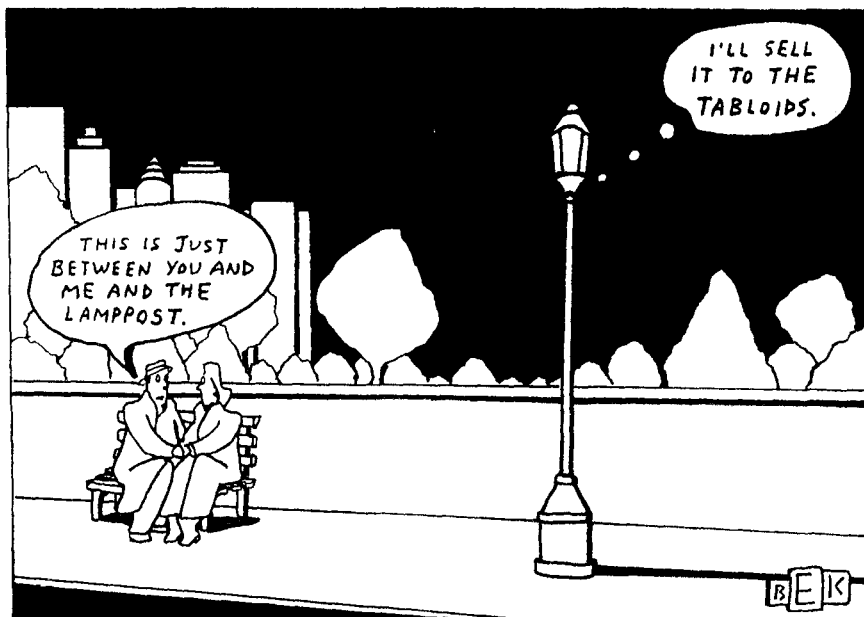
"Are you showing the house yet?"

"Showing it?"

"To realtors. Is it on the market yet? You don't want us there if you're trying to sell the house."

"No," Arthur says, "I haven't done anything yet." He winds the telephone cord tightly around his fist. "Come on, Kate. Don't be silly."

Kate sighs. "Just a second," she



says. Arthur hears her cover the phone's mouthpiece with her hand.

ARTHUR has met Ted only once. It was after Arthur and Kate had separated but before their divorce, during a period when Arthur felt he was winning her back. Kate moved to a studio apartment in Toledo after Melissa went off to her first year at Michigan. Kate got a job, too, working for an electronics firm near where she lived. Since her marital complaints were at best vague and undefined, "talk-show complaints" she called them: a lack of fulfillment, of achievement; feelings of emptiness and loss, of being stifled and constrained, Arthur felt confident that they therefore lacked force, that they would simply fade away with time, like an infection or a fever. He began to woo her again, to court her. They would go out to eat twice a week, and he would pick her up at her new apartment, driving over right after work, a bouquet of flowers under his arm.

When he spoke about their separation to friends or to people at work, he portrayed it as something strengthening, a brief trial that would inevitably add vigor and depth to their relationship. "I get all nervous going to pick her up now," he would say. "Like a kid on a first date."

The Sunday before Halloween, he bought a big pumpkin and carved it himself, a smiling, wide-eyed jack-o'-lantern with a single bucktooth in its mouth. He drove it over to her apartment that afternoon, as a surprise.

When she answered the door, he stepped right inside, the pumpkin held up in front of his face. "It's Ichabod Crane," he said.

It was not as if he had caught them in bed, or climbing out of the shower, or lounging together in their bathrobes. Ted was simply sitting on the couch, reading the Sunday paper. His jacket was on the floor at his feet. When he looked up at Arthur, his face was absolutely blank. Kate stood by the door. Arthur could feel his back begin to sweat. He set the pumpkin down with its face to the wall.

"I just wanted to drop off a pumpkin," he said. "For Halloween."

"This is Ted," Kate said, gesturing toward the couch. "A friend of mine from work."

Ted started to get up, but Arthur stepped forward so that he wouldn't have to. They shook hands, Ted sitting down, Arthur leaning over him. Ted was bigger than Arthur. He was also younger, in his mid-thirties—younger than Kate, too. He had reddish-blond hair cut short and parted at the side, and wore rimless glasses. He smiled up at Arthur. Arthur smiled down at him. Kate stood awkwardly by the door.

"I've got to—" Arthur said.

"You want a cup of coffee?" Kate asked. "A glass of water?"

"No," Arthur said. Standing in the center of her little apartment, he felt as if he were on a stage with a bright light shining down on his head. "No," he said, "I just wanted to drop this

off." He looked down at Ted. Ted had the newspaper in his lap. His hands were resting on top of it.

"It was nice meeting you, Ted," he said.

"I'll call you later, O.K.," Kate said, and then he was out in the hallway, down the stairs, and on the street.

Instead of calling, she drove over to the house, which was still full of furniture then. They talked in the dining room, sitting together at the table. Arthur didn't know how they ended up there, or why they sat side by side instead of across from each other. It was late afternoon when she arrived, and Arthur watched the front lawn slowly darken as they talked.

"I didn't know how to tell you," she said. "I didn't know what to say. You were being so sweet to me." She held his hand while she spoke, squeezing it to emphasize certain words. Arthur sat leaning forward in his chair, his left ear tilted toward her voice. He nodded often, and squeezed her hand whenever she squeezed his, but would not look her in the face.

"Last weekend we went skydiving," she said. "We had a lesson in the morning and then went up in a little plane in the afternoon. But I couldn't even move toward the door until we were back on the ground. I wasn't scared of dying. I was just scared I'd get hurt and would have to tell you about Ted." She let go of Arthur's hand and reached higher up, grabbing his arm above the wrist. His hand had begun to sweat, and the air felt cool on his palm. "Every time I saw you I wanted to tell you," she said. "But I couldn't."

After that they were silent for a bit. A boy rode by on a bicycle, popping wheelies. The street light in front of the house came on, and Arthur watched a cloud of insects begin to form around its glow.

"He's very nice," Kate whispered. "Very, very nice." And then suddenly she was crying, softly at first but with each passing moment more loudly. Arthur, surprised and confused, found himself in the unexpected position of comforting her—caressing her hand and finally, leaning awkwardly, embracing her in his chair to embrace her, and patting her back in rhythm with her sobs while her head rested on his

Half asleep in my chair, I hear a voice quiver the windowpane, the same high cry of fear I first heard beside the Guadalquivir when I wakened to wind and rain and called out to someone not there and heard an answer. That was Spain twenty-six years ago. The voice hers, my sister's, and now it's come again to ask how we go on without her. That night beside the great river I dressed in the dark and alone left my family and walked till dawn came, freezing, on the eastern rim of mountains. I found no answer, or learned never to ask, for the wind answers itself if you wait long enough. It turns one way,

shoulder, her face wet against his neck.

"It's all right," he said. "It's all right."

Later, Kate would claim that he must have fallen out of love with her, too; otherwise he would have resisted her more, fought with her, argued and pleaded. But it was exactly his love for her, his deep and unreasoning love, that forced him to let her go. He realized that something irrevocable had happened to them, something he could not alter for the better, only for the worse. He pictured himself as a surgeon with a patient who had lost an arm. The arm was dead, he reasoned; attempting to reattach it would be futile. His goals must be simple, immediate: stop the bleeding, sew up the hole, minimize the scarring.

IT'S a full four minutes before Kate gets back on the phone.

"Are you sure about this?" she asks, her voice surprising Arthur after its long absence.

"It's all right with Ted?"

"He says it's all right with him if you're sure it's all right with you."

"I'm sure," Arthur says. "I wouldn't offer if I weren't sure."

"We've already paid for the weekend here, so we won't come till Mon-

then another, the trees bend, they rise, the long grasses wave and bow, all the voices you've ever heard you hear again until you know you've heard nothing. And so I wait motionless, and as the air calms, my small, lost sister grows quiet, as shy as she was in her life. I remember coming back that night in Sevilla past the rail yards, trying to hold on to each word she'd spoken even as the words fled from my mouth. The switch engines steamed in the cold. The sentry in a brown cap sat up to shake himself awake, and with no fire, no human cry, and no bird song, the day broke over everything.

—PHILIP LEVINE

day morning. We'll keep Melissa here till then, too."

"That's fine."

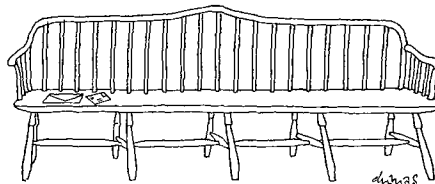
"And we might have some furniture delivered there tomorrow, if that's all right."

"I'll be here," Arthur says. "I'll be here all day."

After Arthur hangs up, he pours himself a glass of milk and stands at the sink while he drinks it. When he shuts the refrigerator, it clicks twice and then falls silent. Without its humming the night seems ominously quiet, as if someone else were inside the house, hiding in a closet somewhere, holding his breath.

THE next day is Saturday, and Arthur sleeps late. The dining room is full of light when he finally wakes, and when he opens his eyes he can see motes of dust spiralling in the air above his cot. The sky is bright and cloudless, warm for March, and after Arthur finishes his breakfast he goes outside in his shirtsleeves to work in the yard. There had been a windstorm earlier that week, and the lawn is littered with broken branches. Arthur collects them one by one, breaking the larger ones in half, and sets them in a small heap by the woodpile in back of the house. The house is on a tiny hill, surrounded by sycamores and buckeyes. Arthur and Kate moved there just before Melissa was born, and it is the only house Melissa ever lived in.

Arthur is in the back yard when a truck arrives with a delivery of furni-



ture. There are two beds inside it—mattresses, box springs, and headboards. One of them is king-size. The delivery men track dirt into the house, and when they leave, Arthur climbs the stairs one at a time, picking little clods of dried mud from the carpet. He follows the tracks first into Melissa's old room, at the rear of the house, and then down the hall and into the master bedroom, where the king-size bed sits against the far wall, in the exact spot that his and Kate's own bed had formerly stood.

All afternoon he waits for more deliveries, but none arrive, and that night, when he turns out the light and lies down on his cot to sleep, the house feels just as empty as it had before, so that if he had wanted to he could almost have forgotten about the two empty beds above him, waiting there, in their darkened rooms, to be filled.

EARLY Monday morning, while it is still dark out, it begins to rain—a steady, insistent drizzle, with an icy edge that seeps into the house while Arthur sleeps, so that he wakes cold, and has to force himself from his cot. The night before, he had tidied up the house, had neatly piled his clothes at the foot of his cot and cleaned the kitchen and the bathroom, so he is careful not to make a mess while he showers and eats his breakfast.

He starts to write Kate a note before he leaves for work, but can decide neither how to address it (to Kate, or to Kate and Ted together) nor how to sign it (whether or not he should write “love” before his name), so in the end he writes nothing at all. Though he is sure either Melissa or Kate will have a key, he leaves the door unlocked. After all, he thinks, what is there to steal?

Arthur works in Toledo—downtown, near the port. He's the manager of the Lake Erie office for Garreau & Stone, a Canadian company that owns and leases warehouses in cities throughout the Great Lakes. Monday is a phone day for Arthur, full of calls to other G. & S. offices, to his leasing agents, and to his clients. Between calls, he stands at the window with his hands held behind his back, watching the rain, and the big cranes down at the harbor dropping giant red and blue containers into the empty holds of waiting ships. Even through the glass,



“We’ve thought and thought, but we’re at a loss about what to call ourselves. Any ideas?”

he can smell the port, faint and far away but always there—the stench of bilge water and diesel, of dead fish and rotting wood.

All day Arthur's mind is cluttered with thoughts of Kate's returning to his house, and he seems to get nothing done. “It's the right thing to do,” he says to himself, his voice barely a whisper, his face inches from the window. His breath leaves a fog on the glass, and he writes his initials in it before wiping it away. “It's the logical thing,” he says, “the practical thing.” But throughout the long afternoon he catches himself searching for reasons to call her, to tell her that she can't come.

He leaves work early, a little before five, and drives home on rain-slick roads. When he pulls up to the house, Kate's station wagon is in the garage, in its old spot, and there are lights on in the downstairs windows. Climbing out of the car he suddenly feels nervous, awkward, and when he reaches the front door he has the absurd desire to knock, but resists it. Kate is in the

kitchen, drinking beer and eating from a bag of chips. She stands up when he comes in, and gives him a hug. “Well,” she says, “here I am.” Then she sits back down.

Arthur stands in front of her, in the center of the kitchen. The card table and his little refrigerator have disappeared, replaced by a new wooden table and a shiny white refrigerator, its yellow energy-efficiency sticker still pasted on the door.

“We moved some stuff in,” Kate says, waving her hand around the kitchen. “We put the old stuff up in the attic. I hope it's all right.”

“Sure,” Arthur says, his voice sounding too loud to himself—loud and overly friendly. “That's fine.”

“And we moved your cot and clothes and stuff upstairs, into the guest room, so you'll have a little more privacy.”

“O.K.” Arthur says. “That's probably smart.” He takes off his raincoat and holds it in his hands. He can smell something cooking in the oven—chicken, he thinks, baked chicken.

“I don't see how you can sleep on

that cot," she says. "And there weren't any sheets. Don't you even have sheets for it?"

Kate stares up at him, her smile looking stiff on her face. He glances at the sticker on the refrigerator and pretends to read it.

"We got a deal on that," Kate says. "You wouldn't believe how much money we've spent in the past few days."

There is a long silence then, and Arthur can almost feel Kate straining for something to say. He is trying to think of a way to leave the room. "Where's Melissa?" he asks finally.

"She's with Ted," Kate says. "They're picking up the dog at the vet."

"Dog?"

"Her roommate bought her a dog. Ted and I are paying to get him fixed."

"Fixed?"

"Castrated," she says. "He had a little hormone problem." She smiles at Arthur. "Do you want a beer?" she asks. "We bought some beer."

He shakes his head. "I should go change."

"Well, when you come down, then."

"How is she?" Arthur asks.

"Melissa? She's fine. The same. You know." Kate's face looks tired when she says this. She rolls her beer can between her palms and stares down at its top. "Quiet," she says. "Withdrawn."

Melissa had been overweight as a

child, all the way through her junior year of high school. Her classmates, even her friends at times, had been cruel to her, and this had made her bitter and secretive. In high school she hadn't had a single date. She had begun to lose weight her senior year, and had continued to do so after going off to college, so that now she is as thin as her mother, and she runs every morning. But Arthur read in a magazine on an airplane that most people form their physical self-images during puberty and maintain those images for the rest of their lives, even if their bodies change. Arthur believes that this is what Melissa has done, and that even now, thin and healthy, she thinks of herself as fat, clumsy, and ugly.

"She'll grow out of it," he says.

"Do you think so?" Kate asks.

Arthur shrugs, and there is another silence.

"Your coat's dripping all over," Kate says finally, standing up to get a dish towel from the counter. When she stoops down at his feet to wipe up the little puddle, Arthur's hands want to touch her hair, but they stay in front of him instead, gripping the damp coat until she rises and returns to her seat and he goes upstairs to change.

BY the time Arthur comes back downstairs, Melissa and Ted have already returned from the veterinarian. Kate and Ted are in the kitchen, putting dinner on the table. Melissa is

sitting in the family room, in one of Arthur's lawn chairs, watching a game show on his little TV.

"Hello," she says when Arthur enters the room.

Arthur notices with a shock that her hair, formerly long and brown like her mother's, has been cut short and dyed a deep, reddish orange. Melissa has the same long, narrow face, the same high cheekbones and dark-brown eyes, but the new hair changes all of it, alters dramatically her whole appearance—seems to transform her, almost, into another person. Arthur has to force himself not to stare.

There is a dog lying at her feet, a black Lab. He picks up his head when Arthur approaches, blinks in Arthur's general direction, and then suddenly, without warning, shuts his eyes and drops his head with a thud back to the wooden floor.

Arthur stares down at the dog. It doesn't move. "Is he all right?" he asks.

Melissa nods, her eyes on the TV. "It's the anesthesia. He's still a little groggy."

Arthur stoops down and scratches the dog's head. "What's his name?" he asks.

"Boomer."

"That's a nice name."

Melissa nods but doesn't say anything. The sound of applause comes from the TV, tinny and muted.

Arthur sits there, crouched beside her, his hand resting on the sleeping dog's bony head. He tries to think of something to say, but can't; his mind is blank. So he just gets up and walks into the kitchen without a word.

The kitchen is full of activity. Kate is by the sink, washing lettuce; Ted is at the table, setting out the placemats and utensils. The placemats are brand-new. Ted looks younger than Arthur had remembered, and Kate does, too, with her hair tied back in a ponytail. They're both dressed in jeans and sweatshirts, Kate in one of Arthur's old ones, and they make him feel strangely old, as if they were his children returned home for a holiday.

Neither of them notices him for a moment. He stands in the doorway, hesitant, like a guest, wondering if he should offer to help. Finally Ted looks up at him, and the two of them stand there for a second, ten feet apart,



staring at each other. Arthur forces himself to step forward. Ted comes out to meet him, his left hand full of forks and knives.

"Hello, Arthur," he says.

"Hello, Ted."

And they smile and shake each other's hands.

MELISSA, it seems to Arthur, is unusually vocal during the meal. She talks almost constantly, including all of them at once in her monologue, and Arthur is extremely grateful for her presence. He senses an awkward silence hovering just beyond the edge of the table—a silence he knows he would be unable to fill himself, but which the sound of his daughter's voice keeps comfortably at bay.

"I didn't really want to go to Tampa at all," she says. "Not one bit." She eats with her hands, and her fingers are shiny with the grease from the chicken. "In Tampa you turn on the cold water and it comes out warm. You can't get cold water from the faucet—the ground's too hot." She holds up her glass, which is half full of milk. "All year round you get lukewarm water. You have to use ice in your drinks."

They are eating off the mismatched plates and cups that Kate had left Arthur when she moved in with Ted. Each of their plates is a different color and each of their glasses a different size.

"In Tampa," Melissa says, "everyone's always hugging everyone else." She looks around the table, as if to emphasize the seriousness of this point. They all stop chewing and stare back at her.

Ted burps softly. "Excuse me," he says.

"If you see people on the street they hug you. When you go to their house they hug you. When you leave they hug you. When something bad happens they hug you. When something good happens they hug you. It never stops. It's enough to make you sick."

She takes a sip from her milk and wipes her lip with her napkin. Her greasy fingers shimmer in the light. "Up here," she says, smiling around the table, "nobody ever hugs you."

Toward the end of the meal, Boomer comes into the room. He walks in slowly, almost drunkenly, his paws scraping across the kitchen tiles. He

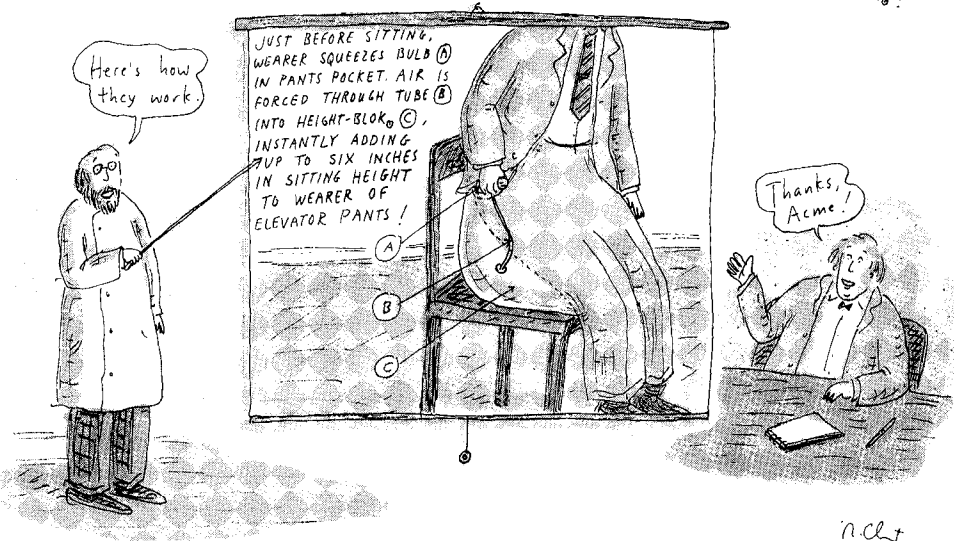
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stops just inside the doorway and stands there for a moment, staring at them. His eyes are watery and swollen with sleep. He wags his tail once, halfheartedly, and then squats, like a female dog, to urinate on the tile floor. He watches them the whole time, a sullen look on his face. No one says anything until after he's finished, until he's sniffed the little puddle and walked back out to the family room, collapsing with a crash to the floor.

"I suppose that's to be expected," Arthur says, "with the anesthesia and all."

"No." Melissa sighs. "He does that all the time."

THE next morning, when Arthur comes downstairs for breakfast Melissa is already up. She's sitting at the kitchen table, feeding sausages to the dog, and is dressed in her running things—a pair of tights and a sweatshirt.

Her orange hair is tangled and matted.

"Good morning," Arthur says.

"Hi," she says, smiling for just a second.

Arthur toasts himself some waffles and brings them over to the table. He sits down across from Melissa. He is still shocked by her hair and wants to ask her why she did it but knows that he can't, knows that it will come out sounding disapproving, admonitory, rather than merely curious.

"Do you need any clothes?" he asks suddenly.

"Clothes?"

Arthur picks up his fork and pushes his syrup around on the plate. "I thought I might take you shopping tomorrow morning," he says. "Go in late to work."

Melissa stares at him for a moment, frowning slightly. "I don't really need any clothes," she says.

"It doesn't have to be clothes," Arthur

says. "Maybe some jewelry . . . something you wouldn't buy for yourself." Arthur falls silent. He is beginning to feel awkward, as though he were pressuring her somehow. He waits a moment and then gets up and pours himself some orange juice. "It's no big deal," he says. "I just thought there might be something you wanted."

"I guess I could always use a dress," she says.

"Yeah?" Arthur says. "Well, good, then we'll do it."

He smiles broadly at her, and, after the briefest of moments, she smiles back at him.

THAT night Arthur returns from work early, and no one is home except Ted. He's out back, sitting in one of the lawn chairs. Arthur, after thinking about it for a moment, grabs the other lawn chair from the kitchen and joins him on the patio.

The sun is just setting, going down on the other side of the house, and, though the sky is still light, the back yard is already sunk in twilight. Arthur loosens his tie. He wants to take off his shoes, too, but the patio is still wet from Monday's rain.

"We found an apartment," Ted says. "In Toledo." He is sitting forward in his chair, his arms resting on his knees, a can of beer on the ground beside his feet. "Looks like we'll probably move in this Saturday."

"When are you going back to work?" Arthur asks.

"I went in for a little bit this afternoon," Ted says. "I'll go back in full-time on Monday. Kate's going to take a leave of absence until we get things straightened out."

Arthur nods.

"Melissa has to go back Saturday," Ted says, "and we were wondering if you could take her to the bus."

"Of course," Arthur says. "Maybe I'll just drive her straight up to Ann Arbor, treat her to dinner or something."

Ted takes off his glasses and wipes them on his sweatshirt. "That'd be nice," he says. "I'm sure

she'd like that." He puts the glasses back on and leans toward Arthur. "All of this is nice. I mean having us here and all. It's something you didn't have to do."

"Well," Arthur says. He shrugs. "It seemed like the logical thing."

Ted nods. "That's why we came, too. But still . . ."

"But still?"

"I don't know," Ted says. "If I heard of somebody else in this situation—a guy going with his fiancée to live in her ex-husband's house . . ." He hesitates. "I guess I'd think it was sort of strange." He looks closely at Arthur for a moment, and then goes on. "And it's got to be hard for you, too. I mean, Kate leaves you and takes all the furniture, and now she comes back for a while, half fills up the house, and then takes it all away again. It's like pulling off a scab."

Arthur nods but doesn't say anything and isn't even sure if Ted can see his nod in the gathering darkness. The yard is completely in shadow now. Arthur can make out the deep-black stripes of the tree trunks, and a vague, dark shape that he knows is Boomer.

"In a way, her taking the furniture probably made the whole thing that much easier," he says. "It changed the house, emptied it of memories, of things we did together." His hands feel cold suddenly, and he rubs them together between his knees. "Does that make sense to you?"

"Sure," Ted says. "Sure it does. I

guess I feel the same way about the fire. Like all of that stuff was more yours than mine, and it's almost a relief to have it gone. It was logical and all, for Kate to bring it. I mean, we did need it, but it was creepy, too."

"After she left," Arthur says, "I mean after she really left, after I knew she wasn't coming back, I started making lists of things to do—contact a realtor, buy some furniture, some sheets, start looking for an apartment—just simple things, practical things."

Ted nods. "I do that sometimes. Make lists."

Arthur shakes his head. "But I didn't do anything," he says. "It was like I was waiting for something." He makes a vague motion with his hand. "It wasn't for Kate to come back. It was for something else. I felt like something had to happen before I could start things up again. I didn't know what it was, only that I'd recognize it when it finally happened." He looks at Ted.

Ted nods encouragingly at him. "Sort of like a time-out in a ballgame."

"That's right," Arthur says. "But the thing I was waiting for never happened. I just kept going from day to day, and it never happened. I guess I thought maybe your coming to stay here, you and Kate, might be the thing." This hadn't occurred to Arthur before, but as soon as he says it, as soon as he hears his voice speaking the words, he realizes that it must, in fact, be true.

"Is it?" Ted asks. "Are we the thing?"

Arthur sighs. "I don't know," he says. "I can't tell."

Ted waits a moment, then stands up and stretches.

"Do you want a beer?" he asks.

It is dark now—the yard, the sky, everything. Arthur is cold, his whole body is, and he wants to go inside and take a shower, but instead he says, "Yes, that would be good," and sits there, slouched in his chair, while Ted goes inside.



Teapot in a Tempest

Waiting there, watching the kitchen light flick on and then off again, his hands almost numb from the cold, Arthur decides that he likes Ted, and wishes that he had met him on his own, because he knows that now they can never be friends.

When Ted comes out, he is carrying a big cardboard box under one of his arms, and Arthur watches him open it while he slurps the first sip of beer off the lid of the can.

"I brought these home from work," Ted says. "They're kind of silly, but I wanted to give you something for letting us stay here." He holds up a little black plastic box. It looks like a tiny speaker. The cardboard box is full of them.

"What is it?" Arthur asks.

"It's a clapper switch. You plug a lamp into it and you can turn it off and on by clapping." He sets the box down in his lap, and claps his hands. "It's no big deal," Ted says. "It's just a gimmick. I mean, you hardly even have any lamps here."

"No," Arthur says, "I like it." He reaches out and takes the switch in his hands, turning it toward the light. "Thank you," he says.

Later that night, after dinner, Arthur goes around the house and puts the clapper switches on every plug.

WEDNESDAY morning, Arthur wakes at his usual hour. He and Melissa had planned to leave around nine-thirty to go shopping, and Arthur peeks into her bedroom on his way to the stairs. The room is empty of furniture except for the double bed his daughter is sleeping in. She is on her back, her right arm hanging off the side of the bed. Her face is puffy with sleep, and she looks the way she did when she was fourteen—heavy and unhappy—so that Arthur almost wants to wake her to clear her face of the past. Boomer is curled up beside the bed in a pile of dirty clothes, quietly snoring.

By the time Melissa comes downstairs, Arthur has finished his breakfast and is reading yesterday's paper. Melissa has a glass of orange juice and a piece of toast for her own breakfast. She eats quickly, in silence, and when they leave, at precisely half past nine, Kate and Ted are still in bed.

Melissa and Arthur go to the new mall, in Toledo, on the waterfront.



"I can't figure out what's going on with him—he should have been a star by now."

The day is sunny but chilly, and when they get downtown there is an icy wind coming off the water. The mall is nearly empty. There are a few young mothers pushing sleeping toddlers in strollers down the tiled walkways, and a small group of senior citizens, who walk arm in arm among the floodlit merchandise, or sit on the benches in the atrium.

Melissa moves methodically from store to store. She flips through rack after rack of clothes, frowning and biting her bottom lip.

Arthur cannot remember the last time they went shopping together. As a small child, Melissa had done all her shopping with her mother. In the fall, before the start of school, Arthur would come home from work one night, and while he and Kate had a drink before dinner Melissa would try on her new clothes for him. She'd walk into the kitchen and spin around before the two of them, her arms held high in the air above her head. They called it their "fall fashion show." Thinking about it now, walking with Melissa through the silent, cathedral-like mall, Arthur has a hard time believing that it ever actually happened.

As soon as she was old enough to

drive, Melissa began to do all her shopping by herself. There were no more fashion shows. She would come home with piles of loose, baggy clothes, sweatpants and smocklike shirts—sacks to hide her body in—and immediately disappear into her room. The thought of her furtively trying those clothes on, of her standing there alone in her bedroom in front of her full-length mirror, price tags jutting out from her waist and neck, the stiff clothes riding shapelessly over her thick, awkward body, produced in Arthur a deep pain, a dull throb at the center of his chest.

In a store at the far end of the mall, Melissa finally finds something she likes. Arthur waits in an overstuffed chair outside the door to the dressing room while she tries it on.

Sitting there, he feels intensely uncomfortable, old and absurdly out of place. He stares fixedly at his feet. When he looks up, Melissa has reappeared and is standing before him. Arthur is shocked by what he sees. It is just a simple white dress, high-collared, and pleated below the waist, but to Arthur the effect is stunning.

"Is it all right?" Melissa asks.

Arthur glances around the store. The

mirrors are full of him and his daughter. He struggles up out of his chair and stands before her.

"It's beautiful," he says. "Just beautiful."

DRIVING home, they pass the zoo, and Arthur, on a whim, asks Melissa if she wants to stop there and get lunch.

"At the zoo?" Melissa asks.

Arthur shrugs. "It's such a nice day," he says.

"People don't go to the zoo to eat, Dad. People go to the zoo to look at animals."

But Arthur pulls into the parking lot. "Come on," he says. "It'll be fun. We'll get hot dogs and peanuts and cotton candy."

Like the mall, the zoo is virtually empty. They walk around for a bit before they eat, looking at the animals in their cages, the fish in their glass tanks, the reptiles in their fake pond. Then Melissa spots the concession stand, and Arthur buys their lunch. He gets a hot dog and a bag of chips for himself, a chicken sandwich for Melissa.

They eat standing up, in front of a lion cage. There are three lions inside the cage, a male and two females. They're all asleep. "When you were little," Arthur says, "your mother and

I brought you here. You roared at the lion, and when he roared back you cried. Your mother made me take you home, even though we'd just arrived."

"Did you two fight about it?" she asks.

"No," he says. "We hardly ever fought. We weren't the fighting type."

"Mom fights with Ted," Melissa says. "She fought with him the night before we left the hotel."

Arthur feels that he should change the direction of the conversation, but he doesn't.

"She had second thoughts about staying at the house," Melissa says.

"And Ted made her come?"

Melissa nods.

Arthur considers that for a bit, and only with difficulty does he resist the urge to question her further. "Well," he says, "I'm glad they decided to come."

They stare in silence at the sleeping lions.

"Do you like Ted?" Melissa asks.

"Yes. In spite of myself, I like him very much."

"In spite of yourself?"

Arthur smiles at her. "Well," he says, "I suppose you could say that he stole your mother from me. So I guess I really shouldn't like him."

"Would you say that?"

"Say what?"

"That he stole Mom from you."

"No," Arthur says. "Not really."

"Me either," Melissa says.

The male lion yawns widely. He stares at them for a second and then closes his eyes and goes back to sleep. Arthur and Melissa move away from the cage, toward the polar bears.

"Do you miss her?" She asks.

"Of course I do," Arthur says. "I miss her all the time."

"Did you hope to win her back? Is that why you had them come and stay?"

Arthur glances at her, but she is looking at the polar bears.

"No," he says. "I didn't."

"Are you going to start dating now?" Melissa asks.

Arthur tries to laugh it off. All morning he's felt as if he were wading into something deep with Melissa, expecting with each successive step to lose his footing, and now, when he does, he feels strangely, unexpectedly relieved.

"Do you think I should?" he asks.

"Well," she says, "you'll probably want to sometime. I can't imagine you living all alone for the rest of your life. It'd be awfully sad, wouldn't it?"

Arthur doesn't say anything. Inside, though, he feels something shift, and suddenly he sees his life as Melissa and Kate and Ted must see it, as gray and empty and lonely.

"You might as well start now," Melissa says. "It'll only get harder as time goes on."

Arthur sighs. "Yes," he says, "it will." When he glances at her, her face unnerves him. She is a grownup, he realizes, a young woman, old enough to worry for her father. He is perplexed and, though he does not know why, vaguely ashamed.

"I'll be all right," he says quickly. "It's not true, what they say about people abandoning you when you get divorced. I still have friends. They invite me to dinner. I'm not lonely. And I'll keep meeting people. And someday—who knows?" He stares at his daughter. She is not looking at him. "I can change things," he says.

THURSDAY night, Arthur is alone in the house. Kate and Ted leave around seven for a dinner party. Melissa drives



off an hour later, to meet some friends at a movie theatre. After they leave, Arthur finds himself pacing from room to room, as if looking for something he lost. He ends up in the master bedroom. The room smells of Kate—of her perfume, her hair, and her clothes. The bed is unmade. A pillow is lying on the floor. Kate and Ted have already started to pack, and a single suitcase is standing by the door.

Arthur sits down at the foot of the bed. He feels exhausted, but is not at all sleepy. He claps his hands and the bedroom and hall lights click off. He claps again, and the lights are back on. Then he is simply applauding, clapping faster and faster, and the lights are flickering on and off, making everything look black-and-white. Suddenly there is a sound at the door, a movement, and Arthur freezes, his hands poised in midair, an embarrassed smile on his face. But it's only Boomer—his tail wagging, his eyes bright, his ears erect.

ARTHUR goes to bed early Friday night. He plans to take Melissa back to Ann Arbor Saturday afternoon, while Kate and Ted move out of the house.

Around midnight he wakes from a sweaty dream, craving a glass of milk. He struggles from his cot. The light is on in the upstairs hallway, and downstairs there are voices, Kate's and Melissa's, murmuring softly. Arthur stands at the head of the stairs and listens for a bit, not to the words but just to the sound their voices make mixing together. When he hears one of them get up and leave the kitchen, he feels guilty suddenly, as if he had been eavesdropping, and he starts to move quietly back toward his room. But then he hears the door of the downstairs bathroom shut, and he changes his mind and goes downstairs.

Kate is in the kitchen, in her pajamas, polishing silver. It is her and



Opting for Chinese food for lunch, the law partners decide in principle to share their dishes and, accordingly, before ordering, negotiate a comprehensive pre-victual agreement.

Arthur's wedding silver, what was recovered of it from the fire. Many of the pieces, especially the utensils, simply melted in the heat, forming dark-gray lumps and stringy rivulets, which looked more like lead than silver, but several of the pieces survived the flames, tarnished with soot but otherwise intact.

Kate glances up when Arthur comes in. There is a smear of silver polish on her cheek, and it makes her look very young. After Arthur pours his milk, she waves him over to the table.

"Melissa," she whispers, smiling widely, "has a boyfriend."

"Since when?" Arthur asks. The room is heavy with the smell of silver polish. It makes his milk taste sour.

"This fall. She told me tonight, after you went to bed. His name's Jeff," Kate says. "He's a year older than she is."

"I wonder why she didn't tell me," Arthur says. He feels hurt but tries not to show it.

"I think she was afraid you'd make a big deal out of it."

Arthur shakes his head in disappointment, but at the same time he knows it is probably true. He would have made too much of it, or self-consciously made not enough. Either way he would have been wrong.

"It seems like it should be easier for her to talk to me," he says.

"Shhh," Kate says. Together they listen to the sound of running water coming from the bathroom. "She's gotten much better," Kate says. "Don't you think? She's not nearly as moody."

Arthur nods. "She's not moody at all. She's perfectly fine."

He finishes his milk and stares into the empty glass. There is a faint tinge of lipstick on its rim. He scrapes at it with his thumbnail. "But she's my daughter. She shouldn't feel uncomfortable talking to me."

"If she wants to tell you, she'll tell you, Arthur. She has the right to have secrets."

Arthur shakes his head. "That's not what I mean."

The door to the bathroom opens, and they both fall silent. Melissa comes into the room. Like her mother, she's wearing pajamas. She stares for a moment at Arthur, and then sits down next to Kate.

The two of them begin to work, and Arthur watches them, listens to them discuss Melissa's classes—the amount of reading she has each night, her professors' personalities, the animals she has to dissect in biology. He says nothing.

Kate picks up a gravy boat. It has

A GILDED LAPSE OF TIME

(RAVENNA)

When love was driven back upon itself,
 When a lapse, where my life should have been,
 Opened like a breach in the wall, and I stood
 At a standstill before the gate built with mud,
 I thought my name was spoken, and I couldn't reply—
 Even knowing that when you hear your name
 It's a soul on the other side who is grieving
 For you, though you're never told why.

Among the hallowed statues of dead stalks
 I stood, where the rosebush was abandoned by
 The pruning shears, among the stumps of brambles
 Near the muddy door to the next life.
 There was a rubbish mound at the ancient gate
 And a broken branch the gardeners had tossed
 Toward the leaf pile, scattering its gold dust
 Before the doorway carved, as if into a hillside,
 Into a frozen room raised in the desolate
 Outskirts of Byzantium, where now an industrial zone
 Pressed toward the porch of an ancient church
 Built in the fulfillment of a vow,
 Where the Byzantines would lay aside
 Their musical instruments in order to enter
 The sanctuary unaccompanied; I stood

Uncertain at the threshold of a pile
 Of enigmatic, rose-colored brick, a tomb
 A barbarian empress built for herself
 That conceals within its inauspicious,
 Shattered-looking vault the whirl of gold,
 The inflooding realm we may only touch
For one instant with a total leap of the heart,
 Like the work of the bees who laid aside
 Their holy, inner craft because the Lord
 Whistled for them, and they fled

To Him, but long ago, leaving behind
 These unfinished combs from biblical antiquity
 We are forbidden to touch, still deep
 In the wood's heart, still dripping on the ground.

Then a tour guide beckoned me in,
 And lifted her flashlight beam to the low vault
 Of the Second Rome, brushing the white,
 Fifth-century, barbarian stars with gilt,
 And I could hear the snowflakes gathering overhead
 In the treasure vaults of snow from another age,
 In vaults where the snowflake is begotten,
 Where angels crowded toward us, inquisitive,
 In Paradise, where they'd long ago forgotten
 That God repented after He made man,

Where the doves had built their summer palaces
 With green grass plucked from underneath
 The bare feet of the blessed, and gold glass glowed
 As if embers from the imperial furnaces
 Had breathed behind the walls, were breathing
 From the sphere where love is kindled,
 Even if that sphere was broken long before
 Our births—but when I pressed
 My palm against the uneven, glittering stones,
 To the touch they were winter-desolate.

Then objects in heaven began to throb.
 Though overlaid with your planets, Dante,
 Your stack of nine heavens, your God the Father
 Above the hollow spheres, and the eight hundred stars

Drawn into the plaster by the Pictor Imaginarius
 That still throb in a Byzantine horoscope
 No one will ever bother to cast again—
 Still, the hammered gold in rooms all through
 Byzantium conceals the pictureless underworlds

collapsed upon itself, forming a heart-shaped blob—not like a heart a child would draw but like a human heart, four-chambered and tightly wrapped in a net of veins and arteries. Though it is clearly unusable, she begins to polish it.

Arthur tries to remember the last time the three of them were together as a family, but cannot. During the separation and the divorce everything had been done in pairs. The family had metamorphosed into three separate couples—Arthur and Kate, Kate and Melissa, and Melissa and Arthur.

For a while, after Kate left, Arthur had convinced himself that it was possible to live alone, to be happy, even; that, examined objectively, life, with or without other people, was sim-

ply a matter of filling up one's time. But now, sitting here with Kate and Melissa, he realizes that he was wrong, and for a brief moment he allows himself to hope for just one small thing: that tonight will not be the last time the three of them sit down around a table together. It's like a chink in a dam, though, that simple hope, and as soon as he expresses it to himself, as soon as it takes shape in his mind, he realizes that in fact he wants much, much more.

He watches as Melissa leans over and with a tender, almost motherly motion wipes the polish from Kate's cheek. Then he rises to his feet. Kate and Melissa stare up at him. He looks down at the silver spread out across the table. For a moment he feels as though he is about to make a

speech, to raise a glass and offer a toast.

"Good night," he says.

"Good night," Kate says.

"Look at his hair!" Melissa exclaims with a giggle. "It's like one of those Russian fur hats. He looks like a cossack."

Arthur tries to smooth down his hair. Kate smiles warmly at Melissa. "It's just sleep," she says. "His hair always does that in his sleep."

AN hour later, when Kate and Melissa come upstairs, Arthur is still awake, lying on his back on the cot in the guest room. He hears the two of them whispering together in the hallway, and then the door to Melissa's bedroom shutting quietly behind her. A few seconds later, there are two taps on his own door.

Of mortar slathered by the workmen's trowels,
 And the vaults' dead spaces are held up
 By supporting empty earthenware jars
 Still intact, still holding up the stars
 In the dome-shaped fog of gold that stands
 As motionless as the huge globe you walked
 From end to end, beginning here below—
 Not like those vessels God had wanted to use
 In creating the world but which broke in His hands.

Dante, in Paradise, as you climbed,
 Earth was only a word, earth was only the place
 Where you had died, where you had hidden
 The Paradiso's ending behind a wall,
 And it began to molder after you died.
 You'd long ago left behind the cliffs of hell,
 The immaterial mountain, the sphere of the moon,
 But the sight of His face, of the book of love unbound
 And scattering its leaves, you hid away
 In a blank, unmarked place on the wall beside
 Your deathbed, where your descendants could scrape
 With a knife or a broken branch, not daring
 To say aloud what they were looking for—
 The ending, pointed out in a dream.

Then Gabriel sent down a dream that I stood
 Holding a broken-off branch in the wood's heart,
 And turning around, I saw the gate built with mud

From the other side, and flights of stairs above my head—
 I had passed through it, and the branch I found myself
 Holding shrank in my arms and withered away.

Fastened above the gate, a broken honeycomb
 Like the concave interior of a death mask
 Knocked from an ancestral frieze

Gaped: I had struck it—I had meant only
 To open your book, to study poetry's empty beauty,
 Not to rest my hand on two featureless tablets of wax

Fashioned with honeycombs in the age of kings,
 The combs a poet touches to his lips,
 Seeking to cross the threshold, to signify

A sacred conversation. I had broken
 The reliquary of the bee, where she had sifted
 Her yellow powder through melismatic generations,

Worlds, numberless lifetimes, seeking to finish
 Her combs, to mix a flower-dust paste and fix
 One drop to the blank mask of her catacomb,

To the brink of a miniature chasm; we are meant
 To open a hive with reverence, but instead
 I had broken the hive apart with a branch, and worse,

I had left the honeycomb dripping on the ground
 In the wood's heart, a profanity
 Of waste, and the bees whirled into my ears

Their endless sequences, their burning rhymes
 I groped among for what I meant to say.
 Angels were there, and one of them turned

And struck me when I spoke, and I lifted my hand
 And touched blood on my mouth, and then I saw
 They were holding an impression from your face—

Or rather a heavy honeycomb, and your words
 Were a stream of bees floating toward me in sunlight.
 When I opened your book I thought you spoke,

Or else it was Gabriel lifting to my lips
 A tablespoon of golden, boiling smoke
 So wounding to my mouth I turned my back

On the source of poetry, and then I woke.

—GJERTRUD SCHNACKENBERG

"Arthur?" Kate whispers, and the door creaks open, letting in the light from the hallway. "Are you awake?" she asks.

Arthur lifts his head from the pillow, squinting against the light. Kate comes softly into the room and sits at the foot of his cot, leaving the door half open behind her.

"I'm sorry," she says. "Did I wake you?" He shakes his head. "I just realized that I hadn't really thanked you for helping us out this past week. I didn't want to leave without thanking you."

Arthur sets his head back down on the pillow and stares up at the ceiling. "It was no trouble," he says.

"And for taking Melissa back tomorrow."

"It's all right. I wanted to do it."

They are silent for a bit. Arthur shifts his weight so she won't think he's fallen asleep.

"Melissa said you didn't want to come," he says finally.

Kate sighs. "That's true," she says. "I didn't."

There is another silence.

"Somehow you always sort of manage to make me look bad," Kate says.

"Look bad?" Arthur asks.

"Or feel bad. You always play the martyr, you always make the sacrifice, you always do the right thing." Her voice is quiet, but he senses her anger. "There's no way to fight that."

Arthur is silent. His hands are resting crossed on his chest, like a corpse's.

"You make me feel like all I ever do is think about myself," Kate says.

"That's not bad," Arthur says. "Don't

feel bad about that. Everybody does that. No matter what people say, they're always thinking about themselves first."

"Yes," Kate says. "Even when they're thinking about other people."

"That's probably true," Arthur says.

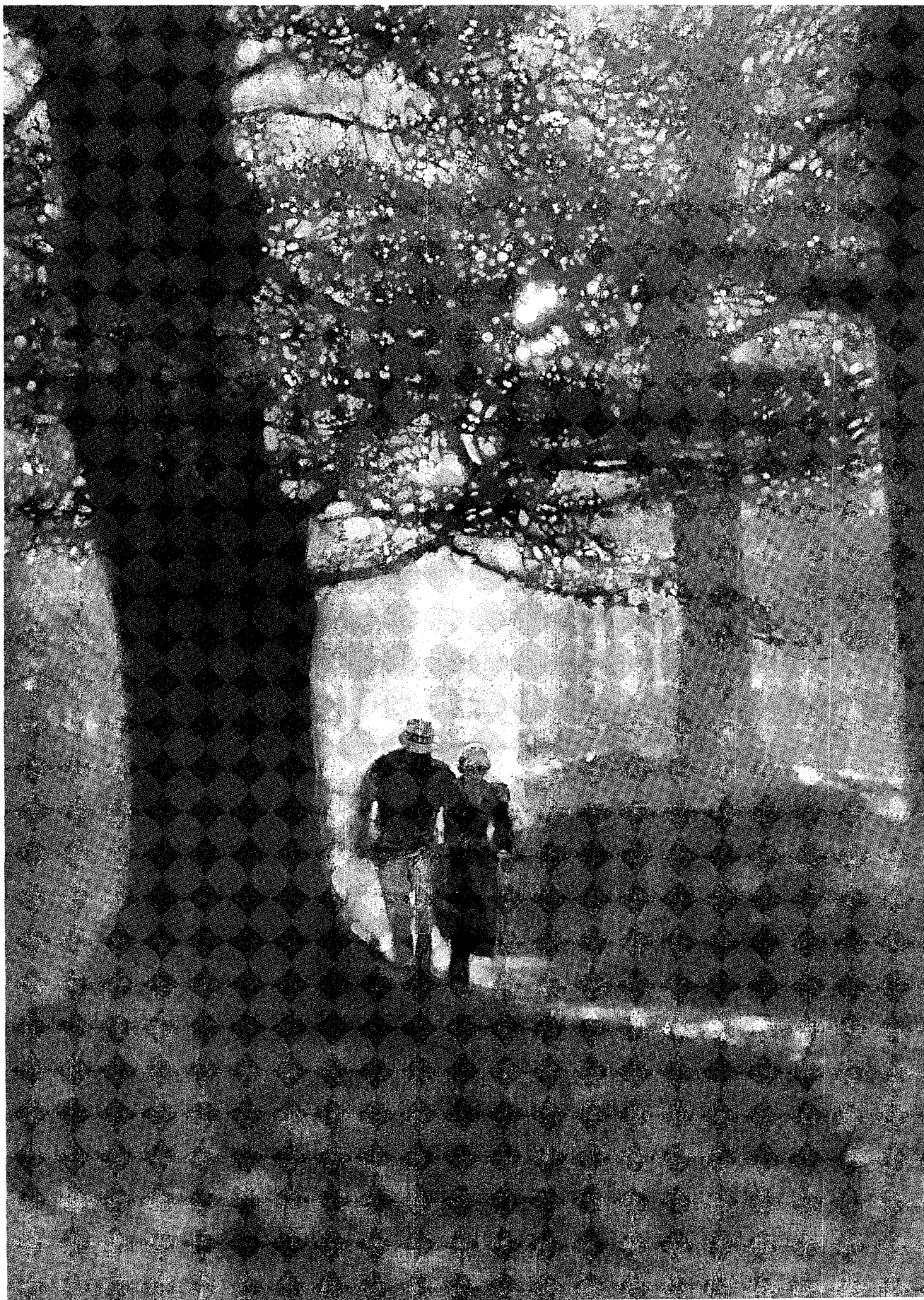
They fall silent again, and his clock flips off the minutes.

"Do you remember moving in here?"

Kate asks suddenly. "Eating Kentucky Fried Chicken on the floor in the family room that first night, because nothing was unpacked?" She stares at the blank wall above Arthur's head. "I was pregnant with Melissa," she says.

"Twenty years ago," Arthur says.

Kate shakes her head. Then she reaches out and touches Arthur's cheek with the back of her hand, strokes him as you might stroke a child. Her hand is cool against his skin. "I still care



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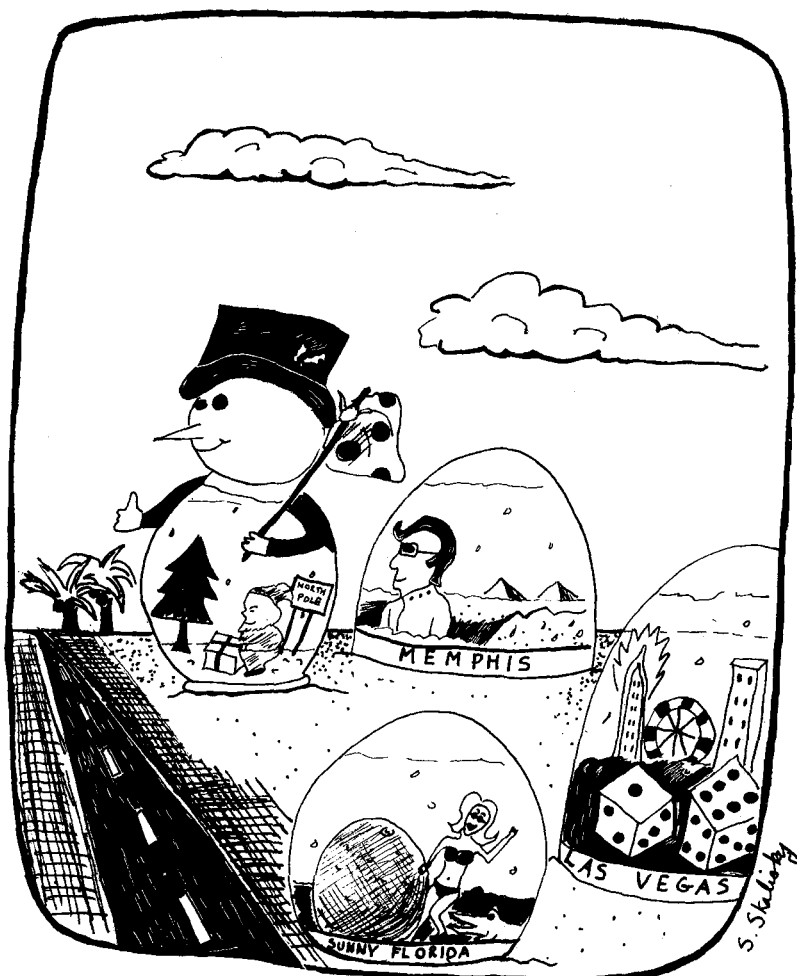
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Annual migration of novelty souvenir snowballs going north for the summer

about you, Arthur," she whispers. "Don't ever start to think I don't."

To Arthur her words are like a gift, something unasked for and undeserved, and he accepts them with gratitude, his eyes closed. When he opens them, Kate is standing above him, staring down at his chest. Arthur smiles up at her, and she smiles sadly back at him. "We're old now," he says, surprising himself, "aren't we?"

"Yes, a little bit."

"We are," he says firmly.

He shuts his eyes again, and when he reopens them Kate is gone, the door is shut, the room is dark, and Arthur, once again, is alone.

ARTHUR leaves with Melissa around four the next afternoon. Kate and Ted are busy packing a U-Haul, and the goodbyes are brief, almost hurried. There is an intimation in each of their gestures that this parting is only temporary, that they will all be back together again soon, and Arthur, though

he knows it is not true, forces himself to join in the pretense. Kate kisses him on the cheek, holding his head tightly to her lips. Ted shakes his hand.

Melissa ties a red bow on the dog's collar and gives him to Arthur.

"I thought it might be nice for you to have him around," Melissa says. "In case you get lonely sometime."

They are standing in the front hall; Melissa's luggage is piled around them on the floor. Arthur crouches down and pats the dog's side. "Are you sure?" he asks. "I'd feel bad taking him from you."

"It's all right," she says. "Actually, I was getting kind of sick of him."

The drive to Ann Arbor takes just over an hour. It's drizzling out, and the fields along the road are heavy with mist. What light there is seems to come more from the ground than from the sky—a dim glow rising up through the rain. Arthur and Melissa drive in silence, except for the sound of the wipers thumping back and forth across

the windshield and the hum of their tires on the wet pavement beneath them. Melissa rides with her eyes shut, her head leaning back against the seat.

MELISSA and Arthur take her suitcases up to her room and then go to eat in an Italian restaurant close to campus. It is early still, around five, and the restaurant is empty. They sit at a table in the center of the room, and waiters move around them in tuxedolike uniforms, their feet soundless on the thickly carpeted floor. The room is dark, lit only by tiny candles on the tables. Though there are no other diners, Melissa and Arthur speak quietly, and he feels awkward for much of the meal, as if someone were watching them, listening to their conversation.

Arthur drinks too much. He has a Martini before dinner, and then several glasses of wine with his meal. He has not drunk since Kate left him, except for an occasional beer, and the alcohol rushes through his blood, making his hands feel heavy and numb. He becomes conscious of his heart. There is no pain, no irregularity in its rhythm, no sudden tremors, no weighty pauses. He is simply aware of its presence, the solidity of it in his chest, its incessant, restless beating.

And then, as they are finishing their meal, Arthur begins to speak. He is astonished by what he says. "I've been thinking," he says. "About going on a trip."

"A trip?" Melissa asks.

"Yes." He makes a sweeping gesture with his wineglass. "Taking a year off, a leave of absence, and travelling around the world."

Melissa leans toward him across the table. Her face is lit from below by the candle.

"I've even mapped it out," he says. "I'll go south by train and bus, across Mexico and Central America, all the way down through South America to Buenos Aires, and from there by freighter to Cape Town. From Cape Town, I'll head north in a giant zig-zag across Africa to Morocco, then over to Spain and Europe, on to the East through Asia, and then south to New Guinea and Australia." As he speaks, the idea takes hold in his mind, gains shape, heft, solidity. He runs his finger along the rim of his wineglass.

"I've been taking classes," he lies, "after work at night, learning French

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Art Exhibitions

George Bernard Shaw - A biographical exhibition chronicling the life and works of the great playwright and orator. The show traces Shaw's life from his youth in Dublin, to his leading role in the Fabian Society, to his becoming the most influential playwright of his day. (National Portrait Gallery, St. Martin's Place, WC2, 071-306-0055. Closes July 5.)

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition - The Royal Academy is the country's oldest and most venerable artistic institution. Since 1768 many of the great British artists, including Gainsborough, Turner, and Constable, have studied and exhibited at the Academy. Art exhibitions have been held here for more than two hundred years. This is the most famous exhibition and the event on the summer art calendar. (Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1, 071-439-7438. Through August 16.)

A Celebrated City - Drawn from the Corporation of London's own collection, this exhibition will present in words and images a history of more than eight hundred years of the City of London. These rarely seen paintings, chosen from the Guildhall Art Gallery's collection, include works by artists such as John Singleton Copley and John Everett Millais, together with a large proportion of the Harold Samuel Collection of seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish art, which include works by Frans Hals, Pieter de Hooch, and Jacob van Ruisdael. (Barbican Centre, Silk Street, EC2, 071-638-5403/4141. Through July 19.)

Exhibitions

Imperial War Museum - Recently refurbished at a cost of £17 million, the Imperial War Museum is the best specialized museum in London. There are four spacious galleries. Planes are dramatically suspended from the atrium roof. Assembled to mark the tenth anniversary of the Falklands Campaign, "Task Force South: The Falklands Campaign of 1982" runs until March 1993. Exhibits include documents, photographs, film footage, and sketches and drawings by Linda Kitson. (Lambeth Road, SE1, 071-416-5000.)

Natural History Museum - The newest permanent exhibition explores all aspects of dinosaur life through a multi-media experience. Among the other permanent displays, the Creepy Crawlies section is a favorite with visitors: spiders, cockroaches, and other wee



© The Natural History Museum

beasties reside here in the hundreds. (Cromwell Road, SW7,

071-589-6323.)

National Maritime Museum - Attracted by its glorious setting in buildings designed by Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones, half a million people visit this museum every year. "The Battle of Trafalgar" display — which includes Admiral Nelson's bloodstained uniform — is popular. Fictional and real pirates are examined in a serious but entertaining look at the legends, and realities, of piracy, "Pirates: Fact and Fiction." There is a special feature on the pirate stronghold of Port Royal, Jamaica. The presentation, which runs until August 31, is firmly aimed at families. (Romney Road, Greenwich, SE10, 081-858-4422.)

Victoria and Albert Museum - "Sovereign," the exhibition commemorating the fortieth anniversary of Queen Elizabeth II's accession to the throne, will include the largest number of items from the Royal Collection ever loaned for a public event. The exhibition contains an amazing array of treasures, from the Queen's coronation gown and ermine-lined robe to the Magna Carta from Lincoln Cathedral. Recreations of rooms at Windsor and Balmoral Castles, and Sandringham House, as well as originals from the Duke of Edinburgh's newspaper cartoon collection, also are on display. The exhibition, which runs until September 13, is open daily. (Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, London, SW7 2RL, 071-938-8361.)

Museum of Mankind - An extraordinary exhibition bringing together the paraphernalia of the Day of the Dead festival is on display at the Ethnographic Department of the British Museum until April 1993. "The Skeleton at the Feast: The Day of the Dead in Mexico" features re-creations of domestic altars from various regions of Mexico and explains the rituals that take place at them. (Burlington Gardens, W1, 071-437-2224.)

Royal Air Force Museum - "The Friendly Invasion" exhibition commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the first American airmen from the 8th and 9th U.S. Army Air Forces. Exhibits include a reconstruction of a control tower that allows visitors to view the



entire exhibition, and many classic planes, including a Flying Fortress, a B-25 Mitchell, and a P-51 Mustang. The exhibition runs through October. (Grahame Park Way, NW9, 081-205-2266.)

Music

Kenwood Lakeside Concerts - Concerts take place in a magical setting among the trees at the side of a lake. Take a picnic basket, settle into a deck chair, and let the classical melodies transport you away from the city. Concerts tend toward safe, popular classics, but they're

always performed by top orchestras. (Kenwood House, Hampstead Lane, NW3, 081-348-1286. Performances every Saturday from

June through August.)

BBC Henry Wood Promenade Concerts - One of the world's greatest classical music festivals, these concerts feature a variety of orchestras, ensembles, and performers from all over the world, with sixty-six shows in fifty-eight days. This year, there are eleven foreign orchestras, including ones from Sydney, Toronto, and Budapest. (Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7, 071-927-4296. July 17 through September 12.)

London Symphony Orchestra Summer Festival - The spectacular 1992 LSO Summer Festival (known as the Summer Pops) opens with the Count Basie Orchestra on July 29, followed by two evenings with the veteran entertainer Victor Borge on July 30 and 31. (Barbican Centre, Silk Street, EC2, 071-638-8891. July 29 through August 9.)

Dance

The Royal National Ballet - Their season starts with "Cinderella," followed by performances of "Coppélia" and "Romeo and Juliet." (Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1, 071-581-1245. July 24 through August 15.)

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Theatre

The Blue Angel - The play, based in the nineteen-twenties, is about an authoritarian teacher who pursues some rebellious pupils to a Hamburg nightclub, where he comes under the influence of an alluring cabaret singer. (Globe Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1, 071-494-5065/6/7. Dates booking through to November.)

Dancing at Lughnasa - Brian Friel's play is a nostalgic portrait of five frustrated sisters living in Donegal in 1836. (Garrick Theatre, Charing Cross Road, WC2, 071-494-5085. Dates booking through to September 19.)

Death and the Maiden - Written by Ariel Dorfman, this play is set in a fragile new democracy in South America. (Duke of York's, St. Martin's Lane, WC2, 071-836-5122. Dates booking through to August.)

Five Guys Named Moe - A jazz musical celebrating the music and zany world of Louis Jordan. The joint never stops jumping in this high-spirited tribute to Jordan's versatile repertoire and pragmatic home-grown philosophies about life and women. (Lyric Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1, 071-494-5045/6. Through June.)

Royal Shakespeare Company (Barbican, EC2, 071-638-8891.)

The Alchemist - Sam Mendes' production of Ben Jonson's riotous satire is a transfer from Stratford. Much acclaimed, this play was a sell-out at the Swan Theatre in 1991. (Through June at the Barbican.)

A Woman Killed with Kindness - The revival of Thomas Heywood's domestic tragedy is directed by Katie Mitchell. (At the Pit through June.)

Royal National Theatre (Royal National Theatre, South Bank, SE1, 071-928-2033; fax, 071-620-1197.)

Angels in America - Tony Kushner's "Angels in America," a huge success here in London and in the States, is directed by Declan Donnellan in the National's intimate Cottesloe Theatre. (Through July.)

The Bourgeois Gentlehomme - Moliere's play is directed by Richard Jones. (Lyttelton Theatre. Through July.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream - This production of one of Shakespeare's best-loved

comedies is directed by Robert Lepage. (Through July 9 at the Olivier Theatre.)

Special Events

Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships - A truly British occasion. Hundreds of enthusiasts will queue for hours in the rain in the hopes of obtaining an extremely elusive ticket. If you're in town and want to try to get a seat, start queueing for tickets very early in the morning. (All England Club, P.O. Box 98, Church Road, SW19, 071-944-1066; recorded information, 081-946-22440. June 22 to July 5.)

City of London Festival - Since its inception in 1962, the City of London Festival has made use of venues such as St. Paul's and Southwark Cathedral. The festival opens with a service at St. Paul's, with the City of London Sinfonia, and encompasses jazz, classical music, and theatre. (Festival takes place at venues throughout the City, 071-248-4260. July 5 to 22.)

10th Annual London International Festival of Street Entertainers - Hundreds of street entertainers — clowns, comics, jugglers, acrobats, dancers, musicians, poets, magicians, puppeteers, mime artists, and theatre groups — will be gathering in Carnaby

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Street and Golden Square each day to celebrate the tenth anniversary of this well-established festival. (West Soho, W1, 071-287-0907. July 18 and 19.)

Royal Tournament - Presented this year by the Royal Air Force, the Royal Tournament is a spectacular show of pomp and pageantry. The program includes the massed bands of the RAF and the Queen's Colour Squadron in a drill routine to the big-band sounds of World War II; the Royal Military Police Ride, where horses weave in and out of speeding motorcycles; and a tribute to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the U.S. Forces. (Earl's Court Exhibition Centre, Warwick Road, SW5, 071-373-8141. July 8 to 25.)

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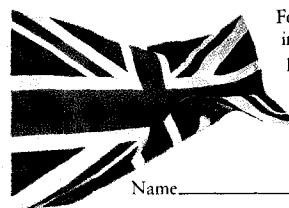
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and Spanish. As soon as I sell the house I'll be ready to leave."

He pours Melissa some more wine.

"But what about Boomer?" she asks.

"I can take him with me," Arthur says. "He'll be my companion. We'll see Incan ruins, penguins on the tip of South America, the pyramids of Egypt, the great cathedrals of Europe. We'll tread in the footsteps of the world's explorers."

Arthur listens to his words. Each one surprises him. They are spontaneous, unforeseen. Melissa is leaning toward him, her face serious, attentive, her eyes half closed. And to Arthur what seems important now is not the words he is saying, not the story he is telling, but the sound of his voice, the fact that he is speaking and Melissa is listening.

"I wanted you to know," he says, "because if I do it you won't see me for at least a year." Melissa reaches out and takes his hand. He grips hers tightly and goes on. "It's something I've always wanted to do."

A waiter appears with the check, and Arthur lays down a credit card. He looks at Melissa. "I want you to remember," he says to her, "that no matter what happens you can always change your life, just grab onto it and change it." Melissa nods gravely at him. "Never forget that," he adds. "It's important. And it's true."

While Melissa goes upstairs to the rest room, Arthur gets their coats. He waits just inside the entranceway, the coats cradled in his arms.

The hostess, an older woman with short, gray hair and long, thin arms clinking with bracelets, smiles warmly at him. "Is that your daughter?" she asks.

"Yes," Arthur says. "I'm dropping her off at school."

"She's very pretty," the hostess says. And then there is a silence, through which the woman continues to smile at him.

"We enjoyed your restaurant," Arthur says finally. "The dinner was excellent."

"Oh, good," the woman says, her hands held up in front of her chest, as if in prayer. "Next time you'll have to bring the whole family."

"I will," Arthur says. "Next time I'll bring everyone."

ARTHUR had parked near Melissa's dorm, and they walk back together huddled beneath his umbrella.

The streets are vacant, abandoned to the rain. There is a rushing sound coming from the sewers below their feet.

He hugs Melissa in front of her dorm and then watches as she runs inside. After she disappears, he decides to walk a bit, to sober up for the drive home. The dorm is a five-story box of a building, and Arthur moves around it to the side, where there is an open space—a common with a few benches and a large, intimidatingly modern sculpture that looks like a giant cube. He stops near it, under his umbrella, and turns to stare at the building. There are lights on in most of the rooms, and Arthur scans the windows until he finds Melissa's, on the second floor.

There are venetian blinds on her window, but through their slats Arthur can see his daughter standing in the center of her room, talking to a boy. She is gesturing almost violently, and at first Arthur thinks that they must be arguing, but then he sees the boy laugh, and he knows that she is simply telling him a story, acting out a part. The boy is tall and dark-haired, collegiate-looking, and Arthur assumes that he is her boyfriend.

Standing there, Arthur is overcome by a sad, tired feeling—a feeling that he knows is false, brought on by nothing but wine and the lie he told at dinner, the lie he half believed as he told it, half believed and wished with all his heart were true.

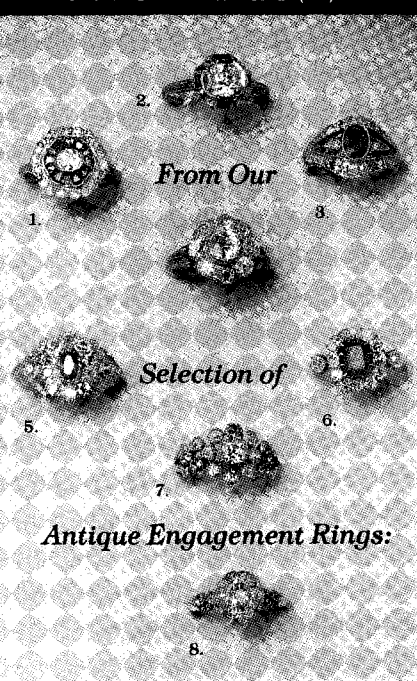
The rain increases suddenly, pounding hollowly against the umbrella, and then fades back to a drizzle. Melissa is laughing now, along with the boy. Arthur feels that he should avert his eyes, that he should not be watching this way, like a Peeping Tom, hiding under an umbrella behind a coed dorm. But he cannot turn away. All he wants is to see her touch the boy—an embrace, a kiss on the cheek, nothing more—and he waits there, in the darkness, willing her to do it.

But instead she turns toward the window and looks out at the rain. Arthur, though he knows she cannot see him, automatically raises his arm to wave. He stands there that way, his hand frozen in midair, and watches as she reaches up and, with a click he cannot hear, pulls shut the blinds.

—SCOTT B. SMITH

S. J. SHRUBSOLE

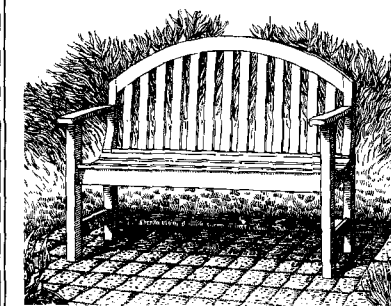
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A VIOLENT ACT—II

THE SEARCH

THERE was blood on the steering wheel of the Cadillac. Mike Wayne Jackson had stolen the car at the end of the day, in O'Fallon, Missouri. That morning—Monday, September 22, 1986—in Indianapolis, Jackson had murdered his probation officer with a shotgun when the officer, Tom Gahl, came to the door of his house. Jackson had previously been behaving strangely, and his appearance had degenerated; his family thought he had resumed an addiction to heroin. Fleeing from the murder, Jackson attempted to rob a small market and killed the owner, James B. Hall. He then travelled three hundred miles in stolen cars, from Indianapolis to Missouri. Outside a small town west of St. Louis, he drew alongside a car driven by a man named Earl Dallas Finn and shot Finn dead through the open windows of the cars; Finn's car was a model commonly used by police departments, and Finn was wearing a shirt of a color that matched a policeman's. Around 7:30, Jackson stole the Cadillac from its owner, a young man he took prisoner and threatened to kill. When the car was spotted, two hours later, in Wright City, Missouri, by its police chief, Bill Burgess, and his deputy, Jackson was the only person they saw in the car.

As Jackson's vehicle drew alongside the police car, Jackson pointed his shotgun out the window and fired. Although one of the pellets struck the deputy's forehead, both he and Chief Burgess fired their revolvers at Jack-

son as he fled. Altogether, they got off six rounds—Burgess four and the deputy two, before he fell back, overcome by the shock of his wound. Chief Burgess, who had never before shot at another human being, later accounted for his having trouble striking a target at such close range by saying he'd had a sudden case of "shaky hands." Before Jackson's tail-lights were on the far side of a rise about a hundred yards away, though, Burgess had registered the sight of Jackson leaning to his left, as if he had been hit.

A few minutes later, a highway patrolman named Charles Carver found the Cadillac in the grass between the lanes of the interstate with the driver's door open. As he approached, he heard banging on the trunk and shouting for help. Somewhere between O'Fallon

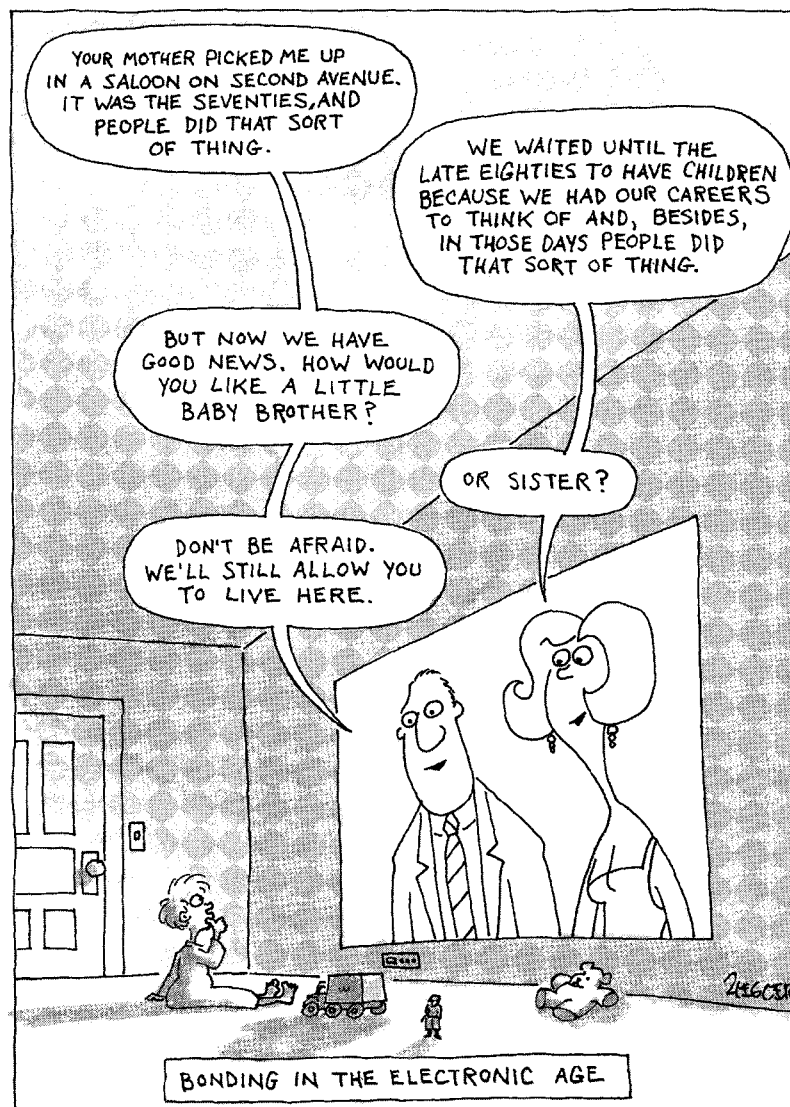
and Wright City, Jackson had pulled the car to the side of the road and made the owner get into the trunk.

THE first person in a position of higher authority to arrive in Wright City that night was a captain in the Missouri State Highway Patrol, whose name was John Ford. On Monday evening, he ordered that roadblocks be set up three deep on all roads leading to Interstate Highway 70.

Other members of the Highway Patrol and several agents from the St. Louis office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation arrived during the night. A manhunt is not ordinarily part of the experience of an F.B.I. agent. "You'll have a case like this maybe only once in a career," one of them said later. Few of the younger agents had any

experience of searching for an armed killer down cornrows and in beanfields and grain bins, and didn't really know what to expect. The agents arrived in Wright City in their suits, went out into the rain, and sank to the tops of their city shoes in muck as they began pulling aside barn doors and knocking at the entrances of farmhouses.

A woman told troopers at a roadblock that Jackson had passed so close to the front of her car in crossing the highway that she nearly ran him down. In the middle of the night, a man called from a trailer park half a mile west of the spot where Jackson had left the Cadillac, and said that he and his wife had heard the door of their pickup truck close and someone brush up against their trailer. Another man there



said he had heard someone cough outside the bedroom window of his. The Highway Patrol sent a helicopter, and as it shone a spotlight on a field by the trailer park searchers waded through grass to their waists. Others pointed flashlights under trailers and into the cabs of the cars parked outside them. Like the men in the field, they found nothing.

Hal Helterhoff, the special agent in charge of the St. Louis office of the F.B.I. at the time, arrived in Wright City around midnight Monday night. He was reluctant to press the search that night, because Jackson would have the drop on anyone approaching him in the darkness. Instead, Helterhoff hoped to hear from someone who had caught sight of a figure in his headlights or had risen in the middle of the night and seen a shadow on his lawn, or from a farmer at daybreak viewing a figure in a field where he had never seen anyone before. From the way Jackson had behaved during the day, Helterhoff and Ford tried to predict how he might spend the night.

"You're trying to think like him," John Ford says. "Of course, he's crazy, so you're at a disadvantage, but we looked at that car and saw the door open and figured he had run, and tried to put it together. He hadn't done nothing on foot, he just stole cars. He gave up one and walked away from it, and he took the next one that came along. So we just didn't think he'd walk out of there."

Manhunts are usually short-lived. A person being chased by an organization with the resources and experience of the Missouri State Highway Patrol or the F.B.I. almost always turns up in a few hours. "If we don't catch him then, we usually pull back and wait until we get a call," Helterhoff says. Helterhoff realized that it was as important to protect the people of Wright City from Jackson as it was to catch him. The F.B.I. didn't want the morning to arrive with word that he had taken another hostage or had killed someone for his car.

The tracks of a freight line run through the center of Wright City and alongside the highway at a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The trains mainly pass back and forth between St. Louis and Kansas City. Two went through that night. Helterhoff and Ford worried that Jackson might have climbed

aboard one as it slowed to go through town. The F.B.I. arranged for the trains to run fast through the countryside and to travel so slowly through town that agents carrying shotguns and standing on either side of the tracks would have no difficulty seeing into any cars that were open or anyone standing on the couplings.

At dawn, they swept the fields. Agents crossed pastures south of the interstate, and troopers walked in a line through fields to the north, putting up flocks of birds, and neither group found any trace of Jackson. "When we didn't find him with those two sweeps, I started to think, We're going to be in this for a while," Helterhoff says.

HELTERHOFF and Ford took over as command post the premises of the Police Department and the mayor's office, upstairs in the city hall. After the sweeps, they were thrown back on working out an explanation of how Jackson had disappeared. Helterhoff learned that the trains that had passed through town the night before had been moving so fast that it was unlikely Jackson got aboard one. In addition, Helterhoff was sure that even if Jackson had managed to escape on one of the trains, he had already jumped off somewhere, and somebody would have seen him, and thought he looked strange, and called the police. "He would have surfaced," he says. "He was the type of guy to be stopped by the police." Another speculation was that he had got out of Wright City by some other means; perhaps someone had helped him. Helterhoff knew from people the Bureau had talked to in Indianapolis that Jackson didn't have many friends, so Helterhoff thought it improbable he had summoned anyone to help him, and Jackson didn't seem to him the kind of person who might engage a stranger's sympathy, especially in the condition he was in. He's in disarray, Helterhoff thought, he probably doesn't know where he is, he's preoccupied with looking over his shoulder, and although he might steal a car or kidnap someone at gunpoint, no one reports that as having happened. Ford believed there was a strong possibility that Jackson had been wounded as he fled Wright City and might have crawled into the woods and lain down and died. The searchers might never find him, and there would be no way to be sure



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when it was safe to call off the pursuit.

By seven Tuesday morning, two women had phoned the command post to say that they had seen Mike Jackson in St. Charles, thirty miles east of Wright City. One said he had been in the Jack in the Box restaurant the night before. People in Oklahoma and in the cities of Wichita, Independence, and Kansas City, Kansas, said they had seen him. A woman who worked as a cashier in a gas station in Wright City near where the deputy was shot said that Jackson had been there earlier that day. She remembered that he was friendly. When she asked about the paint on his beard, he said he had been working hard lately. Then he put seventy-five cents on the counter for a package of Twinkies and left.

The first person to report a plausible sighting was a woman who called the command post early that morning to say that she and a friend had been driving along the interstate the night before and, through the darkness and rain, saw a man running across an overpass west of town. The overpass is perhaps half a mile west of the spot where the Cadillac came to rest. The man was headed north. Helterhoff and Ford decided to concentrate the search on the woods and farms and fields and houses north of the highway.

Wright City had a high school and an elementary school. The schools drew students from all of Warren County and, among them, served around nine hundred children. On Tuesday, the first day of the manhunt, about three hundred children stayed home. A woman who worked as a waitress in a restaurant called the 50's Cafe took her children to work. Before the school buses left in the morning, an F.B.I. agent walked up and down their aisles, pointing the barrel of a shotgun between the seats. Agents with shotguns boarded the buses twice along their routes, and the buses were searched as they passed through the roadblocks. Before school opened in the morning, agents with shotguns went through the buildings, opening doors and turning on lights in dark rooms and peering into closets. Once classes began, all doors but one were locked. Anyone passing through the unlocked door did so under the eye of a guard with a shotgun. Having children caught in a crossfire or having one taken hostage was what worried everyone most. All sports and activities scheduled to take

place after school were called off. No one wanted to risk the children's being out after dark, or even at dusk.

The delivery of mail was suspended on Tuesday. The carriers whose routes lay through the most isolated parts of town didn't want to go out, fearing that Jackson might jump from behind a tree or a barn or anywhere else when their backs were turned, and take them prisoner or kill them for their car. Bea Kee is the postmaster of Wright City. "We had one female carrier that didn't want to go out Tuesday morning," she says. "And she was crying, and one of the other women carriers had just got a gun and she said, 'How about I go with you?' And I said no. I thought, All I need is a car with one girl at the wheel in tears, and another in the back seat pointing a shotgun out the window. I finally let one of the husbands go with a couple of them, which you're not supposed to do, but I had permission from St. Louis." Ms. Kee expects complaints whenever the mail is late, but that day no one said a thing.

All day Tuesday, F.B.I. agents and state troopers crept toward farmhouses, barns, outbuildings, silos, and any pile of brush that appeared large enough for a man to hide under. They performed barrel rolls and ran zigzagging lines across open fields, as if they were soldiers under fire. They wore clothes with camouflage patterns and carried twelve-gauge shotguns, which they called thundersticks. Throughout the day, they struggled to stay calm as foxes and raccoons and deer bolted from the brush all around them.

About the first thing that a lot of people in Wright City did was take a gun down from its rack or the top shelf of the closet or the drawer of the bedside table to carry with them. It was not uncommon to find people without handguns carrying rifles in the front seat of their cars. One man spent Tuesday on the front steps of his trailer with a twenty-two rifle. Another leaned against a car in his driveway, embracing a shotgun. The drivers of the school buses were unnerved the

first morning by the sight of children at bus stops waiting among fathers holding rifles and shotguns and pistols.

"People were all buying guns that never had them before, and everyone was really on edge," Bea Kee says. "I had one woman tell me she was going to shoot anything that moved after dark, and I thought, Oh, boy."

Tuesday night, people turned on all the lights in their houses and on their porches and in their driveways and yards. Some replaced the bulbs in their outdoor lights with more powerful ones. Men sat in their houses with guns in their laps. Others walked through their property and their downstairs rooms with rifles while their families slept.

TWELVE hundred people live in Wright City. Chief Burgess patrols a territory two miles long and a mile wide. In the center of town is a crossroads. The buildings around it are mainly flat-roofed and without details, and many are often empty and out of business. No building rises much above any other, and none stand taller than three stories. Church bells in town play hymns. Men drive through town in pickup trucks with raised suspensions, their heads about level with the head of a man in a saddle. The roads run straight to the points of the compass, rising and falling with the roll of the hills so that a car coming toward you in the distance appears and then disappears, like a small boat rising and falling in waves. The light that falls on the fields at the end of the day, after the farmers have left them, is rich and dramatic. The edges of the sky extend so far that you can see weather on the horizon before it arrives. Storms bend the trees. Hawks riding the currents of heated air above the fields sometimes rise so abruptly that it looks as if they were being lifted by strings. In their beds, people imagined Mike Jackson walking the tree lines between fields and down the swaying aisles of corn.

The searchers continued to wonder whether he was gone. Ford and Helterhoff felt that to board a train Jackson would have had to get close enough to the tracks for someone on the train to catch sight of him, but no one who worked for the railroad said that he had. Two of the bullets that Burgess and his deputy had fired at Jackson went through the door of the Cadillac, and only one was recovered.



"They didn't know if he hadn't crawled up some brush pile and died, 'cause of that bullet, which they never found it in the car," Burgess says.

The F.B.I. took pictures of the landscape from a plane and used them to divide the fields and woods into grids they could search systematically. Some of the grids were as large as a square mile of open terrain, and some were limited to the yards and barns of a farm. A highway patrolman described walking up to barns and farm sheds and grain bins as being like "going around with your heart in your mouth."

Chief Burgess: "Any old shift of the wind, or breaking of a branch, or creak in the floor, just an ordinary sound you wouldn't pay no attention to it before, now it was something. It grew up into Mike Jackson and people was calling me all the time with some kind of bulletin, they seen him somewhere. Everything that was normal became exaggerated."

On Wednesday, mail was delivered to all but the most remote parts of the routes, where few people lived anyway.

The daughters of Earl Finn, the man Jackson shot in his car on the highway, asked that an autopsy be performed on their father. No explanation his family could come up with seemed to account for what had happened to him. Even if he had suffered a heart attack, he wouldn't have left the road so abruptly. The doctor performing the autopsy discovered the birdshot. Inside Finn's car were then found the wadding from the shell and holes in the roof from stray pellets. Not until a search of the car that Mike Jackson was driving turned up a shotgun shell were the authorities certain that they knew what had happened.

When Helterhoff and Ford learned the extent of Mike's rampage, they summoned additional agents and troopers. By Wednesday, there were sixty troopers and sixty federal agents in Wright City, or one searcher for every ten residents of the town. Technically, the F.B.I. wanted Jackson for shooting Tom Gahl, who was a federal officer, and the Highway Patrol wanted him for shooting the deputy in Wright City.

Merchants in Wright City who had citizens-band radios could hear truckers on the highway warning one another to stay clear of the town. Travellers without the benefit of the truckers' advice could see the roadblocks. The

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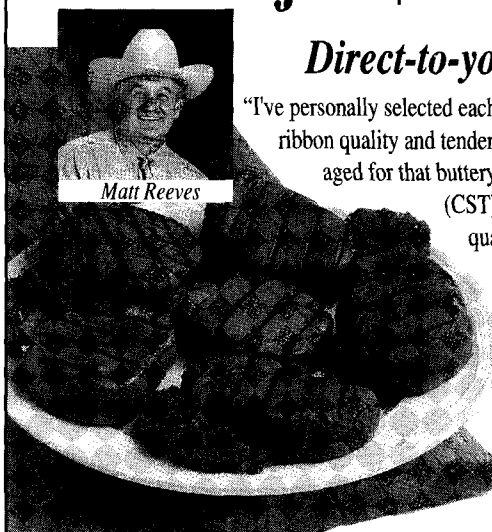
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owners of restaurants presided over empty dining rooms. Pumps at the gas stations sat idle. The merchants burned. The barber in Wright City had a sideline selling guns. People would stop to talk about the manhunt, or perhaps ask about a gun, and end up getting a haircut.

For some people, the chance to walk around with a gun and the possibility of using it on a murderer in self-defense was a kind of answer to prayer, but many others were uneasy over the idea of loading a revolver or a shotgun or a rifle and preparing to point it at someone and pull the trigger. It wasn't that the thought of sitting helpless in their houses after nightfall made the accommodation any simpler, but it was enough to convince most of them that arming themselves was sensible and necessary. "We're not gun kind of people," one man says. "My family, I mean. I had a twenty-two rifle from my grandfather and I remember getting it down Wednesday and putting a shell in the chamber and thinking, This is crazy."

People in the country began to lock up their houses and leave. Some moved in with relatives in town, some went to nearby motels, and some left Wright City altogether. Occasionally, a searcher would arrive at a house and find a note on the door saying, "We're gone, call us at sister's," or "Moved to in-laws'." Wednesday afternoon a young couple were reported missing. Their car was not in their driveway, and neither of them had shown up at work. For a time, it seemed to Helterhoff and Ford that they had heard from Jackson, but the couple were eventually found at the house of the young man's parents, in a different county.

Speculation arose over whether Jackson, in his flight, might have had any destination in mind. Perhaps he was heading for Springfield, for revenge against prison officials there. Or to his home town, in Mississippi. Helterhoff tended to think Jackson had no plans other than to lose himself somewhere. A highway patrolman said that what Jackson was doing was anything he needed to in order to survive, and when anyone presented himself as a threat Jackson killed him. His neighbors in Indianapolis worried that he might return. "This guy is a survivor," one of them told a reporter. "He's lived his whole life as a loner, taking care of himself. We saw him

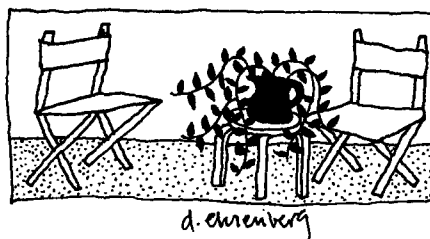
living that way here. If he wants to come back here, he'll make it."

ANYONE in Wright City who took the appearance of Jackson casually or felt inconvenienced by the searchers and the roadblocks began to be stirred toward different feelings when the first descriptions of his exploits and his character arrived. What they heard through their televisions and radios and read in their papers was that Mike Jackson had begun a crime spree in the ninth grade which took him most of the way through the rest of his life, that he abused alcohol and suffered an addiction to heroin, that he was believed to be schizophrenic, that he was carrying a shotgun, and that before walking into a small store (very much like the one in Wright City) and killing the owner for failing to do what he told him to quickly enough he had sprayed his face with silver paint.

"If he's found a home where someone might be on vacation, he might be living in fairly comfortable style," John Ford told a reporter. "If he's been out in the woods, he's got to be pretty uncomfortable. If he gets desperate for a drink of water or something to eat, he may tip his hand."

Mike Jackson's sister Oneita, who lived in Indiana, said that she felt that Mike had been headed toward a catastrophe, and that she and the rest of her family had more or less been waiting for it to occur. She called him "a living dead person," and said that he was filled with hate and wanted the rest of the world to suffer as he had. The deputy who had been shot said he hoped that one of his bullets had struck Jackson, and that now he was dead and couldn't hurt anyone else.

On Wednesday, Helterhoff called for dogs to be brought to Wright City. The first to arrive was a cadaver dog—that is, a dog whose talent was for finding corpses. The dog was taken to where the Cadillac had crashed, and let run for a day through the fields and woods. He found the carcasses of a rabbit, a goat, and a cow. The handler



told Helterhoff he considered it very unlikely that the body of Mike Jackson lay anywhere near at hand.

Mike Jackson had arrived in Wright City during the harvest. When a person expresses surprise at the idea that people living in the most isolated parts of town, in houses from which you can't see any others, might decide to put up with the thought of a murderer crossing their fields and hiding in their barns, he usually hears the response "You can't walk off a farm."

Some farmers carried guns. Some sat on their tractors, raising their eyes to the edges of their fields. Some believed that, never having harmed Mike Jackson, they would not be harmed. One farmer shelling corn expressed this thought to an F.B.I. agent. The agent said, "He shot a man never knew him, just was driving home from work."

Ford and Helterhoff went on thinking that even if Jackson had survived being wounded in the gun battle his wound would be liable to infection.

By Wednesday, the searchers were weary of the barrel rolls and the zigzag runs. It became an effort to remind themselves that Jackson might be around the next corner, or over the next rise. A trooper told a reporter that the search could continue without any end. "I'm not being hunted," the trooper said. "He is. I'm the hunter, and he's the huntee."

Helterhoff and Ford were concerned that Jackson might find some way to shave and change clothes and pass through a roadblock. "He has at least one advantage over us," a trooper said. "He's going to know us before we know him."

The F.B.I. agents began to discover that their money was no good in Wright City, and this made them uncomfortable. Members of the congregation of the First Baptist Church started Wednesday night to carry coffee and food to agents at the roadblocks. Much of what the parishioners delivered came from donations made by restaurants and stores in Wright City and in Warrenton, the next town west. Later in the week, the church took over the responsibility for feeding the searchers. The parishioners set up a food counter in the command post and fed the agents and troopers as they returned from the field.

The F.B.I. began using the plane called Nightstalker, which carries equip-

ment able to detect the warmth of a body. The equipment had been developed by the military during the war in Vietnam. The plane took off each night from St. Louis and flew above the fields and woods of Wright City. It was painted black and flew without lights, so that in the darkness people could hear it above them but couldn't see it. The F.B.I. preferred to keep the existence of the plane confidential. The people in Wright City knew that it was there and knew what it was doing, but the F.B.I. would not admit that such a plane existed.

Cookie Stude, a citizen: "Right from the first night, I slept with my automatic rifle next to my bed—I have an automatic that'll go seven rounds. I didn't have the clip in it, but I kept it by my bed. Every evening and again in the morning, my husband would move the hay bales around in the barn to see if anyone had been in there messing with them. Feeding the animals first thing in the morning and throwing open those doors when you didn't know what was behind them, or who might be in the corners, was tough. Before you got in your car, you checked the back seat, and you knew as you sat there that the car was locked. Still, you always expected someone to come up and grab your shoulder. It was just pure fear. And, driving, you found yourself really gripping the wheel. You would drive down a road you had travelled comfortably hundreds and thousands of times before—only, now you would feel you had these iron-piercing eyes on you. You didn't know when you were imagining it and when it might really be true. He surely had eyes on some of us."

The agents began to think that Mike might have spent time in trees, and weren't sure they hadn't walked under him. They tried not to think of how scared they felt, and tried to believe in the confident, he's-here-somewhere attitude of their leader, but some of them, as they stood in a downpour soaked to the bone, found it simple to conjure an image of Mike in a bed in a motel room somewhere out West, steam on the bathroom mirror from the hot shower he had just taken, wrappers from a hamburger joint on the carpet, and him watching a movie on cable TV.

"We started to think he might have got a car," Chief Burgess says. "There's

a lot of farms out that way with old pickup trucks or farm trucks in the barns, and you got weekend places out there people only come to occasionally, and we thought maybe he'd got to something like that, taken a back road, and somehow got clear of the roadblocks. Or he could just have walked out of there. It's not hard to see the roadblocks, and he could have stayed away from them. He could have seen any cars coming at night—you can't drive your car without the headlights—

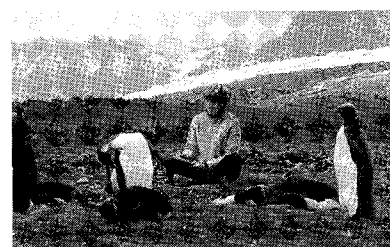
and he would just have to jump out of the way. But there wasn't any indication from anywhere that he was operating. The F.B.I. had the place covered. I mean, here was a guy who was used to holding up liquor stores for cash, and we didn't have any reports of that. I believe they had a report of a boat stolen in Louisiana, and that didn't really fit the case, but that just shows you how well the F.B.I. had this thing covered—that they knew about a boat missing in Louisiana."

While there was comfort in knowing that Jackson hadn't turned up anywhere else, it was troubling to acknowledge that the only times he had been heard from at all was when he was taking a hostage, stealing a car, killing someone, or trying to.

Elderly woman: "They came in one night and searched my whole place, upstairs and down. They even searched my kitchen cabinets. Now, how's a man going to get into my kitchen cabinets?"

Another elderly woman: "I opened the door one time, there was a knock, and I could see out the window all these F.B.I. men in the parking lot pointing guns at the apartment building, and I peeked through my glass and saw a federal man on my doorstep, and when I opened the door he was pointing a gun at me and there was two more on either side of the door and they were pointing guns at me. I tell you, I went white down to my feet."

A waitress at the truck stop: "My son worked at the Pepsi plant—that's just west on the south service road—and he has a beard and he was about twenty-one at the time and he was heading out to work and he had a '66 pickup truck and it was needing all kinds of work and it was down to the primer in places and he was doing all



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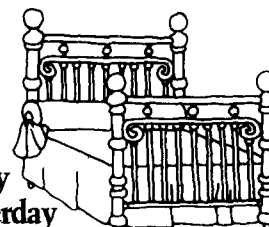


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kinds of things to the body, and he stopped at the roadblock, and they asked him for some identification, because of the beard and they didn't know who he was, and he had a soda can between his legs and he reached down to move it, and he didn't even almost touch it when he said they had three shotguns right under his chin, and one of them agents was saying, 'Don't you move, sucker,' and he told me, 'Mom, I didn't even twitch.' He was going to come check on me once, he said I want to see how my mom's doing—he was living in Wentzville—and I said, 'You stay where you are, they're liable to shoot you, with that beard.'"

A customer at the truck stop: "They pulled my son one time right out of his truck, due to his beard. He was going up the service road. He's only seventeen, but it was dark. Them wearing camouflage clothes."

A citizen: "My brother lived out there about a mile as the crow flies from where Jackson crashed that car, and him and his wife moved into town with our parents. I mean, this is a forty-two-year-old guy, a Vietnam vet, and he gave up and just moved into town. And I remember we went out to his house to pick up fresh clothes, and, you know, you open that door and stick the gun barrel in first. I remember thinking, This is crazy, we're going to shoot each other. We're a commuting town, you know—get on the interstate and drive in to St. Louis—and he was a liquor salesman in downtown St. Louis. And his wife—they're divorced now, they didn't have any kids—she worked at the bank and she'd be home out there and he'd have to be worried about her alone in the house, and they just gave up. I mean it really just disrupted the routine around here. She was used to coming home at lunch, watching a couple of soap operas, and going back, and you couldn't do that. Not only did you not want to be home alone, you didn't know who was in your house when you got there. You heard all *kinds* of sounds at night, and it didn't take no trick of the imagination to build one of them up into more than it might be. All it took was one you'd never heard before. One guy got so nervous he shot out his patio window. *Boom!* He was sitting there watching TV, with his rifle on his lap, and a shadow moved, or his dog barked, or he heard some sound that spooked



him, and he shot out his patio window.

"After a while, the rumor mill started going. And I mean they made this guy out like he was *invisible*, like you couldn't see him, or know where he was, or think as good as he could. And then the folk-hero thing started—you know, that maybe someone was helping him. People around that time were starting to get real, real down on the F.B.I., because this thing was going on, and they started to think the idea that some guy could get away from all

these people in such a small area seemed like it should be impossible, a fantasy. They were saying, 'Bring down the National Guard, and do this thing right.' People when it started were bringing the F.B.I. cookies and fresh-baked cakes, and Kool-Aid, you know, because it was hot, and the church was taking them meals, but that kind of enthusiasm all began to taper off. People were saying, 'They're using this as a training exercise. They know exactly where he is, but they're bringing these young guys out and letting them get a taste of this work,' and, you know, after you heard that and looked at those guys they all *did* look kind of young.

"And it got very eerie when it turned dark, I can tell you that. You didn't know *where* he was. The F.B.I. agents were everywhere, standing there at the roadblocks with these jackets on saying 'F.B.I.,' and they checked you everywhere. After a while, it got familiar, and sometimes they would just wave you on, but it sure slowed things down, and it was upsetting seeing men with shotguns standing around all the time and the helicopters coming and going all night, all the time, making all the noise. I heard some of the guys who had been over in 'Nam saying they were starting to get pretty upset with those choppers landing and taking off all night, with the sound that they made, and going along in the darkness with their lights sweeping across the fields and the tops of people's houses like some kind of search-and-destroy thing, and I have to say I don't blame them."

A TELEVISION station in Mississippi interviewed Mike's mother, Modean Embry. She appeared seated on a couch, and she spoke in flat, measured tones. "Mike should not have been loose," she said. "I tried to get him confined at two or three different

places and they didn't keep him. For years he hasn't been able to cope with society, and he should have been kept confined."

The F.B.I. published a poster saying that it wanted Mike Jackson for killing a federal officer. The poster included a picture of Mike taken in jail in 1985, when his beard was full and his hair was long. The contrast between the white of his face and the black of the beard is so intense that the image looks like an inkblot on a Rorschach test. Beside it was a photograph from 1986, which had been manipulated to suggest what he might look like with shorter hair and beard.

The *New York Times* described Wright City on Thursday as existing in "a virtual state of siege." A woman told a reporter that she found little comfort in the idea that Jackson might be dead. "We're scared," she said. "But it's the fact that no one sees or hears anything out there that's really scary. Is he hiding out there? Is he dead? Or is he gone?"

Chief Burgess told the *Times* that he had found it a "weird feeling" to be shot at. He described Wright City's crime rate as being "about as close to zero as you could get." Only two murders had taken place in his memory—one by a hitchhiker who stopped off from the highway, and the other by a man in a fight with his daughter's boyfriend.

In the evenings, people in town would call friends and relatives in the country to see if they were all right. When they got no answer, they would get in their cars and go look for them. Returning to their houses after shopping or running errands or from work, people would stop at the command post and arrange to be accompanied by an F.B.I. agent, who would search the house before they went in.

Werner Strick, the minister at the First Baptist Church, told the *Times* that along with fear and anger people felt compassion. "We also pray for the mother of that lost and hunted son," he said.

BY Thursday, most of the students who stayed out of school had returned. The schools were still locked and guarded. No recesses or gym classes were held outdoors. The open house at the elementary school and the chili supper at the high school were cancelled. The superintendent said that

children held out of school during the manhunt would be allowed to make up the work they missed without penalty.

Each day, agents and troopers dressed like soldiers came and went from the command post. Helterhoff and Ford stood on the pavement in front of city hall and told the reporters things such as "We have no reason to believe he has left the area. We think he's lying wounded somewhere. If he's out there, he's got to be awfully uncomfortable, and sooner or later he will do something to reveal himself." The details of the hunt—whether the searchers believed they were close or whether they were as much in the dark as they ever had been—they kept to themselves.

It became inevitable that the searchers would pull the handle on the door of an outbuilding and poke their flashlights into the attic of an abandoned farmhouse more than once. The alternative was to press the search farther in all directions, with no idea of what distance would be too far. Doing so, they might run past him or spread themselves so thin that they would have no effect. If Mike Jackson was in Wright City, they meant to draw the circle around him as tight as they could. In the minds of Helterhoff and Ford, the most convincing sighting was the one given by the two women who said they had seen a man in the darkness heading north across the overpass. The fields, the woods, the farms, and the town itself, which lay to the south, were searched, but not so intensely. Aerial photographs of land to the north showed a number of abandoned cars, in which Jackson might find shelter, and also a junk yard, which was as tedious to search as a maze or a warren. Covering ground a second or third time made the effort to keep everyone alert more demanding. In addition, it was hard to tell if footprints or doors left ajar were evidence of Jackson or of a searcher.

"Your search area gets contaminated," Chief Burgess says. "After a while, they don't know who's been through it. Me and my deputies sometimes would be out riding, and we'd see a barn and think, That looks like a good place to hide, and we'd go search it, didn't tell no one we was there, so you don't know how many people have been through a place."

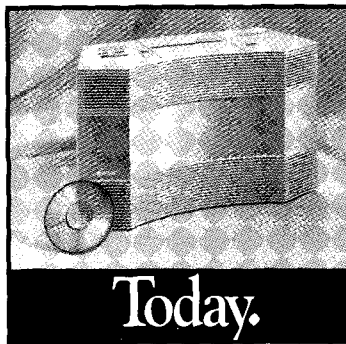
Most people stayed out of the woods. Squirrel hunters were an exception. "They weren't looking for him," Chief

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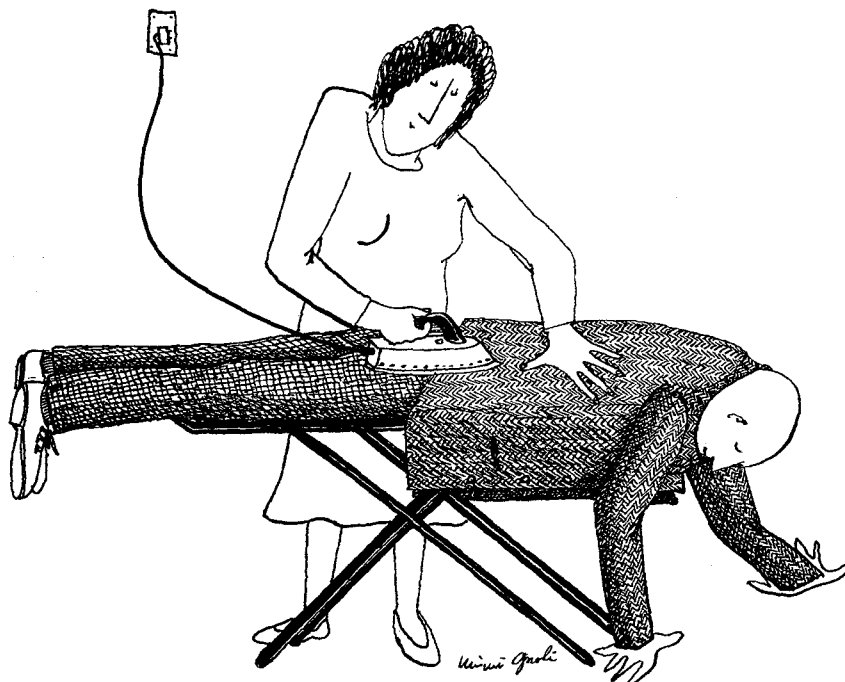
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Burgess says, "yet some people you can't break their habits, they're not going to be intimidated off their routine."

ON Friday morning, the F.B.I. and the Highway Patrol handed out a poster with Mike Jackson's picture. The owner of the Wright Stop, a grocery in town, taped one to his door. He said that he wanted life to get back to normal. "People are restless," he said. "It bothers you every night when the sun goes down." No one went anywhere at night if he could help it, and no one cared for working alone. A man who owns a car lot says, "I had a guy working for me, and sometimes I'd have to leave on some piece of business, and he just locked up when I was out—he wouldn't even open the door. Wouldn't go out on the lot to check the cars if it was dark. I don't even know if he answered the phone."

A policeman stuck a dowel through a bullet hole in the door of the Cadillac. The dowel passed through the armrest and came to a stop against the rib cage of a trooper in the driver's seat. "We figure there was no way he couldn't have got hurt," Ford announced. "He was sitting in the driver's seat and got hit. There's no doubt in my mind." He described Mike Jackson's probable wound as "a gut shot."

On Friday, Helterhoff and Ford decided that they had worn out the land north of the highway. Whoever it was the women saw on the overpass,

it did not seem likely that it was Mike Jackson. Perhaps they had confused the time, and the man they actually saw was someone already searching for Jackson. Given the thoroughness of the searchers, it did not seem possible that they had overlooked him, so Helterhoff and Ford decided to turn the search toward the land lying south of the interstate.

At night, the agents and troopers at the roadblocks would sit in their cars with the lights off and not turn them on unless someone approached. During the first days of the search, they asked every driver for his license and had him open the trunk of his car, but over time they became familiar with the people whose routes to town or to work they were obstructing, and the exchanges became less formal. People learned that the men on the roadblocks really hated it when you approached with your bright lights on. They also learned that the best way to get cheerfully through was to turn on an interior light. Some of the roadblocks were easy to pass, but occasionally a television cameraman would arrive, and then the agents would turn people out of their cars and put on a show, and the people knew the difference and resented it.

NONE of the dogs that went out on Saturday turned up any trails. A man and his wife in Calwood, fifty miles west of Wright City, came home to their house to find that someone had

eaten two pork steaks from their refrigerator and some peanut butter from a jar. The intruder had taken supplies from a first-aid kit and had slept in their bed. He had also bound three rifles together but left them behind. Fingerprints on the rifles turned out not to be Jackson's.

On Saturday afternoon, a young man showed up at a roadblock by the interstate and asked how to get to the command post. Once there, he asked where Mike Jackson might be, and the agents searched his car and found two rifles and a shotgun in the trunk. The young man turned out to be Mike Jackson's nephew—his sister Oneita's son. He had come from a town near Indianapolis. He told the F.B.I. that his uncle was an outdoorsman and could survive on his own for days at a time. He said Jackson was "a naturalist" and an avid camper and hunter. He also said that his uncle had a suit of body armor, and the F.B.I. wondered if that might have protected him from the bullet they knew to have struck him. The F.B.I. assumed that the nephew had come to help Jackson escape, so they took away his guns, but then they let him go.

"He went down there to put a bullet in Mike's head," his mother told an acquaintance a few years later. "He was a sharpshooter. We tried to talk him out of it, but he said, 'Ma, he's my uncle, and I'd rather shoot him before anyone else did.' He thought Mike was like an animal that was suffering, and he was going to end his pain."

As far as anyone knows, Jackson was actually seen only once, by a man named Paul Godt and his brother-in-law, who were standing in the drive of Godt's house, about a mile south of town, and watched him cross a field. "This was Saturday afternoon," he says. "I was working outside with my wife and my brother-in-law, who's a conservation agent and has been involved in manhunts before, and it was about three o'clock and we were boiling apples to make apple butter. We're on a lake, and on the other side is a field—it's kind of gently rolling land. I looked over—it's about two hundred yards—and there was this man walking briskly across the open field. He was taking big, wide steps, and walking just about as fast as you can before you're running, like he *knew* he wasn't supposed to be there. He had long black hair, he had his left side to us,

and his left arm straight down along his side, where maybe he was carrying his shotgun by his leg so we wouldn't see it. He had his jacket tied around his waist with the arms knotted, I could see that as plain as anything, and he went across the field and stepped across the fence at the far end by the creek bed and travelled down into the woods.

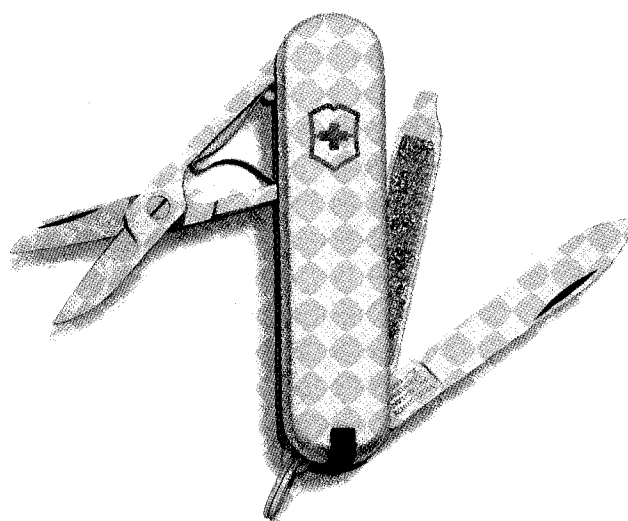
"My brother-in-law was the first to see him, and he said, 'That looks like the guy they're hunting.' For Jackson to cross that field took about thirty seconds. That's how long we watched him. He was in a real hurry, and he turned around and looked right at my brother-in-law, with his eyes on him. And I knew it wasn't anyone I knew. No one had permission to be in that field, and I only have my neighbor on the other side of the lake—the farmhouse across the lake is abandoned, I own it—and I called him and asked if he'd been out there or given anyone else permission to be, and he said no.

"Where Jackson was walking was just under the ridge. You see, Highway F, which is a county blacktop, is right over that rise on the other side of the field he was crossing, and if he'd been above that ridge he'd have stood in plain sight to anyone on that road.

"I called the F.B.I., and I was a little angry at how long it took them to get here. I don't know if it didn't sound all that good a sighting to them, or if they had too many other things to look into, but it took them about forty-five minutes or an hour to get here, and when they did they only sent two agents, and they just walked across the dam of the lake and looked around.

"Sunday morning, my brother-in-law and I went over and found his tracks. That field was usually in corn, but that year it was soybeans, and the combine had been through a day or two before, so it was down, and my brother-in-law studied them and guessed he weighed two hundred pounds from the depth of his track compared to ours—and from what I saw later, on the poster, that was about exactly right. So Sunday I went back to the office, because I really thought I had a legitimate sighting, and I guess when I came back a second time they began to think I did, too."

After that, a car was often parked at the end of his driveway, and sometimes he would come home from work and his neighbors would tell him there had been a string of patrol cars outside



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his house while he was gone. Or he would find cigarette butts here and there in his yard and out by his garage, though no one in his family smoked.

At dawn on Sunday, agents and troopers left the command post for the countryside carrying county plat books that gave the location of every house. Their plans were to knock on the door of each one and ask the people who answered if they had seen Mike Jackson, and to make sure that no one had been taken hostage. Where they found no one home, they left a note asking the person who lived there to call the command post.

On Sunday afternoon, a man called the command post who owned a trailer that sat among a grain bin, a shed, and some derelict cars on a piece of property about three and a half miles south of town. He had left the trailer several days earlier without locking the door, but when he got back to it the door was locked. Two cans of soup in the trailer and a can of sausages had been opened and the contents eaten and the cans put back on a shelf. Someone had heated a pot on the stove and put it on the bed. Clothes were moved in such a way that it appeared they'd been tried on. In the minds of people who had dealt for a week with hoaxes and bad sightings and false alarms, none of this evidence stirred much excitement. The details that raised the hopes of the searchers were these: someone had shaved with disposable razors, and in the sink were dark hairs flecked with what looked like silver paint.

The agent who came to take fingerprints found none he could read. The process by which a laboratory might determine if a hair was Mike Jackson's required that the hair be attached to its root. "Yeah, it could be just about anybody," a spokesman told the press. "But I don't know how many burglars would come in and shave." Helterhoff and Ford now felt certain that Jackson was alive and had not left Wright City. The men in the fields, whose spirits had been flagging, also felt renewed.

A discovery at the trailer that preyed on the minds of Helterhoff and Ford was that ammunition for a rifle was missing. Someone had once reported Jackson to have a rifle as well as the shotgun, and the truth couldn't be determined. If he did have a rifle, a person searching for him was in greater jeopardy than if Jackson had only the

shotgun. Helterhoff was afraid that any order he gave might lead to the death of one of the searchers.

On Monday morning, Helterhoff and Ford, uncertain what to do next, decided to take down the roadblocks, in the hope that Mike Jackson would notice and make a move that someone would see. They sent patrols consisting of an agent and a trooper to rove the countryside and visit people who had something to report. About two dozen searchers took part in these patrols at any one time. Others worked in the command post, answering phones, planning strategies. The other hundred or so mostly went back to their motel rooms and lay down.

A spokesman for the Highway Patrol said that the search had been reduced, because "we didn't have any new leads and we've already looked everywhere we knew to look." Some of the troopers were given time off. The Highway Patrol was concerned that if the search kept going much longer with the troopers working seven days a week and having to be given compensatory time there might not be enough of them left to patrol the state through the end of the year.

ON Monday, Oneita spoke to a reporter for a paper in St. Louis. She said Mike was "a stickler when it comes to cleanliness." She said, "Mike all his life had to have his hair just so and his teeth and body clean." She described him as "cunning," and said that he probably knew how to take care of himself in the woods. He had spent his life overcoming the obstacles of one situation or another, and it would not surprise her if he was able to do it once again. She and her family believed that Mike might be toying with the searchers. "He can backtrack," she said. "He's got them all baffled. They need an Indian scout. You just don't know where he is going to end."

ON Tuesday, the Nightstalker, on its way to the route it had selected to patrol, picked up an indication of a man in a field about three-quarters of a mile north of the trailer. In the center of the field was a creek bed, down which an agent crawled, pulling aside brush and choking on the dirt and dried leaves stirred up by the blades of a helicopter above him. Agents walked beside him down either side of the creek, but none of them found

anything. The Nightstalker operates by orienting its equipment to the bearings of the landscape it is searching. The evidence of the figure in the field arrived before the plane had done so. Once the equipment was oriented properly, it identified a different field; the agents concluded that they had been sent to a field about half a mile west of the one in which the figure was detected.

ON Wednesday, the Governor arrived to assure the people of Wright City that the state would not give up the search. He said that he would call out the National Guard if Helterhoff wanted him to, but Helterhoff said he thought the F.B.I. would be able to find Jackson. People reported seeing Jackson in St. Clair, Missouri, and at a restaurant in Miami, Oklahoma, where agents went with photographs. Two men from St. Louis drove out to Wright City and reported seeing Jackson in a field. Searching the field, a trooper climbed a tree and fell out and broke his wrist, and the men were arrested for filing a false report. A reporter visited an Asian woman who owned the only motel in town, and she showed him her register. "Look at this," she said. "Last month, all these people; sometimes full. Not now. They come in and ask about police helicopters, and we tell them 'Murderer,' and they leave. Only F.B.I. and some people from New York stay."

That afternoon, the Department of Justice added Jackson's name to the list of "Ten Most Wanted Fugitives." A press release said, "Born September 23, 1945, in Pontotoc, Mississippi, Jackson is described as a 5-foot-11-inch, 210-pound white male with brown eyes and brown hair. Jackson reportedly has scars on the crown of his head and across the knuckles of his right hand. . . ." The reason for Mike's being placed on the list was the fear of his having shaved and picked up new clothes and left Wright City altogether.

A TRACKER

IF Mike's sister had known that there actually was such a person, she might not have suggested so publicly that what the F.B.I. needed was an Indian scout. In sending out a call for more dogs, Helterhoff heard from the tactical team at the Bureau's office in Knoxville, Tennessee, that it occasionally trained with a man named

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JR Buchanan, who lived in the foothills of the Great Smoky Mountains and was adept at following tracks. Helterhoff told them to bring him, and he arrived on Tuesday.

JR Buchanan had been taught to track by his uncle and his grandfather, who had trapped in the Smokies. When a raccoon or a fox broke a trap line and dragged its trap off, someone had to study the ground for signs of which way it had gone and get the trap back. An animal like a raccoon or a fox is light enough that it leaves little sign of its passing. Perhaps it will turn over a dry leaf, which will be darker on the side that had been facing the ground, or bend a blade of grass, or leave behind a broken twig or some bark where the trap got stuck on a branch and the animal chewed the branch to get free. Once Buchanan had become accomplished at detecting this kind of information, he felt that tracking a person who had stolen a trap line was easier.

Buchanan's full given name is JR. He is in his sixties and is retired as a ranger from the National Park Service. The bulk of his career he spent in the Smokies tracking ginseng diggers and lost hikers and poachers of deer and bear and wild boar. Poachers were the most numerous and posed the most complicated problems. A poacher will brush out his tracks with branches; he'll backtrack; he'll walk on rocks and logs or through streambeds, and when he leaves the stream he'll turn around and walk out backward, or walk up to one and back in. Or he'll deer-walk—that is, lift his feet straight up and put them straight down, so as not to scuff any leaves or pebbles or pull down any ferns or undergrowth, whose broken stems might reveal his trail. If a track is a day old, there will be no sign left of a deer walker. Also, poachers, because they have guns, are dangerous. Buchanan sneaked up behind them and grabbed them. Sometimes they dropped their guns and ran, and then all he had to do was get the name off the gun or the fingerprints and make a phone call. One time, he crept so close to a poacher who was waiting for a deer to come through a gap that he peered over his shoulder and read the time on his watch.

Buchanan is small and reserved. To gesture emphatically, he will sometimes narrow his eyes. His voice is pitched low and is raspy and flat, and

his speech is unhurried. He has a Southern accent, but the hill twang in it is local to eastern Tennessee. When he talks about what he might do with his life after he is too old to track, he says, "When I retar..." He has a habit of inverting certain words. He says, "Ever who did it," or, "Ever which one of you has to look for the trail," or, "Put your skill up against ever what you're hunting." When he comes to rest, he nearly always lights a cigarette and chomps down on it as if it were a cigar. In a spot where he has stood for any length of time, there is often a small ring of cigarette ends. His hair is long on top but thin enough so that you can see through the strands of it to whatever is behind him. He usually wears a cap. His patience has limits. He once grew so exasperated with a man who was relying on a map and a compass in country he himself knew by heart that he held his gun beneath the map to draw the needle of the compass to the direction he wanted it to point. He lives in a part of the Smokies called Happy Valley, in a house he built for himself. He used pine for the frame and poplar for the siding. The poplar has been turning blue. He says this is because it was cut at the wrong time—poplar cut in the light of the moon won't turn. Because he has spent a lot of time travelling and living in other parts of the park on assignment, he has occasionally returned home to find his house broken into. After he lost a new refrigerator, he decided to do something to protect his possessions. He was a demolition expert in the Army, and he rigged the doors and the windows of his house with explosives. By the door he uses to enter the house is a small hand-lettered sign that says, "Warning. This house is booby trap with C4. Befor you enter please have a long talk with God?" Beneath the notice is a drawing of a skull.

In his time in the woods, Buchanan has learned a lot about animal behav-

ior. A bear can twist the top off a mayonnaise jar. An old, wise bear can make holes with its nails in the side of a soda can without spilling much of the soda. Wild boar nearly always arrive first at plane wrecks in the Smokies. They show up almost immediately and root in the dirt near the wreck. Buchanan spent so much of his career protecting deer and bear that he can no longer hunt them. About the only animal he has no feeling for is a tracking dog. He says that tracking dogs' noses get stuffed up and stop working after twenty or thirty yards on a dusty road, and they work poorly after a rain.

Buchanan came to the attention of the Knoxville office through an agent there he had trained. Other agents, particularly ones on the tactical team, thought that knowing how to track could help them catch fugitives, and asked him to train them. Buchanan liked the agents and enjoyed laying out trails for them and setting up ambushes along the way. Of the agents in the woods, he says, "That was one of the dumbest crowds you ever see. They didn't know but two kinds of trees: ones standing up and ones laying down. But put them in the city..." Buchanan and the tactical team devised a formation for tracking so that he could trail criminals while the agents covered him. The first time they would be putting it to use would be in Wright City.

"I believe it was the second day I picked up the tracks," Buchanan says. "They took us out on a side road, right close to where he had been seen last. They'd been out there hunting him with dogs and some grid searches, but he didn't stir during the day. I tracked him for, I guess, about a mile. They said they hadn't been nobody in that area, so I was pretty sure it was his tracks, which it was after we got him. He went into a barn lot and walked on through the lot into the driveway of the house. And in the driveway was a car with a note. What I remember of it, the note said, 'A full tank of gas, a thermos of coffee, and some sandwiches, please take them and leave.' He had walked up to the car but he didn't touch nothing, probably maybe afraid it was poisoned, I don't know. And he went on about two hundred yards to a blacktop, and that's where I lost him. You just can't track on a blacktop—least, I can't. That was get-



ting down late in the evening then, so we started out there on a stakeout that night for the planes to work. They had pulled in a special plane that was equipped with I don't know what, but anything that had heat, it picked it up. It picked up I *know* a rabbit, and, flying over a pasture, it picked up, of course, the heat from the cattle, and the cow piles they had just dropped, he picked that up. But they never picked up no human, except the ones that was on the stakeout, he picked us up. So we went back in and got us a little rest at the motel, and next day we started out again.

"It was a little west of where we'd lost the tracks. We went up and down the road, but, with that hard rain, and he could have stayed on the blacktop a couple of miles, which I think he did, he didn't leave no sign. So we had checked some old houses and a whole lot of outbuildings and a lot of rolls of hay—they had a lot of that stacked up, we were a-checking that—and along late down in the evening we come to a big farmhouse, and we called in where we was at and what we were doing. I had the whole SWAT team around me, and I'm going forward with one of them in front of me, one on either side, and one in back, like a diamond—this was the pattern we'd worked out, because I can't look up to see where I'm going, I got to keep my eyes on the ground—and just then my partner called me over to where he was at, and he said, 'I found a track.' This was about a quarter mile from where I'd lost him. Of course, it was a-pouring rain, but he knew where to check for tracks. Some of them will stay, they'll look old, but in that mud it stays—it might fill up with a whole lot of water, but your track is still there. He showed it to me, and I said, 'That's a tennis shoe, probably a half hour old, to judge from the rain in it,' but he said, 'I can't find any more tracks.' I said, 'Well, you stay behind me, I'll see if I can find any more tracks.'

"Meanwhile, we had them call on the radio to the agents that had checked that house earlier in the day, to see if any of them had been wearing a tennis shoe, and none of them had. The track was right there—once in a while maybe the grass had come down and hadn't come back up, maybe a blade was broken. It was heading up toward a big barn—the barn had some farm equipment in it—so I tracked him, I guess,

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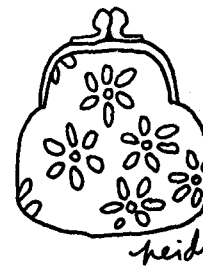
between two and three hundred yards. It took about ten minutes, I was moving pretty fast. He had went to the soybean field, between the house and the barn, where he had collected, I believe, five or six of the soybean stalks and a plastic bottle of dingy pond water—there was a little pond there. So from there I went going on to the barn, and in the drive of the barn, just inside it, there was a plank laying there with a wet track on it. I told the SWAT team, 'He's here, we've got him.' It was getting, I guess, about an hour before dark. I said we would need some strong lights, we're going to go up after him. They had checked the house already, and they had been checking the barns, too, on the days before, but they had not checked the barn yet that day. We got the lights—one of the F.B.I. agents had them in the trunk of his car. And we went on, and I told the SWAT team, 'Anything that moves, I want it dead, I don't care if it's a rat or a mouse,' and I spoke big and loud, so the man could hear me. I had three agents right with me. The man had one way in and one way out, the whole barn was closed with galvanized roofing. Why I said that was because I was the one in front and I was the one who was going to get killed first, I knew that—he would probably shoot me first. So we started up into the loft. We didn't get into the loft.

"The tracks are right up on the rungs of the ladder where he had climbed into the loft—I'm putting my hands on them as I'm climbing—and at that time there was a shotgun blast went up. I didn't know if he had shot one of my partners, or if he had raised up on them and they had shot him, or if he had shot at me and missed. So we all hit the ground, me and the three agents, but they got out. I was farther toward the back of the barn, and I got tangled up in some farm machinery there—I believe it was a scratcher of some kind—and I dove into a stall, still not knowing what that shot was all about. Finally, Bob, my partner, and I.V., one of the agents—they called him I.V., that's what he goes by, always has, it's his initials I guess—they had got to where I could talk to them, and they said none of them was hurt, wanted to know if I was. I heard one racket while I was hiding there, and that was

right above me, it sounded like you scoot your foot forward in the hay. Anyway, they said, 'We've got to get you out of there.' I said, 'There's only one way out,' and I.V. said, 'We will give you cover. When I count to three, we're going to open up, you come out,' and when they opened up with shotguns, I came out."

The property that included the barn was on a piece of higher ground about a mile south and west of the town. A two-story, tin-roofed white house stood broadside to the road, toward the front of the land. The curving border of a field of soybeans edged the yard. Behind the house was a collection of sheds and swaybacked barns, the largest of which, and the farthest from the house, was the one that JR Buchanan had fled. The Highway Patrol determined the first shot to have been fired at 6:23 P.M.

While Buchanan was approaching the barn, agents were searching the house. In the catalogue of sightings reported on Thursday was one of a man in a blue raincoat. Two agents who had searched the house earlier in the day recalled seeing a blue raincoat in a bedroom upstairs. When they went back a few hours later, it was gone. One of them walked toward the barn, which had a lean-to shed at one end, and as he got closer to the door the hairs stood up on the back of his neck. He turned around and went back to the command post with his partner to let the tactical team know about the raincoat. They arrived at the house with a dog about the same time as Buchanan and the team from Knoxville.



Once Buchanan and the Knoxville agents were clear of the barn, the agents set up a circle in the fields around it. The reason for keeping their distance was the recol-

lection that ammunition for a high-powered rifle was missing from the trailer. The vests they wore to protect themselves would do no good against fire from a rifle.

It occurred to them that they couldn't be certain who was in the barn. It might have been someone out with a gun for whatever reason who heard them coming and thought they were Mike Jackson. As unlikely as it seemed for anyone else to be shooting at them, they didn't want to look like fools for announcing that they had him and

then finding they were wrong, or, worse, victims of a hoax. As they stood in the fields in the fading light trying to figure out how to approach the barn, they heard a sound like someone stamping his foot, and some pigeons came flying out.

Meanwhile, the Highway Patrol and the F.B.I. had blocked the road that led to the barn. The reporters were kept by the railroad tracks about a quarter of a mile away. As night fell, they could hear a man's voice amplified by a bullhorn coming to them over the fields. "I know you're hungry," it said. "Talk to me, Mike. We don't want to hurt you. I know you're tired; we all are." A spokesman told them that agents had surrounded the barn and tried to negotiate a surrender. John Ford told those who remained at the command post, "We don't know what condition he's in. He was still able to communicate with us thirty minutes to an hour after six-twenty-three."

A number of the agents who had spent eleven days looking for Jackson were tired and wanted to rush the barn and get the thing over with, but their superiors persuaded them to calm down. A fear that the searchers entertained was that Jackson would somehow be able to escape in the darkness. They couldn't close ranks tight enough to be sure that he couldn't, because doing so would mean coming close enough to the barn that they might be within range of a rifle. Once night fell, two helicopters moved into place above the barn. One kept a searchlight on the barn as steady as possible, but the wind kept tossing the copter, so the effect of the illumination on the barn was at times almost like that of a strobe light.

When it became clear that Jackson couldn't be talked from the barn, a plan was drawn up to send tear gas into it. In the south end of the loft was a window. The F.B.I. agents figured that they could shoot tear gas through the window and not have it come out the other side and gas the searchers there. A marksman in the field fired a test shot at the window, which struck the side of the barn a few inches from it. He adjusted his aim, then sent seven canisters of gas into the barn. When nothing happened, the F.B.I. began to wonder whether Jackson hadn't managed to protect himself behind a barricade of hay. Another explanation



"What is your position regarding the issue of emotional commitment in a relationship?"

was that tear gas sometimes fails to produce its effect on mental patients. Or perhaps Jackson had turned up a gas mask. No one wanted to go into the barn and get shot full of holes. Of course, Mike Jackson could already be dead. As they reviewed their recollections of the shot, some agents thought they heard pellets striking metal, and the only metal they knew of was the galvanized roofing.

The F.B.I. agents had originally planned to wait for daylight to enter the barn. Although they believed that they had the advantage in a night assault, they also felt that they had spent eleven days finding Mike Jackson and there didn't seem to be any reason to race through his capture and risk a mistake. But around eleven o'clock they decided to rush the barn in the darkness, because a storm was approaching. A rising wind made it difficult to keep the helicopters in place,

and the lightning and heavy hail they expected made it dangerous to leave the agents standing in an open field.

The agents considered lowering grappling hooks from the helicopters to the roof of the barn to pull it off. The man who was renting the property told the F.B.I. that if they wanted to burn down the barn it was all right with him. Instead, they got him to make a drawing of the interior. Then they gave it one more try with a dog. They had a dog that was trained to attack, and it kept trying to attack almost everyone it met, but when they sent it into the barn it came out after five seconds, which was considered an ambiguous response.

The tactical teams assaulting the barn—one from the Highway Patrol, one from the St. Louis office of the Bureau—lined up in the beanfield, on the southeast corner of the barn, where there were no windows. Each man

stood in the order of the task he was given. The Highway Patrol team was to clear the floor. The first man in the F.B.I. team had a grappling hook to pull down the hay bales from the loft. Two men followed with long poles at the end of which were mirrors, so that they could stand on the floor of the barn and see into the loft, where Mike was, if he hadn't moved. The two men who came after them had the responsibility of supplying cover. They carried revolvers, because there were too many people close at hand for rifles; a shot from a rifle could travel half a mile, the distance to the highway.

The agents were dressed in black. The helicopters turned off their lights. Other agents watched the progress of the assault through night-vision glasses. The Highway Patrol team took possession of the barn floor. As the man prepared to raise the grappling hook toward the hay bales, one of the men carrying mirrors saw blood dripping through the floor of the loft. He raised his mirror, then climbed the ladder and peered into the loft and became the first person to lay close eyes on Mike Jackson in eleven days. He said, "It's over. He's dead."

JR Buchanan watched the procession of the night's activities—the helicopters, the talk, the dog, the tear gas, the assault—from the field between the house and the barn. When it ended, he walked to the barn and climbed into the loft and took a long look at Mike's shoes. An agent knelt beside Mike. He lifted Mike's right hand carefully and, in a way that appeared oddly tender, pressed an ink pad and then a piece of plain white paper against his thumb. Then he stood up and, while a trooper beside him held a lamp, he looked, through a lens, back and forth between Mike's print and the copy from the files of the Bureau. Perhaps a minute passed before he said, "Got it. Got positive, it's him." Another agent called the command post over a radio. "Ralph has made a positive," he said. "It is. The decedent. Michael. Wayne. Jackson."

"Ten-four. C.P. understands a positive I.D."

"Ten-four. Positive I.D."

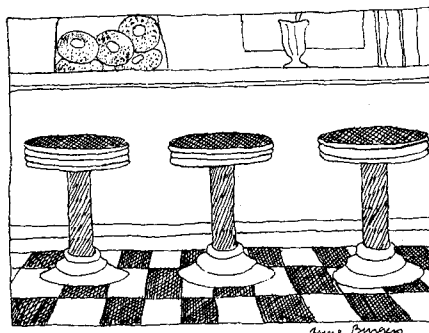
At the command post an agent came out of the office and into the large, low-ceilinged room that served as a dining hall. He held a radio above his head so that everyone—agents, troopers, people from the church—could

hear what was being said at the barn. Through windows opening onto the street, the reporters and townspeople waiting heard applause, and weren't sure what to make of it. Then some people joined hands and said a prayer.

Mike Jackson lay on his back. He had lost so much weight and his features were so drawn that he had come to look like a pilgrim. His head rested on some cotton ticking he had found. Beneath his back was the blue coat. A white bedspread covered him nearly to the waist. He was wearing a dark-green shirt with a pattern to it and bluejeans—the clothes he'd had on when he left Indianapolis. Somewhere he had found a length of telephone cord, and had tied one end around the barrel of the shotgun and the other around the stock as a strap. Before he lay down, he had taken off his socks and laid them out to dry at his feet. Beside them he had set his sneakers. He'd swept together some of the straw to make a bed on the floor. At his left were the five soybean stalks gathered from the field where JR Buchanan had seen his tracks, and to his right, just beyond the butt of the shotgun and the reach of his hand, a gallon milk jug filled with water from the pond. His head rested on his left cheek. His eyes were wide open and had something fanatical in them, as if the last thing he had seen was a vision.

Before an audience of troopers and agents and firemen and ambulance attendants, some of whom had an official reason for being present and some of whom simply wanted to stare at the man who had caused all this trouble, the coroner unbuttoned Mike's shirt to look for a sign of what had happened to the bullet fired through the door of the Cadillac. He found what he called a small dent and decided that Mike had received a blow from something that broke a rib.

Just below Mike's right ear the coroner found a circular blue bruise—



what is called a tattoo—where Mike had placed the barrel of the shotgun. Mike's body was placed in a zippered bag that had been brought to the loft by the Wright City funeral-home director. The men standing around took the opportunity to look at him one last time. Then they closed the bag and lashed it to a stretcher and lowered Mike through a hole beside the ladder he had climbed by himself a few hours before.

The body spent the night in the back of a van in the garage of the funeral home. Meanwhile, arrangements were made for an autopsy to be performed in St. Louis. Sometime during the night, the mortician and his assistant transferred Mike's body to a hearse, so that the reporters waiting for the van to leave would not follow them. So much tear gas had been thrown into the barn that after the mortician put Mike's body in the hearse he could still smell tear gas in the van. The hearse left Wright City just after dawn, with a Missouri State Highway Patrol car leading and another behind.

"When I got to the St. Louis Medical Examiner's Office, they just took the body from me and said 'Thank you,' and that was it, shut the door," Doug Brown, the mortician, says. "I never seen them work so fast. Usually, the morgue attendants will talk to you, say a few things, but this time—I guess with all the legal stuff around it—they were just all business."

The next morning, the agents had breakfast served to them at the command post by the women from the church. They filled out reports and used salt and pepper shakers and matchbooks and cigarette packs to recreate the layout of the farm buildings while they discussed what had happened. Then they boxed their papers and put them in their car trunks and drove back to St. Louis.

ABOUT fifty people watched Mike Jackson's casket being lowered into his grave in a cemetery in Memphis, where Modean had bought a plot when she and Mike's father lived nearby. The casket was white, with gold details and brass fittings. A bouquet of red roses had lain on top of it at the funeral home in Memphis, and Modean had leaned against it an enlargement of a black-and-white studio photograph of Mike when he was twelve or thirteen. He was smiling and

was wearing a white shirt and a bow tie and a jacket. The service at the grave lasted half an hour. The minister who presided came up from Modean's church in Mississippi. "No one has done only good," he said, "and no one has done only evil."

THE TURNING WHEEL

TOM GAHL had been buried several months when his wife, Nancy, went to visit his grave. It was a cold, windy day, and it was raining. She had expected to remember the location of the plot, but when she got to the cemetery she realized that she had found it on the day of the funeral because a tent was set up and everyone was standing beside it. She followed a map she was given at the cemetery's office, but when she got to the site she found two graves side by side, with nothing to identify whose they were. She stood in the rain, crying and studying the map and the graves for any indication of the one in which her husband lay. A man digging a grave nearby came to help her. She asked which grave was Tom Gahl's, and he said, "Was he the lawyer?" She told him who he was, and the gravedigger pointed to the grave. He said he knew which grave belonged to the probation officer because so many people had asked him directions to it. Sometimes when Nancy visits the grave, she finds flowers. On this occasion, she brought Tom a rose.

Shortly after that, she bought a headstone and had the engraver inscribe it "Jesus Loved Thee Best." Only later did she realize that the phrase allowed a prideful interpretation. It pained her to think that some people might regard the inscription as arrogant.

Nancy finds it difficult to visit Tom's grave. All the ways that he lives within her dissolve when she is confronted by the mound where his body lies. The boys approach the grave slowly, with their eyes averted, and leave it as soon as they can. In the cemetery, they are reminded of what they have suffered and what they no longer have, and lose hold of the loving image they nurture in their minds and hearts.

Early in her first winter as a widow, Nancy dreamed that she was standing in a room and Tom came in and hugged her. The sensation of having his arms around her was powerful enough that, waking, she had an al-

most physical memory of the embrace.

She discovered a laundry bag she'd forgotten about that had in it clothes to which the scent of her husband still clung. She would raise them to her face and draw deep breaths and collect from them what comfort she could, until, over time, the scent was eclipsed by the scent of the cloth.

Some of Nancy's friends thought she would put the house on the market, but too many things in it reminded her of Tom and she had no wish to sever what little connection was left. Also, she felt that Christopher and Nicholas would need to keep their lives as little changed as possible. She imagined that it must seem to them as if the world had spun out of control. She hoped that the house would provide some ground on which they might find rest and stability and feel safe.

The boys began to have trouble falling asleep. Their minds would race as they lay in the dark, and the only thing that could soothe them was to talk to their mother. Christopher worried that someone would break into the house as they slept and kill them. Nancy told him she would do everything she could to protect them, and that helped, except that sometimes after she left the room Christopher fell to wondering exactly what his mother could do against an intruder, especially a madman. It became a kind of balancing act he had to perform, to hold on to the comfort of his mother's words while not letting his mind drift too far toward considering them.

Night after night, lying in their beds with their mother sitting beside them, the boys needed to hear that nothing they might have done could have prevented their father's being murdered. Maybe if one of them had been sick that morning their father might not have gone to work. Maybe they should have asked for a ride to school, or said something at breakfast to delay him. They knew he had walked or run past his car in trying to escape from Jackson, and they wondered why he hadn't got in it and driven away. They knew that every time they saw a scene in a movie or on television where a villain menaced an innocent person someone showed up and shot him, or knocked the gun from his hand as he fired, and they wondered why that hadn't happened when it mattered so much.

Christopher began to require that all the windows in his room be shut once



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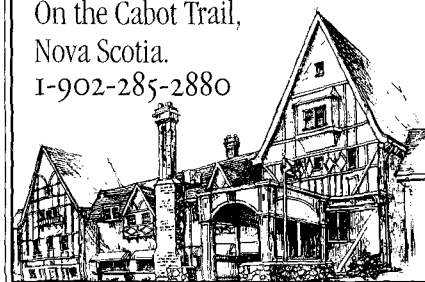


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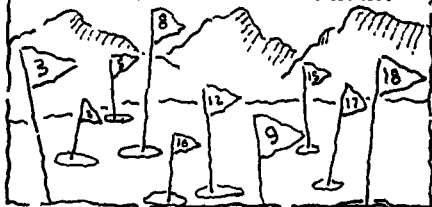
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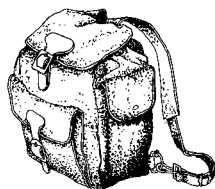
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darkness fell. No matter how hot it became in the room, he was unable to sleep with them open. Nicholas began to insist that his windows be closed, too. Sometimes Nancy was able to persuade him to open them by saying she would close them when she came up to bed. If she happened to notice that one of the boys was experimenting with having a window open, and mentioned that it represented progress, the window would immediately be closed and locked. Often when she kissed the boys good night, their rooms were sweltering and the sheets were damp.

Addressing their bedtime fears in the way that she might have before the murder—that is, by telling them not to worry, that they were safe in their home—no longer answered. “You can’t tell them not to worry, that they have nothing to fear, that nothing can happen, because they already know what *has* happened,” she says. The prison picture of Jackson that appeared every day on television and in the papers was one that both Christopher and Nicholas found themselves able to conjure without trying. More often, it appeared as a visitation. They were now able to invoke the figure and the face of the demon in their closets or under their beds. Christopher began to wake in the night and see Jackson’s face within the frame of his window. The expression it wore made him feel that Jackson was gloating at having cornered him.

For months after the murder, Nancy would wake early. She would occupy her mind until five minutes past eight, and then she would think, This is when Tom got shot. She began to note the arrival of the time on significant days: five past eight on the morning of the Monday a month after the murder, two months after, and so on. “It seemed like such a dark time,” she says. “I remember thinking I was in for a cold, cold winter and wishing that I could just make it through till spring.”

One way that she tried to make peace with the horror of the murder was to imagine Heaven as a place where Tom found rest. She thought no more about it than that; during the first six months after he was shot, it was triumph enough to make it from one day to the next. After six months, the idea was borne in on her that if Tom was at peace he wasn’t aware of the

pain that she and the boys were suffering over his loss. If he wasn’t aware of it, he couldn’t be watching, and he could no longer be caring for them, either. That there was no connection between him and them anymore was another blow she was forced to accept.

The course of her grief was unpredictable but relentless. It seemed that it would go on forever. The place she chose to receive what she thought of as “its deepest, most convulsive, and drowning aspects” was the bedroom, and the occasions were days when the boys were at school. She felt that whatever recovery she might hope for lay in the direction of enduring all that the ordeal demanded. It seemed that the only way to address it was by means of one memory at a time. It was as if her memories were part of a turning wheel, which brought each to the surface for a time, then submerged it, while another took its place, and so on, until the wheel had come full circle and she was back where she had started.

For a year, she found it difficult to shake the picture of the murder she held in her mind. At moments when she was tired or not thinking of anything in particular, the image presented itself with an insistence that made her feel that she was “being dragged back to Tom in that pool of blood.” The agent from the F.B.I. had told her that the lapse of time between the first shot and the second, which killed Tom, was about a minute. But still, she would think, that last minute. As many times as she replayed the scene in her mind, it always ended the

same way—nothing she could do to interrupt it, no comfort she could bring him. How she finally got through this experience was by imagining Tom not as she recalled him but as living, in Heaven, as a figure ahead of her, with whom she might hope to be

reunited. The complication it introduced was that Tom became a figure she could identify in the past and in the future, but one that was invisible in the present.

The pull toward the past had a life of its own. “Something happens that you don’t expect,” she says. “You hear a song on the radio, or open a drawer and see a shirt he wore, or someone makes a gesture that reminds you of Tom, even though the person doesn’t look anything like him, or an image



comes to your mind from something you see in a landscape as you pass in your car, and it opens the whole thing up."

On the first wedding anniversary after the murder, she sat on her bed and looked through the pictures of herself and Tom, the party, the family, the cake, the tables, the linens, the dance, and wept over each one.

She thought often of all she would never do with him again. She remembered making love. She recalled the pleasure of talking at the end of the day. "We always talked things through," she says. "Neither of us liked to brood, and when it finally dawns on you that you will never have those conversations—the ones with the person who knows everything about your life, and knows who it is you mean when you refer to this or that other person, and knows what they mean to you and what your history with them is, conversations with someone who understands you so completely and deeply—

When you realize that is gone, you know that something has been taken from you that you can never recover."

A FEW months after his father was murdered, Christopher asked his mother what his father's voice sounded like. "I really can't remember," he said. It pained her that the memory Christopher had of his father was turning elusive. She has worked ever since to keep the boys' memories of him alive. It concerns her that sometimes she probably forces them to recall him for reasons of her own, because it wounds her that they can't. Or because she needs to feel him revived. Or because she is aware of all the things their father could have helped them with and that she feels unprepared for by her experience: how to instruct Christopher in the way to put on his football equipment, how to teach them to knot a necktie, saw a board, hammer a nail, throw a football. The point of her concern is, of course, how they will receive an introduction to all the mysteries of masculinity that a loving father would have given them: small rituals like shaving, or how to cast a fishing rod or to operate a piece

of machinery. She wonders whether the boys will experience the sense of a father standing above them, then beside them, as they grow, his eyes looking into their own, or the sense of a father turning from them and the sight of his back as he leaves.

DURING the winter after the murder, it occurred to Nancy that, while she had got back Tom's wedding ring and his wallet and his briefcase, no one had returned his clothes. The Police Department didn't know where they were. Someone in the Probation Department knew the chief of police and called him, and the clothes were turned up in a property room. The officer who called Nancy said, "Are you sure you want them?"

A detective brought the clothes to the house in a box. "I don't know what I was expecting," Nancy says, "but they were all crumpled up, and there was dried blood everywhere that had dried hard, so it was as if starch had been put on them, and they were just this big crusty ball in a box, and the box had holes punched in it for air, and there were dead flies in it. I washed the clothes, and that was so hard. To

look in the machine—the water was just red, a reddish black—and see all of his blood."

A day at a time, Nancy made it through the winter. During the spring and summer, the event that came to dominate her mind was the approach of the first anniversary of the murder, in September. When the day arrived, she went to the house where Jackson had lived. A friend went with her. When the friend arrived to pick her up, around eight-thirty that morning, Nancy said to her, "Tom was already dead." Nancy stood at the intersection and witnessed the scene in her mind's eye as she had done thousands of times in the year before—only, this time the image came to her more clearly. She did not have to invent the setting—it was right there before her—and she could concentrate on details. "I knew that he had left the house at twenty to eight and got to Jackson's at eight and was dead at five after and the Grape-Nuts he had for breakfast were still in his stomach," she says, "so this time, standing there at the house, on the sidewalk where he lay, and looking back at the house and the walk they must have travelled together, I really



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knew what had happened. When it happened for real, I didn't know until four hours later."

She left a rose on a low stone wall that had appeared behind Tom in the background of all the photographs in the papers.

She went to church, then toured a hospital, on the advice of a friend who knew that Nancy was considering volunteer work and who thought she might find something to engage her there. In the afternoon, she went back to Jackson's house, this time with her father and Nicholas and Christopher. They noticed that someone had cleared out the tangle of brush, and carpenters had put up new siding, so it no longer looked as frightening as it had in the papers. Nancy

hoped that seeing it might partly relieve the sense the boys had of a madman living in a haunted house. Nicholas and Christopher wondered if they would see the stain of their father's blood on the sidewalk. Nicholas, who was five, found a coin on the ground and thought maybe it had come from his father's pocket.

It was a fine fall day. In the air was a certain sharpness, which Nancy thinks of as being a part of that time of year. It had been in the air the day Tom died, and it clenched her heart to feel it again.

The phone rang at the end of the day, and a voice said, "This is Carolyn"—Mike Jackson's former wife. No one where she worked knew her past, Carolyn said, so she hadn't felt able to talk about the thoughts she was having. She suggested that she and Nancy meet sometime for coffee. She was sure that if they did Nancy would never think of her as the kind of woman to have been married to Mike Jackson. Nancy was too surprised by her call to make much of a reply. They made no date to meet, and never have. When she hung up, Nancy felt interested but also alarmed.

Eleven days later, on the anniversary of Jackson's death, Nancy sent Modean a rose. She had thought of her alone with her sorrow. Modean called that night. She told Nancy that she had carried the rose with her to a church meeting that evening, and that when she told people who had sent it no one could believe it.

A few months later, around Christ-

mas of 1987, Modean sat in the living room of Nancy's house. She had called and asked if she might visit, and Nancy had agreed, hoping that the figure of an elderly woman might ease for the boys their terror of the man who had murdered their father. Modean brought Oneita. She also gave Nicholas and Christopher a small picture in a frame of two farm boys, which Nancy believes she bought at a K mart or someplace like it. Modean opened her purse and handed them photographs of



Mike. In one, he stands in a back yard facing the camera, with picnic benches behind him. He is wearing a coat and a tie and has short hair and no beard, and his posture is that of the obedient, solid citizen—a high-school teacher, perhaps—but

the tense, sad, and troubled expression on his face suggests a mental patient on a weekend pass. Nancy was aware that Modean expected the pictures to alter how she felt about Jackson, but they moved her not at all. What she remembers Modean and Oneita saying most often was that God would take care of her and the boys.

The boys sat without speaking. They examined the pictures they were shown without taking them in their hands. Modean and Oneita spoke of Mike sentimentally, as if he had become a different person in death. Nancy was made uncomfortable by the discordance between the tone of their recollections and the feeling they gave her of being relieved at Mike's having come to his end. The truth, she felt, was that no one had known what to do with such a man when he was living, and that it was easier to think warmly of him when he no longer menaced their lives. Nancy did not feel that they weren't entitled to think of him in a kind of cleaned-up, after-death way, but it startled her to hear Modean talk as if some thread of Nancy's and the boys' experience was common to her and Oneita's. Modean seemed to be suggesting that because she and Oneita had lost a son and a brother and Nancy had lost her husband and the boys their father, their losses put them all on the same ground.

Oneita took some pictures of Modean with Nancy and the boys. When they left, Nicholas and Christopher wanted to know why Modean had come. Christopher held out the picture of the

farm boys and said "What is this?" and his voice nearly cracked, he was so angry. He and Nicholas destroyed the picture.

"After that, Modean sent me a letter and it said, 'God will take care of you,' and she enclosed a tape of her preacher delivering a sermon," Nancy says. "I wrote back and thanked her, and then she sent more tapes, and they weren't really that helpful to me—they were born-again fundamentalist preaching. So I wrote back and thanked her and said that it wasn't really necessary to send any more—that I had my own spiritual help." She tells the story with no trace of outrage.

Not long after the visit from Oneita and Modean, Nancy and one of her brothers and the boys were driving to Topeka. As they approached Wright City, she didn't tell the boys where they were, but she said she had to make a stop. They left the highway, and as they pulled into town they saw a police car parked with a deputy in it. Her brother rolled down the window and told the deputy that they wanted to see the barn where Mike Jackson had died. "My sister was one of his victims," he said. The deputy said, "If you're one of his victims, then we have something in common," and it turned out that he was the deputy Jackson had shot. The boys were upset when they realized where they were, but decided that they wanted to go through with it. The deputy took the family to the farmhouse. The barn had been set on fire the Halloween before and had burned to the ground, but he showed them where it had stood and then he showed them the structure on the property that most closely resembled it. After that, he took them into town to meet the mayor and see city hall. There they noticed the poster of Jackson on the wall.

UNEXPECTEDLY, the second year of widowhood was harder than the first. "I don't tell that to any of my widow friends," she says. "Your whole life, you are taught to believe that when you work for something there is a reward at the end. You work hard the first year trying to recover. Then the second arrives, and you realize that with grieving there is no accomplishment. Things will never change, nor will they ever again be the same. There is no reward. There's nothing at the end. Your loss is permanent."

What she noticed in the second year was that any occasion of significance was separated by one degree from the last time she had shared it with Tom. During her first year alone, she could recollect her last wedding anniversary and recall that Tom had been there, or remember the last passing of the boys' birthdays and remember what she and Tom had done to mark them. During the second year, she began to feel as if a hole had opened up between her and her husband.

The boys began to form questions they kept asking for years. They wondered whether they might be more scared at night if their father had survived the shooting—if his presence, more than his absence, would remind them of the terrors and the violence of the world. They wondered whether the first shot had severed their father's arm, whether it lay beside him on the ground, and whether, if he had survived, he would have learned to throw a ball with his other arm. They wondered if he could have survived the second shot if there had not been a third. What color was Jackson's truck? they would ask Nancy. What happened to their father's brain? Was it simply left lying in the road? Was there anything left of the part of his head that lay beneath the shroud in the casket?

Christopher's mind is sometimes engaged in spite of himself. He wonders if his father and Jackson talked first and there was an argument and Jackson lost his temper. Did Jackson only mean to rob his father and take his car? Where did Jackson stand, and where was his father? What was the expression on Jackson's face? What made him pull the trigger? And what happened after that? Sometimes he wonders what his father's last words were. On occasion, he says to his mother, "I want to meet those witnesses." Trying to take in the enormity of what happened, the boys find themselves overwhelmed by the details. They ask the same questions over and over, as if they had never heard the answers.

Nancy sometimes feels a need to see the pictures of Tom taken by the police as he lay in the street. She felt it often and strongly the first and second years following his murder. After that, the need appeared to go away, then returned. There are times when it is all she can do not to try and track down

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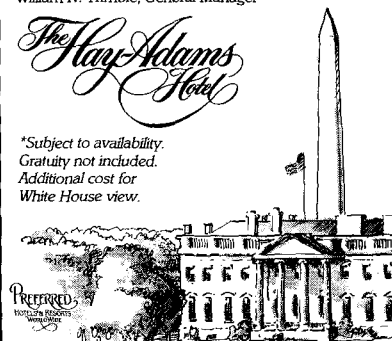
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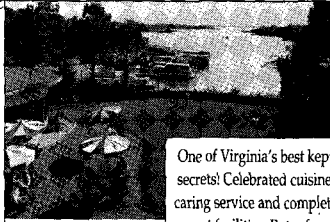
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copies, and times when it doesn't matter to her at all. She wonders whether she is punishing herself by giving way to the need to experience all she can of Tom's end. It has occurred to her that the need might represent a need to seek a connection with her husband by any means she can: any evidence that he was here might somehow offer a way of finding the door back to before all this happened and finding the chance to prevent its taking place. Or the need might represent its opposite: to come finally to terms with the loss in such a way that her life could go forward, without being pulled constantly into the past.

Nancy is subject to night fears. When Tom was alive, she would sometimes reach for his hand in the darkness. She would listen to his breathing.

She always told Tom he was going to outlive her. She expected to die early, as her mother had. She told Tom he would have to live longer, because the boys needed their father.

One night in the second year after the murder, Christopher dreamed that his father stood at the end of his bed, wounded and bleeding, and called his name. Then he fell forward onto the bed.

ABOUT a year after Modean came to her house, Nancy received a call from Jimmy Jackson, one of Mike's brothers, asking if he could come and see her. He said he had something to help the boys, but he didn't say what it was. "I didn't figure he would want to hurt me, because Modean gave him my number, and I didn't think she would do anything to harm us further," she says. "The doorbell rang, and he came in with another man and sat at the table in the dining room, and the other man sat with him. He spread a folder out on the table, and said he was getting into a new line of business. Ordinarily, he was a truck driver, but what he wanted was to sell me a plan of some kind for investing my money. The man with him was someone he was training with—or maybe someone he went to church with, I can't recall. As I sat there looking at the structure of his face, it kept going through my mind that his brother must have looked something like him; I kept thinking, So that's what Mike Jackson looked like, and that's the last person Tom saw. I guess when I recovered myself I told him we were already taken care

of and didn't need anything additional. As they were leaving, I asked Jimmy if he was the brother who had wanted to see Mike Jackson in his casket—Modean had told me that one of them had—and he just said something about how it was an unfortunate thing, and that was all. He just wanted to get out the door. But I wanted to know something for myself from all this. I listened to him, and now I wanted to see if I could learn anything that would help me. But I didn't. Toward the end, it seemed to dawn on the other man who I was. What Jimmy was thinking I have no idea. Perhaps it was his way of setting something right, a gesture."

The days of the second year passed. Sometimes as Nancy lay awake in the middle of the night, she would pray not to be tested any further and to be allowed to live out her life and raise her children. What she hoped for, to see them through, was another twenty years. "If some accident were to befall me and these boys were without a mother, I don't know what would happen," she says. "They would have other people who would care for them and love them, but no one who would love them like a mother. And if I were to lose one of them I don't know how I would survive it. They say the Lord doesn't give you more than you can handle, but if that were to happen I think it would be more than I could bear. My younger son said that if something happened to me he didn't know if he could believe there really was a God."

When the subject of his father comes up, Christopher occasionally falls back on a defense of amnesia. If he feels that his mother has become too insistent on his recalling a memory that causes him discomfort, he will sometimes tell her that he has no idea what she could possibly be referring to. He will sometimes say that he cannot remember his father at all. When this happens, Nancy lets the matter drop. She knows that Christopher will come to her later and tell her that he knew precisely what she was talking about—that he remembers the dream in which his father appeared as a corpse, say, but

has worked hard to put it out of his mind and recover, and now that it has come up he doesn't know if he can ever be happy again. It is as if a maelstrom occupied the territory engaged by his father in his mind, and for him to go near it is dangerous. Sometimes it feels as if the memory of his father lies at the bottom of an abyss in his mind, and now and then he goes to the edge and looks down at it, then recoils. It is a test he is constantly setting himself.

The image of their father the boys held in their minds has grown harder to summon as they have got older. When Nicholas, who is now ten, thinks of his father, he tends to recall him as he appears in a certain photograph, and not as he knew him. The photograph he sees in his mind is not perfectly focussed. It is stationary and fixed in time. It has suffered no change, got no older. The photograph served, when his father was alive, as a reference for the warmth and benevolence he felt from his father. Now the image has become enigmatic and aloof, as if the person it depicts wouldn't quite be able to remember who Nicholas was. Where it once captured a moment in the life of his father, it has come to stand for nearly all moments. Now it is the total. His father has remained in the past, rooted in time and place but adrift in the child's memory. More and more, his father occupies a position on a landscape that is not exactly a dream but doesn't seem real, either.

The boys grew reluctant to spend the night away from home. They did not care to be separated from their mother, or to trust the dark in someone else's house. In addition, they feared that something might happen to Nancy while they were away. Christopher felt that if any harm came to his mother while he wasn't there to protect her he could never forgive himself. He also feared what might happen to him and his brother if they found themselves orphaned. Feeling that the boys would know better than anyone else when they were ready to spend a night elsewhere, Nancy did not force them. In calming their anxieties about being safe at night in their beds, she would say, "Our house has always been safe. Daddy was killed away from home, when he was at work, and I'm here to protect you." But that only made it more difficult for them to face being away.

Neither boy likes to be left alone



either upstairs or down at night. If one is in the shower upstairs and the other leaves the floor, there is a quarrel afterward. For years Christopher would not go upstairs alone at night. Or downstairs. Nicholas would, and could sometimes be persuaded to retrieve something that Christopher left behind. He then accused Christopher of cowardice and of making him do his dirty work.

Eventually, Nancy sold Tom's car. A friend of their lawyer's handled the sale for them without taking any commission. On the morning of the day that Nancy delivered the car to him, she and Nicholas and Christopher took turns sitting in the driver's seat and putting their hands on the wheel. Then the boys stood in front of it and had their pictures taken. They went off to school, and when they came home it was gone.

For four years, Nancy changed nothing about the appearance of the house. The foundation sagged and had to be jacked up, and that alteration left the frame of the front door at an angle. Nancy let it stay that way, because it couldn't be fixed without removing the

wallpaper in the front hall, which Tom had hung. Then, when four years had passed, she had her bedroom painted. It had been beige when she occupied it with Tom, and she had it painted white, with blue trim. She also installed a bay window in it overlooking the yard where the boys play. She knows that the new room, which she thinks of as feminine, would not be one that Tom would have felt comfortable in.

The clothes that Tom was wearing when he was killed are now kept in the attic above the garage. A friend who works in the restoration department of a museum got for her bags and boxes of the kind in which museums store fabrics. The clothes are kept in the garage attic because Christopher didn't want them in the house—he was afraid they would remind him too vividly of his father's murder. During the spring when he was twelve—four years after the murder—he heard his mother talking about them, and asked if she would bring them out. She pulled down the boxed stairs to the attic, then laid the clothes on the playroom table. The belt had the case

number on it. Nancy said, "You can see where he was shot on his arm with the first shot and how he held it against his side, from all the blood." She ran her fingers over the holes that the pellets had made in the collar and neck of the shirt. She asked Christopher how he felt, seeing them. "It can't hurt me, because I don't remember him," he said.

The sadness never goes away. Over the years, the quality of Nancy's mourning has changed from inescapable grief, born of her husband's sudden, thuggish removal from her life, to a persistent melancholy at living without him. Accepting, finally, that he lies in the cemetery does not prevent her from thinking, I wish he were here. It does not seem any longer that she is grieving but, rather, that she is facing the fact of her loss.

Her father suffered the early death of her mother, then married again. When she occasionally thinks she has endured all there is to be felt about Tom's death, she recalls her father's experience. "My father told me that he was fine for years, and then the twentieth anniversary of her death came

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around and he just fell apart. We talked on the phone and he was in tears. I think of it because in a few years the anniversary of Tom's murder will be on a Monday again, and I am braced."

Friends now and then tell her she should see other men, but she doesn't know if she could. She wears her wedding ring. "I'm still married in my heart to this man," she says. Her feelings, however, are complicated beyond fidelity. "I can't imagine loving someone again, because it would mean going through this loss and grieving all over," she says. "I talk with my father about it, because he realizes that by remarrying he's let himself in for it all over again. Another death to endure."

As the years passed, an aspect of Christopher's personality, a desire for order, has intensified. Whenever he feels pressured, he begins to organize objects around him in rows and stacks and columns. Anything left on a counter by his mother or his brother goes into a drawer or a closet. Nancy tends to leave her mail on the table in the kitchen, and often he puts it away before she can go through it, and she doesn't find it, so some bills go unpaid. Sometimes she takes food out of the refrigerator and goes upstairs for something, and when she gets back Christopher has put the food away. Occasionally, he shows up at her bedroom door and says, "What happened to your room?" Once when he came home and found Nancy in the kitchen talking to a man who was a family friend, he immediately began to walk around the room opening drawers and putting whatever was on the counter into them. He is aware that he does such things, and he and Nancy have struck an agreement that he can do them, as long as the tendency does not become pronounced. If it does, they sit down and talk about what is bothering him.

In the garage hangs a punching bag, bought at the suggestion of a psychologist to whom Christopher once made three visits. The psychologist was a former probation officer and saw Christopher for no charge. When Christopher feels the need to unburden himself, he will use the bag.

NICHOLAS and Christopher are now ten years old and fourteen. Neither looks much like his mother. Both

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS

Dummy up. Now you look like that kid
In the old high-school photograph
I found in a junk shop.
His guileless face carefully circled.

In another one, there was a view of the Brooklyn Bridge
And to the side a tenement rooftop
With pigeons flying and boys with long poles
Reaching after them into the clouds.

And in the third an old man with a mouth full of pins
Kneeling before a tall, headless woman in white.
Unfortunately, it was closing time. I was feeling my way
Uncertainly toward the exit in the evening darkness.

—CHARLES SIMIC

have their father's dark hair, and roughly the same broad shape to their faces. They have eager, searching eyes. Both boys give the impression of taking in quickly what is happening around them. A person who knew nothing about them might think them more solemn than most boys—perhaps more cautious and alert. At certain moments, they are so grave and proper and sober as to seem much older than they are, so it is sometimes surprising when they behave like children.

When the subject of death came up in school one day—this was nearly five years after the murder—Nicholas broke down. His class was reading a book with a plot that involved the death of the main character. The teacher had shown Nancy the two books she was considering—in each a character died—and asked her to select the one she thought Nicholas might have less difficulty with. But while the class was discussing the book the teacher noticed his distress and took him out into the hall to ask if he felt all right, and he started to cry, and he cried again when Nancy came and picked him up, and he cried that night at home.

The patience most people have with someone else's grief is short-lived. The display of a measured grief is comforting. Profound grief suggests mysteries at the heart of human existence which cannot be prepared for, which can come at any time, and into any life. Nancy is acquainted with widows whose mourning has been abbreviated by anxiety over how other people view them, and she occasionally feels pressure to have an uncomplicated relation to the loss of her husband. "Lots of

women think you have to go on," she says. "They say this is not going to throw them. 'You have to get up and get a job,' they tell me, and the kids have their moment of grief and now it's over. This is what people want to hear, and if they hear it from you they treat you better. You say, 'I'm fine,' and people are glad to hear it.

"I get so mad sometimes at people who say, 'Oh, she's doing fine.' Because I'm not. I'm bleeding inside. I've had people say to me, 'Oh, you should be glad for what you had. And you never know what might have happened—Tom might have got cancer or your marriage might have fallen apart or something else terrible might have taken place.' I had another woman, the mother of a policeman, say, 'I just worry all the time about my son. Now at least that's over for you.' And it is not easy to hear this. For one thing, having had love and a good marriage for twelve years only makes you want more. For another, I never used to worry about Tom's safety, because his clients were not dangerous. I don't want to hear that I'm doing fine. If this is fine, I don't want any more of it."

Ordinarily, what anger Nancy expresses comes forth in the form of indignation over the senselessness of the murder. "He should never have died," she says. "Not that kind of person, not that kind of father. It shouldn't have happened. Not through the prison system, not through the probation system. Somebody should have prevented it. But it does harm only to me to allow all these 'if only's'; it would only hurt me. It wouldn't hurt Jackson; he's gone, and I couldn't have

touched him anyway. In this whole big world, though, why did these two people have to come together at five after eight on that morning? There are so many other possibilities. Why was Jackson different on that morning from what he was on Sunday morning? He wasn't killing anyone then. Why did they have to come together in that spot, in that deserted place, with all those deserted souls? It has always seemed that way to me. Whenever I've been to the house, I haven't ever seen anyone else. I don't know if people are staring at me from behind their curtains, but there's never anyone on the street. It always seems a lonely and forlorn place. Jackson could have needed something from the store and got in his truck and gone off and Tom arrived and left a note. Or Tom could have gone somewhere else first and stopped off there and missed him. So that's when I pray for peace—because there are no answers for that—so I don't go into turmoil over all the things I have no answers for."

When Nancy is running through her list of anxieties, she will sometimes pause to entertain the one in which she worries about possible further effects that the murder of their father will have on the boys as they grow. "Tom was always doing case studies of families, trying to figure out what happened," she says, "and so often there would be stories where everything once seemed fine in a family and then some tragedy like this took place and the boys turned hostile or violent, and got into trouble. And I worry so much that this will happen to them." An unsettling aspect of raising Christopher and Nicholas is that Nancy never feels she can be sure whether a piece of problematic behavior is a matter of their characters and personalities or of their age, or has happened only because their father is dead.

AFTER a few years, Christopher's need to talk every night began to trail off. He began not to want to hear anything at night about what happened to his father, and he still doesn't. Evenings in which his father has been talked about sometimes end with Christopher's wanting to see a picture of him before going to bed. And then he has trouble getting to sleep. At the end of certain days when his father had been a presence, he sometimes

needed to have his room searched. Nevertheless, his defenses sometimes fall to curiosity, or to the desire to know more, to bring more of what happened into the light, and then there is a period of recovery. Nicholas still occasionally talks to his mother about his father before going to sleep, and when Christopher hears him through the wall he yells out to him to shut up. If Nancy says about Jackson, "He's dead, he can't hurt us anymore," Christopher will reply, "How can you say that to me just when I'm going to bed?"

Over the years, Jackson began to figure often in dreams the boys had. Nicholas once dreamed he was torturing Jackson with a cigarette, burning holes in the skin of his arm to the bone. Christopher dreamed that Jackson followed him in a car. In another dream, Jackson was tied to a wall and Christopher and a companion had a collection of knives they could throw at him. They shaved his head. Recently, Christopher dreamed that he saw the image of Jackson everywhere he turned. There seemed to be about sixty of him. The images were at school and they were at home, and they would surround him and hiss and bare their teeth whenever he approached. He told Nancy about the dream in the morning, and she felt that it represented a movement forward: at least, the figures of Jackson intended only to scare him, not kill him.

During the first few years of being a widow, Nancy did not know much about the lives of any other widows. Whatever groups she thought of taking part in met in the evenings, and she did not want to leave Christopher and Nicholas in order to attend them. During the second year after Tom was killed, Nancy began meeting for lunch with a friend whose husband had died. They would try to get together every six weeks. Gradually, they invited other women, until over the years the occasion grew to involve five or six, none of whose circumstances much resembled any of the others'. One woman's husband was murdered in the city late at night and was found in a parking lot. Another woman lost hers in a construction accident. One husband had a heart attack. Another stopped at a hotel to make a phone call and died from burns he received in a fire that started when a plane crashed into the hotel. One woman and her husband were

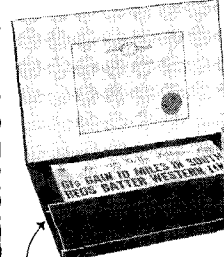
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driving back from leaving their daughter at college in the East when a tire fell off a truck and came through their windshield with such force that it broke her husband's neck. A man occasionally attends whose wife died of cancer two weeks after delivering their child. Nancy has been a widow longer than anyone else in the group. She mostly listens. She feels that people tell her things and that there must be some reason for it, so it must be important to listen.

The women exchange strategies for dealing with Social Security. They talk about how much time passed before it felt right to wear makeup again. Sometimes, they talk about dating. One woman's wedding was called off at the church because the groom didn't show. They talk about their children and their sense of loss and whether they should have their mothers live with them to help with the family while they work. They talk about their sons' having difficulty with other men coming into the house. They worry mainly about their children and how they will survive. Some women simply put on a smile and don't seem to be paying any attention at all to their feelings. One woman said, "I just want to stay in the darkness."

In the spring of 1991, the husband of a woman Nancy knows was shot and killed in Indianapolis. When Nicholas and Christopher heard the news, they began sleeping in the same room.

Nancy still occasionally wakes early on Monday mornings and looks at the clock and thinks, Was he dead yet? She feels that each day will bring her at least one reminder that her husband is dead. Every time one of the boys has a success in school or wins an award for sports, he says that he wishes his father were there to share it with him, or he asks Nancy if she thinks it is possible that his father can see him.

She lies awake sometimes at night and wonders if Mike Jackson would have killed anyone who came to his door that morning. She tries to imagine him during that last night. Did he sleep? Spend the whole night staring at the wall? Did he walk out into the darkness and gaze up at the sky? It strikes her as almost inexplicably strange

that before killing her husband he was engaged in something as ordinary as pounding out a dent in his truck. How did he move in his mind from carrying out a chore to performing an execution?

Until recently, a brother of Nancy's lived down the street and was around to start the lawn tractor when the spark wouldn't catch, or lift heavy things, or repair the gas grill when she couldn't get it to ignite. Then he and his wife bought a bigger house half an hour away, so she is forced now to do more on her own. She sometimes finds herself crying while she is trying to repair an electrical switch, or a toaster that won't do what it's supposed to, and thinking, I never wanted to know how to do this. We meant to raise our children together and give them a family.

She keeps the front door locked during the day. On the door itself is a small brass plaque inscribed "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Gahl."

When Christopher and Nicholas miss their father, she tries to think of funny things he did, to make them feel better. She reminds Nicholas that his father chased him upstairs at night when it was time for his bath, and tickled him if he caught him. For a while, Nicholas remembered the experience clearly. Now he says, "I think that's what he did."

The first thing that comes to Christopher's mind when he remembers doing things with his father is an image of playing baseball with him. The memories that Nicholas recalls have more to do with his father instructing him in the use of the tools in his shop in the garage. This bothers Christopher. He wonders whether it was wrong for him to have spent less time with his father as he got older. Nicholas sometimes resents Christopher's having had a longer life with their father. Christopher sometimes resents the time that his father and Nicholas spent together while Christopher was off on his bike. When Christopher leaves the house in the morning, in addition to telling Nancy that he loves her he obsessively says he is sorry for all the things he has done wrong. Tom once said to Nancy a year or so before he died, "If anything ever happens to me, will you be sure to tell the boys how much I love them?"

She is grateful she has that to pass along.

Nancy thinks that she might not renew her subscription to the magazine *Bereavement*. If that turns out to be her decision, it will be a step forward, she feels. She still frequently summons her husband to her mind, still opens the door of his closet and looks at his clothes in the middle of the day, still occasionally takes down from the attic the clothes he was wearing when he was shot. The clothes she wore that day she has never put on again; they hang in her closet. She remembers that Tom always used to say he loved her and the boys too much ever to be a hero. Each year, on the anniversary of the murder, she visits the house where Mike Jackson lived. On the fourth anniversary, she was unable to find it. Some months later, she went with a friend of the family who told her he knew where it was. It happened to be a night when the boys were at a baseball game. It turned out that her friend was mistaken in his directions, and they wandered for a while in the city, stopping at gas stations to ask where they were. Nancy grew concerned about getting home in time for the boys' return. She and the friend came around a corner, and the house appeared suddenly in front of them. Nancy sat in the car staring at the place where her husband had lain. Tears came to her eyes. She said, "Oh, damn." Then "Honey, why'd he have to hurt you so bad?"

About four years after the murder, Nancy gave some of Tom's clothes to an assistant pastor of her church, who was moving to Kansas. "Tom was about five-eleven, big in the shoulders and with big legs, and the assistant pastor was the same build, so he could wear them, and he was going far enough away so that we wouldn't be shocked by seeing them on someone else," she says. "I kept some suits and things that the boys might want someday, and I'm not ready to get rid of them yet anyway. Whenever I read about grieving, they say that you shouldn't do anything at least for a year—don't sell your house, don't give things away—because it takes that long to get back to the point where you can make decisions you can trust. I know that I am way past the point of a year, but I still don't feel ready. I read somewhere about one widow who gave away her husband's clothes and then



really wanted them. Luckily, she found a robe that he had worn and that she could put on and feel as if his arms were around her."

A friend found a videotape with Tom in it coaching a baseball game. You could hear his voice and see the way he carried himself when he ran, and after watching the video the boys asked to see the collection of news reports. Nancy has a videotape player in her car. When she and the boys take long trips, she brings along tapes to keep them occupied. Recently, she and Nicholas and Christopher were driving to St. Louis. Nicholas and Christopher watched the tape, saw again the picture of their father covered by a sheet, saw the bloodstain by his head, and heard people talking about him, and they cried, and Nancy cried watching them as she drove down the highway.

On the Father's Day five years after the murder, Nancy took the boys to visit her father and his wife. That night, in his grandfather's house, Christopher dreamed he got up in the morning and put his pajamas under his pillow, as he usually does, then turned and saw Jackson in the window. Christopher tried to run, but Jackson shot him from behind. Christopher told Nancy he knew in the dream that he was hit but was not dead. Sometime later, Nancy realized that what happened to Christopher with Jackson in the dream was exactly what had happened to her husband.

The boys sometimes find themselves on the lawn on a summer's night, staring up through the trees at the sky and stars above them. Their father's body has now lain in the cemetery for nearly six years. The sky is where they look for him. His death has left them alone in a way they never expected to be. Along with their mother, they wonder what more is to be asked of them. A step at a time, they have been climbing from the hole dug for them by somebody else. —ALEC WILKINSON

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

Bruce Catton was a headline writer and reporter in the 1920s, who would, after he left The Plain Dealer, go on to win the Pulitzer Prize for his 1954 Civil War novel, "A Still at Appomattox."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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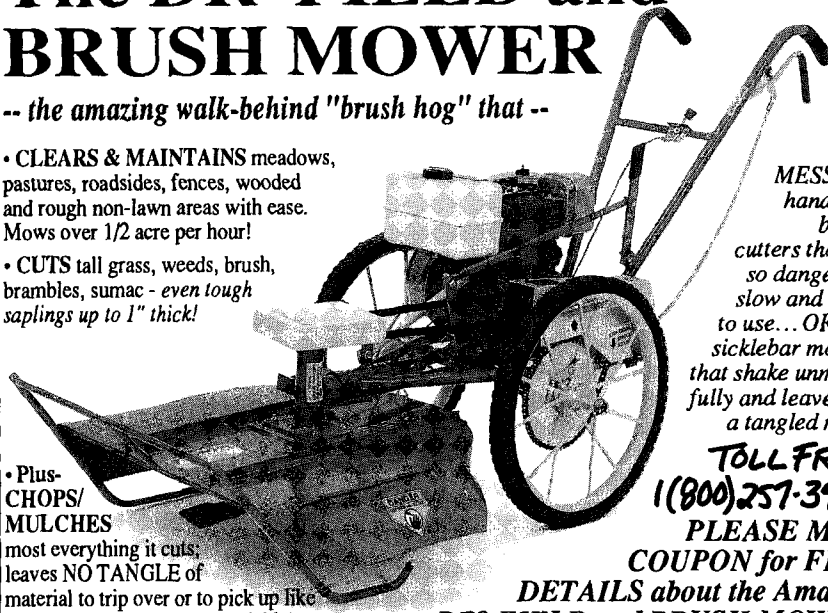
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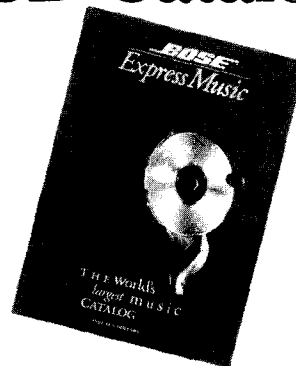
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Primary Elements

IN the sweepstakes of reputation, the architect Louis I. Kahn has outstripped all his contemporaries and is currently gaining what appears to be a secure place among the greatest American architects—Jefferson, Latrobe, Richardson, Sullivan, and Wright. A welcomingly abundant exhibition of his oeuvre, entitled “Louis I. Kahn: In the Realm of Architecture,” opened late last year at the Philadelphia Museum of Art and has since embarked on a journey remarkable as much for the distance it is expected to travel as for its duration. The exhibition travelled to the Centre Pompidou in Paris in March, and is about to open here, at the Museum of Modern Art. It will go to the Museum of Modern Art in Gunma, Japan, in September; the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles in late February of 1993;

the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, in July of that year; and the Wexner Center for the Arts, in Columbus, Ohio, in November, where the long journey will end, in February, 1994. In his late, frantically busy years, Kahn was obliged to spend much of his time in the air, rushing from job to job; he had, in fact, just completed exhausting flights from India to London and from London to New York when, on March 17, 1974, he dropped dead of a heart attack in the men’s room at Penn Station. Some of his admirers detect an ironic symmetry in the circumstance that the fame he achieved in part by being so frequently airborne has led to an exhibition that in bearing witness to his fame will be so frequently airborne itself.

The show, which I visited during its stay in Philadelphia, consists of

scores of drawings, models, photographs, and Kahnian memorabilia. It was organized by the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA, for short) and was designed by Arata Isozaki, who has contrived to make a highly portable show look, once it is installed, as firmly based and as nearly permanent as those ancient temples at Paestum which Kahn, four years out of architecture school, gazed upon in the late twenties, in the delirium of his first visit to Italy’s classical ruins. MOCA chose to open the exhibition in Philadelphia for several reasons, not the least of them being the obvious one that it was Kahn’s home town. Born in 1901, of Jewish parents, on an island off the Estonian coast, he was brought to Philadelphia at the age of five, was educated in its public schools, earned his bachelor’s degree in architecture at the University of Pennsylvania, and was a member of that university’s architecture faculty for many years. During the early stages of his career, he spent much time and effort

on proposing improvements to the archaic fabric of the city’s streets, squares, and alleys—improvements that were nearly always rejected by the city’s rulers. And, however far afield he was led by the commissions he began to win in his middle years, he continued to practice his profession there.

Another reason for opening the exhibition in Philadelphia is that a number of the scholars who helped bring it into existence are local residents. Its co-curators, David B. Brownlee and David G. De Long, are, respectively, professor of the History of Art and professor of Architecture at the University of Pennsylvania. Professors Brownlee and De Long are also the principal authors of the exhibition’s immense catalogue, handsomely designed by Massimo Vignelli and Abigail Sturges and published by Rizzoli. The catalogue contains an introductory salute by Vincent Scully, one of the first champions of Kahn’s greatness, and, among hundreds of other illustrations, a port-



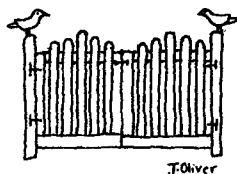
"I'm moving mattresses and box springs. I'd like to borrow your man."

folio of color photographs by Grant Mudford of Kahn's major American works, such as the Salk Institute, in La Jolla, California; the Phillips Exeter Academy library, in Exeter, New Hampshire; the Erdman dormitory at Bryn Mawr College; and the Yale Center for British Art (one charcoal sketch of which Kahn slyly labelled, in honor of Paul Mellon, the donor of the center, "Palazzo Mellon").

Kahn once said, "I consider myself a rather interesting kind of a scholar, because I don't read and I don't write." It appears that he rarely did more with a book than pick it up, but writing was a different matter: not only did he write but, like so many architects (one thinks especially of Sullivan and Wright), he developed a style that, in its ambition to be lyrical, eluded conventional analysis. Professors Brownlee and De Long have taken amused advantage of Kahn's extravagant tropes by employing them as chapter headings in the catalogue. The first chapter is called "Adventures of Unexplored Places," and carries Kahn's life up to about his fiftieth year. Succeeding chapters are called "The Mind Opens to Realizations," "Assembly . . . a Place of Transcendence," "The Houses of the Inspirations," "The Forum of the Availabilities," and "Light, the Giver of All Presences." The adventures recounted in Chapter 1 are less vivid and less revelatory than we might perhaps wish them to be, in view of the greatness that Kahn was to achieve, but then we have to remind ourselves that he had the misfortune of beginning his career just as the country was sinking into a prolonged depression, and adventures, especially of an intellectually rewarding nature, were not readily to be had.

Under the aegis of Roosevelt's New Deal, the government became a major source of architectural employment. Among other things, it gave many distinguished out-of-work architects the opportunity to earn a pittance by making measured drawings of landmark buildings—one of the inspired feats of the New Deal that were mocked as boondoggles by Roosevelt's political enemies and have since proved to be of the highest value. Except for a short spell of work on a government building in Washington, though, Kahn spent most of the early thirties, when

the Depression was at its worst, in a condition of lively, talkative unemployment, supported by his wife and her family. He became the center of a group of Young Turks who, abandoning the rigorous Beaux-Arts principles in which they had been trained at Penn, embraced the no less rigorous principles of the International Style. Within the white-walled, undecorated imaginary pavilion of the International Style were gathered the works—far less alike than they were then commonly assumed to be—of Gropius, Breuer, Le Corbusier, and Mies van der Rohe. Strong hints of the influence of all these masters are to be found in Kahn's work in the late nineteen-thirties, when he was employed by the United



States Housing Authority and the Philadelphia Housing Authority. The struggle to produce first-class "modern" architecture within the red-taped boundaries of bureaucracies federal, state, and local turned Kahn into a political activist, but one whose ardor was diminished from year to year by a lack of personal accomplishment. During the war, he began to develop (as frustrated idealists often do) what many of his colleagues must have regarded as delusions of grandeur. In 1944, he published a paper entitled "Monumentality," in which he argued that "monumentality in architecture may be defined as a quality, a spiritual quality inherent in a structure which conveys the feeling of its eternity, that it cannot be added to or changed." This was highfalutin talk coming from a scrappy little forty-three-year-old subaltern of small reputation, especially at a time when words like "spiritual" and "eternity" were anathema to the leading theorists in the profession. To make matters worse, Kahn praised Gothic and Roman construction as an influence that had "etched itself in deep furrows across the pages of architectural history."

In 1947, Kahn began to teach part time in the Department of Architecture at Yale, and just over three years later he received a commission to design an addition to the Yale Art Gallery. When the news of this plum reached him, he was spending a few months at the American Academy in Rome, slaking his thirst for monuments in those formidable souvenirs of the past—the Pantheon, the Colosseum, the Baths of

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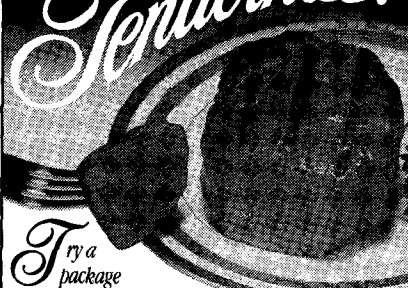
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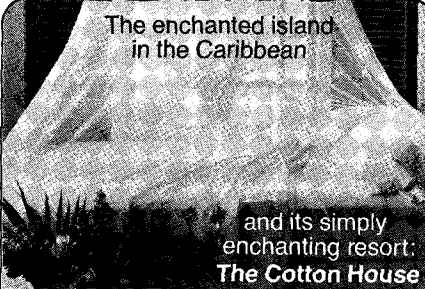
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Caracalla—which defined for him in three-dimensional material terms what he meant by such slippery abstractions as “spiritual” and “eternity.” The Beaux-Arts and the International Style were in his bones, but his mind became charged with the heroic nature of ruins. It was the massive inner construction of ancient Roman buildings, with their brick relieving arches embedded in the thickness of the walls, that inspired Kahn and later emerged as the naked primary element of his monumentalities. (We are entitled to recall, not without amusement, that no well-brought-up Roman of the classical period would have liked to see this construction. The Romans liked their buildings to be clad in marble, the richer and more colorful the better.) At the tardy age of fifty, Kahn had completed a profound transformation. He returned to Philadelphia and began what amounted to a new career.

By the standard of boldness that he was soon to attain—in the Richards Medical Research Building at Penn and in the Salk Institute, say—Kahn’s Yale Art Gallery is comparatively tame, even to the point of pretending to make use of a far more adventurous “brutalist” system of steel-and-concrete framing than it actually does. In defense of its tameness, one should note that the building was an addition to an existing flamboyantly self-important French Romanesque structure; to accommodate it, Kahn muted his trumpets as, almost twenty years later, he consented to do again (perhaps with even greater reluctance) in his design of the Yale Center for British Art—his last work, which, by coincidence, is situated directly across the street from the gallery. In the exhibition we see a drawing of the center (the one labelled “Palazzo Melloni”) as Kahn had wished it to appear, with enormous segmental arches marching up the façade. Reduced in bravado as well as in scale, the center stands as a four-square, no-nonsense presence in four-square, no-nonsense New Haven, with cladding of matte-finished stainless steel—a sombre surface that Kahn (often a match for Wright and Philip Johnson in the art of the seductive sales pitch) rhapsodized about to Jules Prown, the director of the center: “On a gray day it will look like a moth; on a sunny day like a butterfly.”

In the nineteen-sixties, Kahn received commissions for two projects on the subcontinent—one in Ahmadabad, India, and the other in Dacca, Bangladesh—and it is in these ancient-seeming brick-and-concrete buildings that Kahn put on greatness: put on, it is not too much to say, immortality. They are buildings that few Americans are likely to see, but the unease that we are right to feel in passing judgment on buildings we experience only in the inescapable treachery of



two-dimensional photographs is swept away in this instance by the obvious mastery of the concepts and the overwhelming impact of their execution. In these buildings we confront the paradox of physical monumentality becoming an expression of spirit, of geometry as a portent of eternity, of something beyond time and space, though time and space remain indispensable to it.

The same paradox confronts us in two Kahn buildings that most Americans can hope to see: the Kimbell Art Museum and the Phillips Exeter library. The library evokes the North: a brick cube in a land of maples and hemlocks, of frost early and snow until April. The light-colored Kimbell conveys an air of pagan Mediterranean serenity, all the more desirable because Fort Worth through the long summer months shares with Rome a burning sun and a parched earth; at the Kimbell one gratefully finds that the site and the structure by an uncanny appearance of coolness succeed in outwitting the harsh realities of the climate. It was Kahn’s wish that we should come to the museum on foot, passing, like pagans, through clustered groves of trees, and crossing a long reflecting pool of sibilant running water, and arriving, at last, at a classical shaded entrance arcade. (The curators of the exhibition point out in the catalogue that Kahn, who never learned to drive, made no allowance for the fact that Texans were bound to arrive by car and therefore to enter the museum by a back door that gives on to the parking lot.) The interior of the Kimbell is a mingling of pale travertine, wood, and silvery ceiling vaults; we stroll from room to room feeling alert and yet tranquil, and we observe the treasures that, seemingly of their own accord, have come to rest within them. The Exeter library and the Kimbell are, in Kahn’s

words, places of transcendence, in which the mind opens to realizations.

Though at present there are no buildings from Kahn's hand in New York City, one project he was working on at the time of his death remains "open to realization." This is a memorial to Franklin Delano Roosevelt that Kahn was commissioned to design for the southern tip of Roosevelt Island, in the East River abreast of Beekman Place. The catalogue mentions that Kahn was an ardent admirer of Roosevelt and the New Deal, and quotes him as saying, "I had this thought that a memorial should be a room and a garden. . . . Why did I want a room and a garden? I just chose it to be the point of departure. The garden is somehow . . . a personal kind of control of nature, a gathering of nature. And the room was the beginning of architecture." Kahn described the memorial more elaborately as "a pre-Grecian temple space," which was to be set at the apex of a long triangular lawn, bordered by closely planted trees. High stone walls would shut out the incoherent tumult of the adjacent city and provide a view downriver past the United Nations and toward the three bridges that hang there above the water. Overhead, nothing but sky. The memorial would be beautiful, yes, but its beauty would be a consequence, not an intention.

A wiry little man, white-haired, his face cruelly blistered by fire in a childhood accident, a Priapus adored all his life by women, Kahn held strong opinions on the subject of beauty. "To make a thing deliberately beautiful is a dastardly act," he said once. "It's an act of mesmerism which beclouds the entire issue. . . . Paestum is beautiful to me because it is less beautiful than the Parthenon. It is because from it the Parthenon came. Paestum is dumpy, it has unsure, scared proportions. But it . . . represents the beginning of architecture. It is a time when the walls passed and the columns became and when music entered architecture. It was a beautiful time and we are still living on it." By an oddity of English usage, "on it" here means the same thing as "off it"; to wit, that we are borrowing from a source that, luckily for us, is inexhaustible. This borrowing of ours, this plundering and reshaping of the past, is what Kahn wished his handiwork to embody.

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To the Rescue

PHILLIP NOYCE's "Patriot Games," adapted from one of Tom Clancy's jillion-selling suspense novels, is a much more effective thriller than it has any right to be. As entertainment machines, Clancy's books aren't models of efficiency. They're built for comfort, not for speed; they're big old American gas-guzzlers, stately and solid. Clancy tries to induce in his readers the feeling that they're ensconced in something heavy and powerful and impregnable; he speaks in the firm, clear tones of an unregenerate Cold Warrior, and the books are essentially laborious demonstrations of the free world's ability to defend itself against all comers. The winning formula is a combination of size, power, and individual will—the massed forces of the American military and intelligence establishments, plus a rugged Western-movie-style hero. For the reluctant-sheriff role Clancy has invented an Annapolis history professor and sometime C.I.A. analyst named Jack Ryan; in each of his six novels ("Patriot Games," published in 1987, was the third) he places this paragon at the center of a "High Noon" confrontation between the United States and some wily and unscrupulous international enemy. The problem with Clancy's books as suspense novels is that he's always reminding us of the awesome strength and resilience of the institutional resources at Ryan's disposal: the expensive hardware, the sophisticated software, the disciplined and dedicated personnel. The hero may be a man of unimpeachable integrity, but he isn't exactly a lonely defender of the good. In Clancy's world, Gary Cooper steps out into the midday sun with plenty of backup.

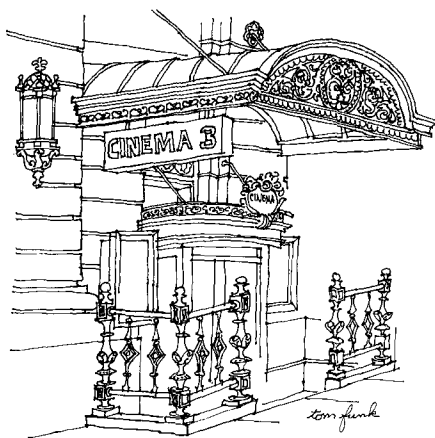
If you don't share Clancy's reverence for the spectacle of a gigantic national-security apparatus mobilizing to repel foreign evildoers, his stories are just a bore—you settle back in the bulletproof limo, close your eyes, and try to shut out the driver's jabbering. Clancy's discourse has a gaseous, overinsistent tone that's both monotonous and a little scary: reading his

books is like getting cornered in a barroom by a guy who wants you to punch him so he can prove how hard his gut is.

What's surprising about the movie of "Patriot Games" is that Noyce and the screenwriters (W. Peter Iliff and Donald Stewart) have eliminated much of the novel's hot air without entirely knocking the wind out of the material. Toning down Clancy's ideology is a risky maneuver, because his right-wing obsessiveness provides what little momentum the novel has. The filmmakers ruthlessly jettison quite a bit of the book's political baggage, along with most of its leaden dialogue and its swollen descriptions of technological wonders, and give the story some straightforward action-movie narrative drive. The picture opens with a thriller set piece that, in the best tradition of the genre, uses crisp, speedy editing to disguise its essential preposterousness. Ryan (Harrison Ford), on a visit to London with his family, happens on an act of terrorism in progress. Skimasked commandos with guns and explosives are ambushing a government car on a crowded street. Impetuously, Ryan (an ex-marine) intervenes. When the smoke clears, one terrorist is dead and another is in police custody, and Ryan, shot in the shoulder, is on his way to the hospital. The targets of the attack—the minister for Northern Ireland and his family—are unhurt. The terrorists are Irish revolutionaries, members of a small, shadowy faction that is even more radical and daring than the

Provisional I.R.A.: they seem to hate the Provos as much as they hate the English. The terrorist Ryan killed was the younger brother of the captured terrorist, Sean Miller (Sean Bean). Miller, a dangerous man under any circumstances, wants revenge, and when his fellow-terrorists liberate him (bloodily) from the clutches of the Brits he makes a beeline for Annapolis. With a little help from his comrades, he nearly kills Ryan's wife, Cathy (Anne Archer), and daughter, Sally (Thora Birch), and thereby gets the hero fighting mad. Ryan hightails it to Langley, where he used to work, and avails himself of the Agency's big-deal intelligence technology: he has to track down and wipe out the Irish zealots before they can come after his family again. The whole shooting (and satellite-scanning) match reaches its climax during a visit to Ryan's home by Lord Holmes (James Fox), the minister whose life he saved in the opening scene.

This is ridiculous, boys'-adventure stuff, but the filmmakers almost put it across. Noyce handles the action sequences beautifully: they're lucid and exciting, and their construction has a kind of formal elegance that is oddly satisfying. Ford, whose Jack Ryan is older and more subdued than the glib whiz kid of the novel, brings a lot to the party. He gives a trace of ambivalence to the character's heroics—a sense that Ryan isn't altogether proud of the lethal efficiency he displays when he's drawn into combat. Halfway through the picture, someone asks him why he rushed, unarmed, into the middle of the terrorist attack in London, and he replies in a quiet and almost apologetic tone, "It just pissed me off. . . . It was rage. Pure rage." The way Ford plays the scene, Ryan looks as if he wanted to hurry past this admission as quickly as possible, and not examine it too closely. Ryan's mysterious reserve of anger lends extra tension to his personal conflict with the furious assassin Sean Miller: the movie suggests that there's something nasty and volatile inside the hero, too. It's only the lightest of suggestions—a matter of a handful of ambiguous readings and mildly unsettling reaction shots—but it's more than the novel provides in the way of emotional complexity, and it helps keep us interested during the lulls between



bursts of action. (The scenes of the Ryan family's domestic bliss, which are meant to establish Jack's credentials as a champion of traditional values, certainly don't do the trick.) The movie also gives Miller a bloody family history that partially explains his murderous nature; he isn't presented, as he is in the book, as an embodiment of abstract, sourceless evil. And Bean's magnetic performance supplies Miller with recognizable—if not attractive—human qualities.

By narrowing, ever so slightly, the moral gulf between Ryan and Miller, the screenwriters have improved the story: they've made it marginally more believable and enormously more dramatic. Clancy apparently doesn't appreciate their efforts. For months, he has been telling the press that the movie is a travesty of his work, and threatening to withhold the rights to his future books from the studio that made "Patriot Games." (Recently he has pulled back from his harshest criticisms; he's now issuing grudging, politic statements to the effect that "there is much to be proud of" in the picture.) This touchiness does not become him. His crude material has been served well—too well, probably—by the director and the writers and, most of all, the actors. (A list of the movie's incidental pleasures would also include Richard Harris's deft, sly performance as a crafty I.R.A. fundraiser, and Fox's hilarious turn as Lord Holmes, whose accent is pretty much the Platonic ideal of mumbling upper-class assurance.) This expert, entertaining genre picture cools off Clancy's fevered world view to the point where it looks almost reasonable. He should be *grateful*.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

Rehab

"THE WATERDANCE," a semi-autobiographical movie about paraplegics, carries its weight of authority lightly. The writer and co-director, Neal Jimenez, whose credits include the screenplay for "River's Edge," became wheelchair-bound after a hiking



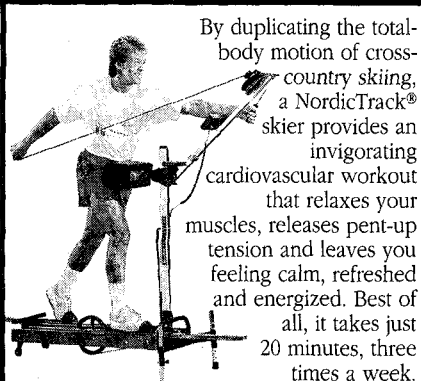
"I always wanted to be loved and respected—but hated and feared was as near as I ever got."

accident, like his central figure here, a novelist named Joel Garcia (Eric Stoltz). Jimenez and his directing partner, Michael Steinberg, have striven to be authentic and matter-of-fact in their depiction of rehabilitation. They approach each problem head-on, from racial tension in the hospital ward to Joel's sexual anguish, while trying to leave the incidents lifelike and ambiguous. There are no inspirational speeches, and every climax turns out to be anti-. But at best "The Waterdance" is a compendium of negative virtues. The men progress predictably toward railing at the universe. The movie's most original stroke is to center the action on a hyperconscious lead character. Unfortunately, Joel is fuzzy and pallid compared with his compadres. He's the autobiographical hero as abashed apologist, laying out and criticizing his experiences without exposing his core.

You may find yourself responding more to the conventional aspects of the story, such as the bonding between two of Joel's fellow-patients, the white racist

biker Bloss (William Forsythe) and the black former ladies' man Ray Hill (Wesley Snipes). At least you can see what draws Bloss and Ray together. They both talk big—Bloss about the cash he expects to win from the driver who collided with him, Ray about his stud days. Unlike them, Joel is too self-aware for his own good. And he's even aware of *that*. At the start of his rehab, he quips to an off-camera shrink that he's due for a psychological crash. His easy manner helps cleanse the film of sentimentality; so does his knowing humor. (He wonders whether all shrinks wear sweaters, the way Judd Hirsch did in "Ordinary People.") But sometimes he reaches conclusions that have nothing to do with what's onscreen—especially when he speaks to his married lover, Anna (Helen Hunt). Joel pushes Anna into revealing their affair to her husband. When she finally declares that she's ready to move in with Joel (she's found a wheelchair-accessible apartment), he just about commands her to stay with her spouse. It's impossible to tell whether

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Joel fears commitment or boasts perfect foresight.

The script is weakest at male-female confrontations, and Ray gets the worst of them. Chastened by his injury, he hopes to reform as a husband and a father. His wife shuts down that option in their only scene, presenting him with divorce papers and preventing their daughter from kissing him. Luckily, Snipes is a stylish heart-breaker. Simply by the erect, alert way he holds himself in his wheelchair and sports a porkpie hat, he conveys both Ray's dapper self-image and his urgent need to preserve it. Forsythe, another extraordinary actor, fully complements Snipes. This thickset performer has an uncanny knack for mixing coarse and fine emotions; he plants a long fuse of self-doubt beneath Bloss's bluster. His gnarled yet tender presence and Snipes's electric lyricism redeem Ray's explanation of the fancy title metaphor. But the literary conception behind Joel hems Stoltz in. Going to a strip joint with Bloss and another patient, Joel muses that in a Zola novel they'd be symbols of social decay and in a Flannery O'Connor story they'd be candidates for redemption. Watching "The Waterdance," you aren't sure exactly what the characters signify in a Joel Garcia novel, or a Neal Jimenez movie.

IN reviewing 1945's smash priests-and-nuns dramedy, "The Bells of St. Mary's," James Agee suggested that Bing Crosby's crooning padre should become "a fixer, next time, for the Little Brothers of St. Dismas—if only in order that he may sing the theme song (which I will gladly furnish on request) 'Take It on the Lam of God.'" That could be the theme song for the current piece of pop Catholicism, "Sister Act," which stars Whoopi Goldberg as Deloris Van Cartier, the lead singer for a Reno girl group. On the lam from her murderous mobster ex-lover (Harvey Keitel), she hides out in a San Francisco convent. Disguised as Sister Mary Clarence, she manages to bring new music into the choir, fresh street faces into the pews, and a social-activist spirit into the revitalized congregation. The plot and the characters are almost insultingly perfunctory (the pseudonymous Joseph Howard is credited with the script), and when there isn't any rock on the soundtrack the moviemaking is listless. Still, the director, Emile

Ardolino, who made "Dirty Dancing," knows how to use sixties hits for an over-all bounce that jumps an audience past dead patches. And the comic casting, even in tiny parts, is right on. (The rarely seen Toni Kalem, as Keitel's wife, adds ginger to her two lines.) Goldberg's performance peaks during the opening credits, when the Ronelles belt out a medley to a smattering of inert bar guys. She's hilarious when she expresses get-me-out-of-here impatience and disgust by upping the tempo on "I Will Follow Him." From this beginning, you expect a sassy revision of "Dreamgirls"; what you get is more like "The Singing Nun Goes Motown." Goldberg maintains her gruff tone, which helps keep the film from stagnating with sappiness. If Maggie Smith glowers ineffectually as the Mother Superior, a couple of actresses imbue their nun roles with the euphoria of inspired farceurs. Kathy Najimy, as the roly-poly, incomparably cheery Sister Mary Patrick, defines "overjoyed." The stage and screen stalwart Mary Wickes displays marvellous deadpan sovereignty as a proud battle-axe called Sister Mary Lazarus. Delivering a nostalgic reverie about her wretched former convent, in Vancouver, Wickes outdoes all the comedians who parody codgers reminiscing about the good old bad old days—she never breaks character and winks at the audience. This film isn't a divine comedy, and it's not satisfyingly profane, either. But "Sister Act" generates a few laughs. It's got a good beat, and you can dance to it.

—MICHAEL SRAGOW

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

[From an enclosure accompanying an invitation to a wedding in Berkeley]

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 5

THE fact that we now have—and may have until, or even after, the election—a three-way race for the Presidency has upended the assumptions, plans, and calculations of everyone involved. In fact, this week's contests, marking the end of a primary season that a high proportion of the voters found unsatisfactory, were of secondary interest here. Though Bill Clinton won enough delegates from his victories in California, Ohio, and New Jersey, as well as some smaller states, to give him the Democratic nomination, and George Bush easily dispatched Patrick Buchanan, who withdrew from the race on Tuesday, the attention was, predictably, on the high percentages of people who voted for Clinton and Bush but said that they would have voted for Perot if he had been on the ballot. (In California, even among the party loyalists who voted he would have defeated Bush among Republicans and Clinton among Democrats.)

Candidates, campaign staffs, journalists, and outriders—consultants, lobbyists, and other quadrennial hangers-on—are all groping their way along. This country hasn't had a real three-way race since 1912, a completely different era in Presidential politics. A major pastime here is tracing the possibilities if the election goes to the House of

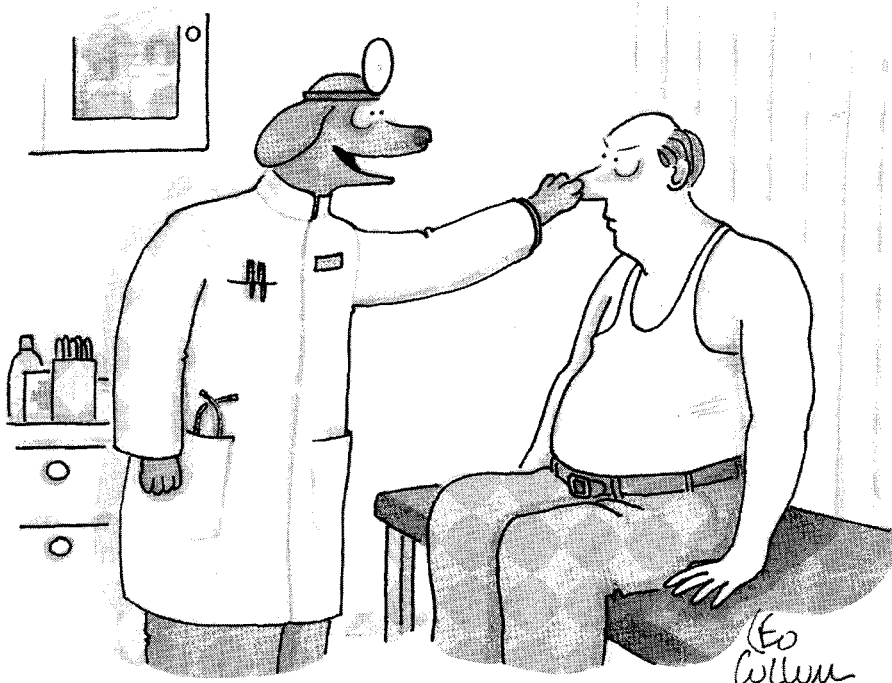
Representatives. Not only has Perot been leading Bush and Clinton in some national polls and in measurements in several states (including Texas, California, New Jersey, New Mexico, Colorado, Oregon, and Washington) but he has been gearing up for a serious campaign, to be backed by serious money and managed by serious political talent—Hamilton Jordan, the architect of Jimmy Carter's 1976 victory, and Ed Rollins, who managed Ronald Reagan's 1984 reelection campaign. He has been coming under increased press scrutiny, which has raised questions about his past, and about his stories about his past, and he has made some statements that would cause an ordinary politician real trouble. But Perot is no ordinary politician—that's what his following likes about him—and there is a big question whether he will be held to ordinary political standards. And even if Perot "fades," as some people expect—or profess to expect, in order to cut him down to size—unless he disappears he can have a decisive impact on the election. Perot could implode, of course, but very few people expect him to disappear.

Until now, everyone could proceed on certain assumptions: that certain states would fall in the Democratic column and others in the Republican column, leaving certain big ones—that

is, ones with a big number of electoral-college votes—as the "battleground" states. The battleground states are almost always the same; among them are California, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Even if an election turns out to be a landslide, the major part of each side's effort—in terms of the candidate's time, money spent, organizing—will have gone into the battleground states. A three-way race throws all assumptions out the window, and puts virtually all fifty states into play. A state that has, say, traditionally gone Republican—such as Texas or Florida—would be up for grabs if Perot got a substantial vote there. The same thing holds true for states that have traditionally gone Democratic.

As a result, Perot's strong presence in the race is driving the managers of the traditional parties' campaigns, and their candidates, up the wall. It's not just that they have to plan for both a two-way race and a three-way race but that they can't have a clue for some time as to what to plan for, because they can't gauge Perot's strength in the fall. For all the polling that is going on now, political pros know that usually the people don't really make up their minds until, at the earliest, mid-October, and that many elections (even ones that turn out lopsided) are decided over the last weekend. (This was true of the 1980 Reagan-Carter race.)

Both the Bush and Clinton campaigns have a dilemma. The Bush people believe, as the Clinton people do, that the first votes Perot gets would be taken from Bush: Republicans and independents who have turned against Bush yet don't want to vote for a Democrat, or for Clinton in particular. So the Bush people want Perot to be a minor factor by the time of the election, but at the moment few actually expect him to be. (One key official does think Perot will collapse.) Right now, Bush's political advisers see advantage in the fact that Perot has been burying Clinton in the news, at a crucial time for Clinton. When the Bush people say out loud, as some have been doing lately, that they expect the fall contest to come down to one between Bush and Perot, they are deliberately trying to bury Clinton now. The theory, says one Bush-Quayle aide, is "that it's worth trying to see if you can marginalize Clinton so much



"Well, your nose feels cold."

that he can't be a credible candidate, that at the end of the day Perot won't make it and delaying Clinton's comeback as long as possible is worthwhile."

The Clinton people, as it happens, also want Perot to fade—but not too much. In fact, the little secret within the Clinton world is that many of his people believe that Perot provides Clinton with his best, perhaps only, chance of winning the Presidency. By siphoning votes from Bush, Perot could make otherwise unattainable states possible ones for Clinton; also, Perot could make the difference for Clinton in states closely fought between Clinton and Bush. The Clinton people want voters who are dubious about Bush but could never vote for Clinton to have somewhere to go other than back to Bush. (All this assumes, of course, that Perot doesn't win the election.) The fact that some polls have indicated a virtual one-third, one-third, one-third split among Bush, Clinton, and Perot gave rise to some speculation here that the Bush and Clinton camps had settled on a "thirty-four per cent" solution, figuring that was all that would be needed to win in November, and thus concentrating very hard on firming up their bases. But that isn't the case; it wouldn't be wise to assume that Perot will stay at that level, and too much attention to "the base"—for Republicans, conservatives; for Democrats, liberals and blacks—could make it more difficult to win crucial independent votes. Besides, as one Bush campaign official pointed out, "Bush has never been able to count on the support of the hard-core right." Yet both Bush and Clinton need the support of their bases, and don't have it yet in sufficient strength. It's late in the game for that.

Both camps have been hesitant to attack Perot openly, because they want their candidate to be Perot's followers' second choice. They used to say that they didn't want to build Perot up, but he has done nicely without them. Still, neither camp is reluctant to bad-mouth Perot to reporters—though not for attribution—or suggest lines of inquiry. A Bush-Quayle reelection-campaign official said to me recently, of Perot, "He's weird, and the American people don't like weird." The Bush-Quayle campaign policy of not taking Perot on publicly has disintegrated—perhaps out of impatience. White House

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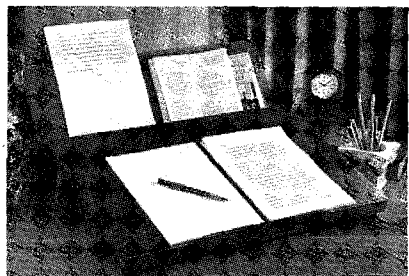
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spokesman Marlin Fitzwater and Vice-President Dan Quayle took him on yesterday, and at last night's press conference Bush said he was "glad" they did, but that he wouldn't do so himself until after the Republican Convention—that he has too many important things to do as President now. But Bush did suggest questions reporters might ask Perot. There has been a split within the Bush camp over whether to attack Perot: one political aide says, "We're in a little bit of danger of making the Dukakis mistake"—that is, of not replying to charges for too long. Perot is, after all, being fairly rough on Bush—accusing him of, among other things, having gone to war in Panama and Iraq "to prove his manhood." Both Bush and Clinton have openly expressed exasperation about Perot—both resent the fact that this interloper hasn't faced the tests that they have, and hasn't been subject to as much scrutiny in the press. (That's changing.) Clinton has complained publicly that Perot is taking the "change" vote, which Clinton had hoped would be his. Though annoyed that the press keeps asking him about Perot, Clinton all too often answers the questions and thus both steps on his own political event and becomes a commentator on the Perot phenomenon. One of Clinton's biggest problems now is that at the time when he very badly needs to win over even enough Democrats to provide him with a substantial cushion with which to get through the election, when he needs to sell himself to a lot of people (and raise money), the press attention is on Perot.

Bush, according to his aides, has a visceral dislike of Perot, and is appalled that he has become a serious contender. (Perot, for his part, distinctly dislikes Bush.) Bush's dislike seems to stem from the cultural difference between him and Perot—Bush the aristocrat and Perot the upstart, who, though fabulously wealthy, plays the simple country boy—and also from fallouts they have had over such issues as M.I.A.s and the Iran-Contra affair. (Perot, who provided Oliver North with some financing, asserts flatly that Bush knew all about the Iran-Contra business.) Bush is the Connecticut Yankee gone Texan; Perot is the real thing. The idea that Perot might carry Texas is horrifying to Bush. A Presidential aide says, "You can just sense the President's dislike of

him every time his name comes up in a meeting."

IN recent weeks, some key people in the Bush-Quayle campaign have come face to face with the thought that Bush might lose the election. Even Dan Quayle, who has good political instincts, is reliably said to think that Bush might lose. Bush's approval rating, between thirty-five and forty per cent (depending on the poll), is very low for an incumbent President—an incumbent anything—and numerous national and statewide polls show that two-thirds of the electorate rejects him. Republicans contemplating Bush's political demise see a campaign that is stuck, with Bush failing to offer the public a reason to reelect him, and doing events that provide no political yield. He doesn't seem to know what to say, and his extensive infrastructure—his White House staff and his reelection organization—seems unable to provide him with anything to say, or anything interesting to do.

Bush himself is said to have become concerned about his reelection prospects as a result of phone calls he made to friends from Kennebunkport over the Memorial Day weekend. He was told by a number of his friends that he might lose, and he was told the names of businessmen in Houston (Bush's ostensible home town) who are helping Perot. A week ago Tuesday, Bush and Robert Mosbacher, the reelection-campaign general chairman, met—Mosbacher also gave Bush the names of Texas businessmen helping Perot—and after that meeting Bush told a meeting of campaign aides that his message wasn't getting through and a lot of people were helping Perot.

The bad shape the Bush reelection effort has been in inevitably led to the recent rumors that Secretary of State James Baker, or one of Baker's most trusted associates, would come to the rescue. (Another rumor has Defense Secretary Dick Cheney going to the White House to take charge.) The relationship between Bush and Baker is complicated: they are close friends but also rivals, and Bush doesn't particularly like to advertise his need for Baker. But Bush has been such a poor candidate, and his campaign has been so unfocused, that it began to be assumed that only Baker could talk to Bush like a peer and straighten the

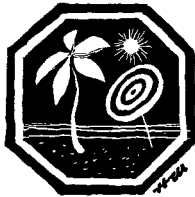
thing out. Bush had little to say in 1988, too, but Baker and the late Lee Atwater whipped up an aggressive, if cynical, campaign. Baker is understood to be very disturbed by the shape of Bush's reelection effort. But Baker, who talks to Bush by phone several times a day, is known to be reluctant to give up his exalted job to once again manage a Bush campaign. Some people here think that if the situation becomes bad enough—and it's just about there—

Baker will have no choice but to rescue his friend (and, indirectly, himself). The idea of installing a trusted Baker aide in the White House, under Chief of Staff Sam Skinner, has been considered in recent days, but on second thought it was seen as unwieldy, since Skinner would still hold the top job and it would be awkward for him to have to defer to Baker's plant.

Skinner hasn't had a good run since he replaced John Sununu last December. There are indeed signs that Skinner, who lobbied hard for the job, is in over his head. He is said by friends to be unhappy. Skinner has set up a cumbersome White House operation, which doesn't appear to serve the President well. (A number of White House aides are demoralized.) The problem, according to some Administration officials, is that Skinner and others he brought in don't understand the difference between holding a high Cabinet job (Skinner had been Secretary of Transportation), which means presiding as a C.E.O., with underlings initiating policies, and being an aide to the President, which means having to initiate policy. Skinner is also said to have little feel for politics: he was disappointed that the President didn't get more credit for the actions he took to deal with the Los Angeles riots—calling in the National Guard, rushing in disaster relief, giving a speech. It was explained to him by other advisers that since any President would have done the same things, none of Bush's actions seemed remarkable to the public.

It is sometimes said that there are deep splits between the White House staff and the reelection campaign, but it's more accurate to say that there are divisions within both groups over how the campaign is to be conducted, with some aides in both groups feeling that the people at the top lack imagination

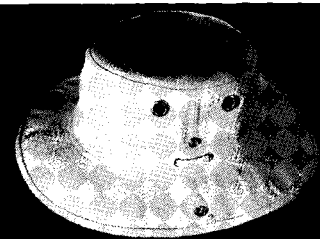
and aggressiveness. State Party chairmen are complaining bitterly that Bush has no real campaign, that the reelection effort has no message, no edge. A White House political adviser says, "It's terrible out there." One state chairman told a Presidential adviser, in effect, "We don't care what the message is—growth, urban problems, law and order, environment. Just have a message." The political adviser to the White House says, "The problem is we have people, in the campaign and at the White House, who have finally



made it to the top and don't want to make a mistake. The arguments against doing something are almost always stronger than the arguments for doing something—and if you don't have strong convictions or the temperament to roll the dice, or the panic produced by the belief that Bush is going to lose, the result is to second-guess everything and not do anything." (Some key Republicans, reportedly including Baker, were appalled when the White House—in consultation with the campaign organization—couldn't come up with a coherent response, or even a witty line, for the President after Quayle set off the "Murphy Brown" furor.)

But the main problem lies with neither the campaign organization nor the White House staff; it lies with Bush. His reelection campaign lacks direction because he does: he seems to have no clear idea why he should be reelected except that he wants to be. That Bush has thin leadership qualities, that he stands for very little, and that he has been uninterested in domestic affairs are all catching up with him. Even the recent signs of economic recovery haven't helped his poll ratings. The measurement of how many people think the country is on the right track or the wrong track—which a number of political practitioners pay more attention to than to popularity ratings—now indicates that a whopping eighty-three per cent of the people think the country is on the wrong track. When I asked a senior campaign official recently what, exactly, Bush's problem was, he answered, with exasperation, "The main problem is that the President's leadership isn't coming through the way it should be to the American people."

Bush's reelection campaign has no theme. Neither Bush nor his campaign



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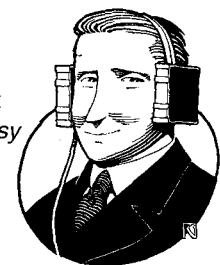
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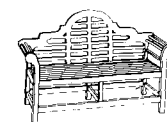
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seems to be able to stick with anything. The great confrontation with Congress that was to come on March 20th if it hadn't passed certain measures proposed by the President to boost the economy (including a capital gains tax cut)—billed in advance as a defining moment in the Bush Presidency—fizzled out. Then Bush was to campaign on his "five pillars of reform," a subject a week, and that, too, went nowhere. Skinner is said not to understand that mere repetition of a theme, without new actions or interesting ways of stating it, doesn't get the President news coverage or elicit any excitement. Bush has paid only fitful attention to urban issues since the riots.

Bush has begun to veer back to foreign policy as a campaign theme, in the belief that this is an area where he has a definite advantage over his opponents. (His triumph in Iraq is going sour, what with all the questions about his dealings with Saddam Hussein beforehand.) The latest idea for boosting the President's ratings is to show him being President: holding a meeting with congressional leaders about his urban agenda, attending the environmental conference in Rio de Janeiro, meeting with Boris Yeltsin, pushing a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget, and holding a prime-time press conference in the East Room, as he did last night. His advisers think he excels in that format, but some thought he shouldn't have held a press conference if he had no news (and he didn't), and the networks didn't broadcast it, on the ground that it was a political event. (Most of the questions were about Perot.) Some Bush campaign officials posit that when the electorate gets serious about voting, many who supported Bush in the past but are disaffected now will come back to him—but that may underestimate the seriousness of their disaffection. They haven't broken with him over a particular issue but have left him because they think he's an ineffectual President. A lot of them may be irretrievable.

BILL CLINTON's campaign isn't in splendid shape, either. It seems to be having difficulty making the transition from the effort to win the nomination to a general-election effort. (It is behind where Michael Dukakis's was at this point four years ago.) There are some technical problems with the Clinton campaign: it still

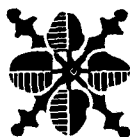
seems headless—or, perhaps more accurately, hydra-headed. (This problem mirrors Bush's.) Rumors of power struggles are beginning to travel the political circuit. At the same time, Bill and Hillary Clinton appear to be continuing to insist on running the campaign themselves—a disastrous arrangement for any Presidential candidate. Clinton is low on money for completing the effort up until the Democratic Convention, in July, and is behind in the collection of "soft money"—the funds collected in amounts that would be illegal in a Presidential campaign and are supposed to go for "party-building activities" but can make a big difference in a Presidential contest. (Bush has no problem raising soft money, in large amounts, from people expecting and in some cases receiving special treatment or appointments.) Clinton comes in third in most of the recent national polls, with his numbers ranging from twenty-four to twenty-nine per cent. But Clinton's biggest problem is that most of the public knows very little about him and what it does know—stemming mostly from the mini-scandals of earlier this year—isn't favorable. Further, he comes across as a consummate politician—which he is—in the year of anti-politics. Clinton the commentator said recently, "I think I'm being hurt now just by being the nominee of the Democratic Party and being in any elective office."

Once again, his advisers are talking about "reintroducing" Clinton to the American people; they've been talking about this since the New York primary, in early April. The fact that they feel the need to "reintroduce" Clinton reveals their problem. What they mean, of course, is that they want to change the impressions people already have of Clinton. In recent weeks, there have been a lot of meetings, and a lot of polling has been done, to this end. The idea, says one campaign aide, is to get Clinton "onto the stage in more dramatic ways." The campaign feels it cannot waste the time between now and the Convention. By then, Clinton has to be in better shape within his own party. To that end, Clinton will be touching base with the Party's interest groups—blacks, Hispanics, the elderly—without, his campaign hopes, appearing to pander. Yesterday, he addressed the American Association of Retired Persons, whom he challenged to lobby for children's issues. (He also

pandered a little.) The Clinton campaign hopes for a show of solidarity with Paul Tsongas soon.

Sometimes campaigns, floundering, resort to what seemed to work before, and the Clinton people think that what worked for Clinton in New Hampshire (he came in second) was that he was seen as a knowledgeable, "issue-oriented" man. (The campaign is even thinking of sending Clinton back to New Hampshire.) But Clinton's ability to talk programs is also something of a liability. He can come across as a know-it-all, and, more important, what the voters appear to want isn't specifics of programs but a sense that a Presidential candidate has a vision of where this country should be going. Bush's "vision thing" has long since become a joke, but it also gets at a serious problem for him. Clinton does have a sense of where he wants to take the country, but, to his own and his staff's frustration, he can't seem to get it out. His rhetoric doesn't lift. Clinton's ideas amount to a program for a more productive society, in which people are better educated and better trained and better prepared to make this country compete in the world market; he talks about "investing in people." Various formulations of this theme have been tried, but Clinton can't get it down to a clear, simple message. There is reason to question the emphasis the political world puts on "message," and it shouldn't be fatal that a candidate has complicated thoughts. But, for better or worse, the "message" is the shorthand by which the candidate cuts through the noise of a campaign—like an advertisement, it has to be quick. On Monday, in Oakland, Clinton told a rally, "I'm a pro-growth, pro-business and pro-labor, pro-education, pro-health care, pro-environment, pro-family, pro-choice Democrat."

Clinton has made some good speeches and appeared at some successful events lately, but they have rarely been covered in the press. He has attacked Bush's education program and talked about his own "third way," neither traditional liberal nor conservative, for dealing with national problems, emphasizing responsibility along with opportunity. This is his "New Covenant," a term that, predictably, hasn't caught on. His way of dealing with Perot is to argue that Perot is talk while he, Clinton, has got things done.

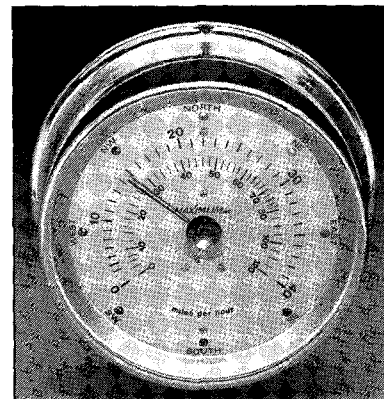


During the pre-Convention period, his campaign plans to emphasize that Clinton has actually accomplished things (thus he will spend more time in Arkansas), something that most voters don't know. To get more exposure to the public, Clinton this week appeared on a CBS call-in program (the other candidates declined), played the saxophone on "The Arsenio Hall Show," and appeared last night on "Larry King Live," and he'll be taking questions from teen-agers on MTV and

phone calls from what his campaign calls "real people" on the "Today" show. His campaign has been negotiating with the networks for the purchase of some prime time for Clinton to talk directly to the people. The idea is to hold his own town meetings, as he did in New Hampshire. (The concept didn't originate with Perot.) George Stephanopoulos, the Clinton campaign's communications director, says that the purpose is to show Clinton "in as many unfiltered forums as possible—to get people watching the real thing, rather than something that's reported on."

This is the new trend in campaigning—to try to reach the people without the press ("filters") in the way. (Perot did take the lead on this.) Stephanopoulos says, "Filters distort and compress. Filters report what's different from what's been said before, they report the mistake, they report the gaffe, they report the poll. They don't report the reality. This gives people a chance to see things for themselves." (Also, "filters" run only very short sound bites—shorter than ever—and ask unwelcome questions.) The Clinton campaign's hope is to show in June, in a splashy way, that Clinton is the candidate with a plan—a national economic strategy. An adviser says, "We have to do a better job than we have of getting out what kind of President Bill Clinton will be." Clinton is considering announcing his Vice-Presidential selection prior to the Convention—contrary to the usual practice—to give his campaign a needed boost. His advisers have also been considering ways to identify him with the American culture, by having him go to a baseball game, appear at a shopping center or a barbecue restaurant, spend a day with a single, working mother—"a Murphy Brown type," a Clinton adviser says.

The over-all goal, another Clinton



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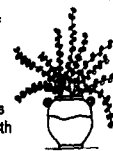
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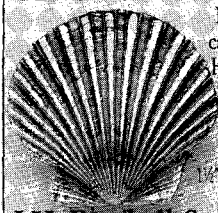
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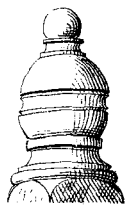


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adviser says, is to "make sure we're in a close contest going into the Convention." There is a question whether all these efforts will, or even can, pay off—whether voters who have made up their minds about Clinton, or know very little but have a negative impression, will change their minds. And the Bush campaign, preoccupied with Perot and with Bush's own problems, hasn't taken Clinton on yet. No one doubts that if Clinton appears to be a threat to Bush in the fall the Bush people will do whatever it takes to beat him. A big thing will be made of his draft story, or stories, and there can be little doubt that the public will be reminded, one way or another, that Clinton's personal life—as he has admitted—has been less than pristine. When the Bush people are through, Clinton's record in Arkansas will look different from the way Clinton describes it.

ROSS PEROT's crusade continues forward, but not without some missteps. How many and what kind of missteps, and discoveries about Perot, it would take to sink him—if he is sinkable—is anyone's guess. His followers thus far don't seem interested in the negative stories, and have accepted Perot's construct that "the establishment" and "the media elite" are out to get him because he wants to bring "the people" into the system. He has shown that he can obfuscate positions with the best of admitted politicians. And he has made mistakes and also provided material for those who want to paint him as "weird." Perot's effort is in midstream between early enthusiasm and serious campaign, and despite the heavyweight political talent he has hired it is clear that Perot will be a hard candidate to discipline.

His statements to Barbara Walters that he wouldn't hire admitted homosexuals for certain top jobs (the prohibition wasn't as flat as press reports initially indicated, but he later said that he meant sensitive jobs, and that he was worried that hearings on such people would become a distraction) or adulterers (he wasn't asked how he would know) are the kinds of things that could limit his appeal to independents, many of them libertarian, whose support he needs. He is known for having run his businesses according to a strict code of dress and behavior, but now he is trying hard to live down his

"authoritarian" reputation. Another story came out that indicated his penchant for off-the-books and paramilitary activities. (The Washington Post reported recently that in the early nineteen-eighties Perot offered to buy a Caribbean island, to be used in operations to catch narcotics smugglers. Perot-financed commandos would have participated in the effort.) His teleconferenced rally last week, originating in Orlando, Florida, and beamed to five other cities, held to celebrate his name having been qualified for the ballots in several states (he's now on the ballot in twelve states), wasn't quite the technological innovation that it was widely said to be. Previous candidates had used satellites to deliver rallies to several cities. Perot's rally was long on patriotism, razzmatazz, and fervor, and had a slightly cultish feel to it. Perot couldn't quite bring himself to leave the microphone for good, and he said some odd things. For instance, he said that his wife, Margot, had wanted to be there, "but I love her too much to put her at risk." The crowd seemed puzzled. (Perot is big on conspiracy theories: in a recent interview on C-SPAN, he said that during the Vietnam War the Vietnamese "used to come to Canada and give a list of people to kill, and I was on that list.") The rally also featured a huge black-and-white banner commemorating Vietnam P.O.W.s and M.I.A.s, and Perot's remarks on these subjects suggested that they are an obsession with him.

BUSH prevailed over a challenger who never had a chance. Clinton's success in the primaries was more a matter of survival than a triumph. He prevailed over a weak field, a number of potentially stronger Democrats having chosen not to run. (Bush's approval ratings were in the eighties last year.) A lot of elected Democrats are not at all happy about running with Clinton at the head of the ticket. The low participation in the primaries was a signal of the discontent that has, at least for now, found a vessel in Ross Perot. So two damaged candidates now stand against an all-but-announced one who at the moment causes the most excitement but is still defining himself to the public. The only thing that is certain now is that someone will eventually win the Presidency.

—ELIZABETH DREW

BOOKS

In Higher and Healthier Ways

ALTHOUGH a celebrated critic himself, the poet Randall Jarrell once observed that "art is long, and critics are the insects of a day." He assessed the critic's chances of long-term survival at one in a hundred thousand. These are favorable odds, though, compared with what anthologists face. For a time, they may enjoy a giddy, perhaps even a megalomaniacal, feeling of dominion: outspread before them, waiting to be regimented, to be interpreted and commended, lie rich displays of nimbleness, wisdom, anguish, jubilation. But the moment is transitory. Some anthologies bloom like daylilies, others may show a hardy perennial blossoming, yet in the end they all tend to close up utterly. An exception might be made for collections by illustrious poets—one thinks of Yeats' anthology of modern verse—but these generally owe whatever endurance they possess not to the soundness of their contents but to the sidelights they cast on the sensibility of their compiler. It may well be that in the long annals of English-language verse only one figure, a Victorian, Francis Turner Palgrave, has secured for himself a prominent, unshakable place purely through his selective powers. More than a hundred and thirty years after its initial appearance, his "Golden Treasury" remains a touchstone.

The book's complete title, which says a good deal about its easy, outsized ambitions, is "The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language." Palgrave's design was nothing less than the gathering into one volume of the best lyrics in the language—"and none beside the best." Since its publication in 1861, "The Golden Treasury" has never gone out of print. In its newest incarnation, edited by Christopher Ricks (Penguin; \$11.95), "best" is again repeatedly employed: Ricks characterizes it as "the best-known and the best-selling anthology of English poetry ever" and "the best, too." If "best" is a slippery term, it would nonetheless be difficult to assemble a definition for it that would leave Palgrave anywhere but near the top.

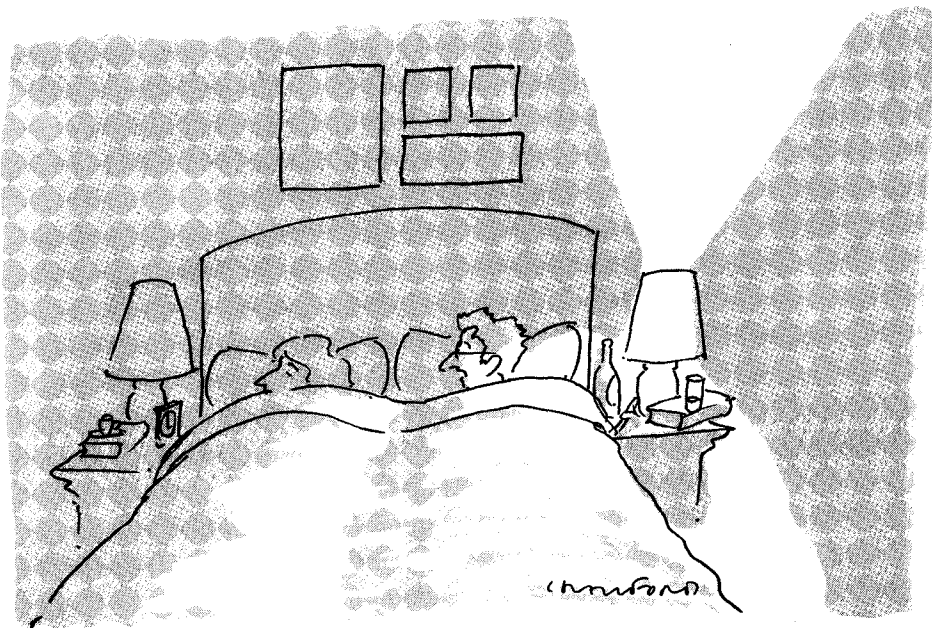
Over the decades, "The Golden Treasury" has elicited a number of

blazing testimonials (Henry Adams reported that he had received from it "more literary education" than he had from his schooling; Robert Frost used to ask beginning students to memorize twenty of its poems as a "basis of subsequent study of the history of English literature"), and it is not hard to see why. The book's virtues are manifest. There is, first and overriding, its sureness of taste. Since Palgrave's day, the world has undergone metamorphoses that would have upended even a visionary like Blake, and yet the lyrics that stirred Palgrave are able, in the main, to stir the modern reader. In a few years' time, with the turn of the millennium, the "Treasury" will stand at a remove of two centuries from us; if posterity serves as the final arbiter of art, in this case we may reasonably call ourselves posterity and judge the book sound. Palgrave was greatly aided by the counsel of his close friend Tennyson, whose lifelong refusal to write criticism renders his active participation in this project the nearest thing we have from him to a declaration of critical principles. Tennyson's presence is felt most keenly in the book's musical delicacy, its beguiling harmonies and crystalline echoes.

A second virtue of the "Treasury" is its hybrid organization, which is both chronological and thematic. In overview the book divides into four

eras, as Palgrave explains in his preface: "The poems have been therefore distributed into Books corresponding, I to the ninety years closing about 1616, II thence to 1700, III to 1800, IV to the half century just ended. Or, looking at the Poets who more or less give each portion its distinctive character, they might be called the Books of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth." Within each of these Books, the contents are arranged with an eye to the poems' themes rather than the poets' birthdates; Palgrave aims at artful juxtapositions, at the quiet unveiling of likenesses and contrasts. The outcome is a collection that feels coherently but not rigidly shaped. Lastly, the "Treasury" appeals through the emergent character of its compiler. Palgrave is likable; the personality reflected in his selections and in his brief supplementary annotations is that of a man who was refined, venturesome, modest, tender.

His virtues as an editor are so salient that it is easy to lose sight of his peculiarities. One must turn to the book's peripheries—his preface and notes, Ricks' commentary—in order to discern just what a quirky and idiosyncratic assemblage, what an "unstandard" standard, "The Golden Treasury" is. Those terms which literary critics commonly enlist in order to suggest preeminence—"definitive," "magisterial,"



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"authoritative," and so on—scarcely apply to so wayward a construction.

The book's oddness is not chiefly a matter of its omissions, however egregious many of these may be. In his first edition, Palgrave did leave out both Donne and Blake—writers whose reputations, admittedly, flourished only in this century, but who were hardly unknown in Palgrave's (as Ricks makes clear). Yet what is most arresting about the anthology is its freehandedness. Palgrave constantly plays fast and loose with his material, occasionally committing what by the standards of our era would be deemed editorial atrocities. He drops stanzas when they fail to please him and is forever supplying a title to a poem that lacks one, often without indicating that he has done so. It is not at all uncharacteristic of him to create a two-part poem by yoking together a pair of Shakespeare sonnets under a heading of his own devising ("Time and Love"). Did Sir Philip Sidney neglect to attach a name to one of his sonnets for Stella? No matter—henceforth it shall be "Via Amoris."

Imagine the howls that would arise if a contemporary editor indulged such impulses! Palgrave's critical practices spring from another world—one that accorded both more and less respect to poets than we customarily show. For if his liberties are striking, so are his convictions about the redemptive powers of verse. It is for him a means of "leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature." He comes by his editorial license not through any want of respect but through a feeling of friendly intimacy; what he lacks in deference he makes up in affection. And, while you could scarcely wish that Palgrave's practices were the norm, it is hard to censure him vigorously. What one is perhaps most likely to feel toward him is a touch of envy—for the "Treasury" radiates toward its subjects a companionable good will that surely must have been, as the book was compiled and revised over the years, an ongoing comfort to its maker.

In the next century, the Ricks edition may well serve as a comparative critical study. In his almost exaggerated punctiliousness—which extends to double notification (in the text and again in the notes) on each occasion when Palgrave added or dropped a

poem in later editions—Ricks is very much of his time. Where Palgrave is slapdash, Ricks is scrupulous; where Palgrave elides, Ricks expands. What results is a volume whose inner workings have been scrutinized with an intensity that its creator could never have foreseen. In addition to Tennyson, Palgrave solicited the views of two other literary friends (both now obscure figures), and Ricks documents how *they* voted on potential inclusions. If Palgrave's editorial practices at times startle us, it is worth recalling that ours would doubtless have dumbfounded him.

LEST I give the impression that Ricks has little but thoroughness to recommend him, I should add that his writing is lucid and lively and his judgment shrewd. In recent years, Ricks in his role as editor has repeatedly enriched the bookshelf of the reader of Victorian verse: in 1987, he published both "The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," which managed to be full of surprises without seeming purposefully perverse or *recherché*, and a wonderful three-volume edition of Tennyson; the following year, the "Collected Poems and Selected Prose" of A. E. Housman arrived. The new "Golden Treasury" extends this line. Ricks' deep grounding in the era helps him to clarify for us what was innovative and what conventional about the anthology.

So sophisticated an interpreter is especially helpful in the case of Palgrave, who otherwise might appear hopelessly naïve. As a critic, he had a penchant for noble but nebulous pronouncements and blithe tautologies. He was not above explaining that lyric poetry must have "a truly poetical tone," or that an editor should strive after "the most poetically-effective order" and "the most poetical version" among variants. And in his breezy willingness to generalize about "the genius of the age" or "Purity in Taste" he can seem either ingenuous or downright foolhardy. Any reasonably facile first-year graduate student could have a field day dissecting—deconstructing, dismantling, disemboweling—Palgrave's critical prose.

Even so, Palgrave can occasionally look formidable, especially in his presumptions about his audience. As an Oxford undergraduate, he got a first in Greats, and his notes presuppose a conversance not merely with much English verse that no longer enjoys

wide currency but also with an array of classical proverbs and allusions. It is assumed that a reader will identify passing allusions to Cicero's "Pro Archia" and a letter of Pliny's, and that various mythological or historical references—those underlying, say, Milton's "Lycidas" or Marvell's "Bermudas"—require little if any glossing. "The Golden Treasury" bespeaks a sensibility steeped, since childhood, in elevated literary culture.

But regardless of whether, at any particular turn, Palgrave seems naïve or sophisticated, he is bound to appear remote from us. In many ways his anthology evokes a distant, a subsided world, but nowhere more markedly than in its fusing of what look to us like disparate, inharmonious elements. The book aspires to a measured tone (enough of one so that we're jarred by the occasional appearance of tumultuous, headlong verses, like Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and Milton's "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont"), and yet this pacific air in no way prevents Palgrave from inserting that hymn to English military might "Rule Britannia." Clearly, there is thought to be nothing incongruous in this wedding of the bucolic to the bellicose. ("All thine shall be the subject main,/And every shore it circles thine!") If Palgrave's policy of limiting himself to "writers not living" hadn't barred Browning from his pages, one might have expected to come upon the lines "God's in his heaven—/All's right with the world." "The Golden Treasury" says, implicitly, "Britannia rules the waves—all's right with the countryside."

The anthology feels distant, too, in the essential unity of its poetic methods. Palgrave himself, as he surveyed some three hundred years of English verse, was struck by how "various" and "opposed" it was, but the modern reader is more likely to marvel at the uniformity of its techniques. Rhyme and metre reign in the "Treasury"—specifically, exact rhyme and iambic metre. Though Palgrave deliberately restricted himself to the short lyric, and though he was guilty of some gross omissions (not merely Donne and Blake but the exclusion or virtual exclusion of Surrey, Herbert, Pope, and Smart), his collection does not mislead us in its suggestions of prosodic continuity. The singular—the somewhat astounding—

truth is that in amassing an anthology in which all but a handful of its roughly three hundred poems are iambic and all but two of them rhyme, he did not much distort the essence of the English lyric over the course of three centuries. During the period in question, a mere pair of line types, both of them iambic—the tetrameter and the pentameter—ruled supreme in English verse.

As he assembled his "Treasury," Palgrave had no way of knowing how short a period remained to the iamb's indisputable hegemony. In a few decades would come modernism, bringing with it free verse, the pure syllabics of Marianne Moore and Elizabeth Daryush, the strong stress experiments of Eliot and Auden, and the delayed arrival of Hopkins' sprung rhythm, as well as an array of new modes of rhyme. It is this collapse of methodological unity, as much as anything, that has foredoomed the various attempts to expand or update or emulate Palgrave; later volumes inevitably do not appear so effortlessly of a piece. Palgrave's labors were facilitated by an underlying set of habits and assumptions which (it seems safe to say) he himself was unaware of.

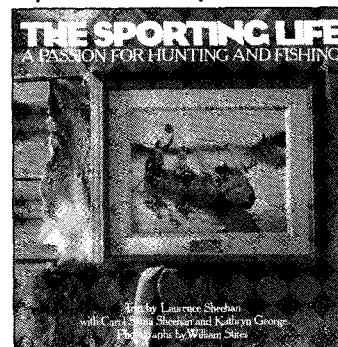
If a modern-day "Golden Treasury" remains an impossibility—if our verse and our society connive against it—we may nonetheless lament that no current anthology plays as central and beloved a role as Palgrave's once did. A modern-day Palgrave—someone who might guide multitudes with taste and a certainty of purpose—would be especially valuable in regard to the current poetry scene. Ours seems an era not so much of great poets as of great poems; we have among us no Eliot or Yeats—no one who casts a long enough shadow to sweep broadly across a continent, let alone the Atlantic Ocean. In such an environment, the anthologist potentially has an enhanced importance, for the business of selection is particularly crucial and perplexing where the field is widely but levelly populated.

Ironically, current anthologies seem more and more to be poet-based rather than poem-based: they seek to settle upon the major figures and to present their work in bulk, rather than to pluck out the choice individual lyric from the otherwise obscure figure. Both sorts of anthology have their uses, of course. For a prime example of a poet-based



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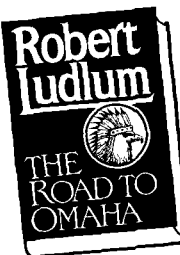
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anthology, one might look to "Chief Modern Poets of England & America," edited by Sanders, Nelson, and Rosenthal, which was for some time a warhorse in the classroom; for a poem-based anthology, one might turn to Philip Larkin's "The Oxford Book of Twentieth-Century English Verse." That the former type of anthology predominates these days is a reflection of the exigencies of the college classroom, where one naturally tends to "cover" poets rather than poems.

"The Golden Treasury" could hardly have been more poem-based, as is evidenced not merely in the large number of anonymous poems and of poets represented by a single lyric but in the decision to disperse the work of those poets who have multiple entries—a practice that hinders the little counting game in which a poet's relative stature is determined by the number of poems or pages devoted to him. Nor does Palgrave provide anything in the way of capsule biographies, pen-and-ink portraits, and so forth. Short of leaving off the authors' names altogether, he could scarcely have done more to subordinate the singer to the song.

I RECENTLY unearthed, in the rare-book room of a college library, an 1864 printing of the "Treasury." It was a handsome construction, with a leather spine and gray endpapers, a sewn binding, and pages faded not to a jaundiced yellow but to a rich cream—an object that had seemingly approached, through the mild flow of time on a library shelf, ever nearer in spirit to the mellow bounty of its contents. If its sort of bookmaking is no longer commercially viable, one wishes all the same that the Ricks edition, available only in paperback, might find a sturdier home—of a sort that would allow it, too, to be taken off a library shelf a century after its issuance.

Time has not in other ways been so gentle to Palgrave. Although all anthologists must confront the possibility that what fires their imagination may leave future generations cold, certainly few ever envision that what they find affecting will come to look outlandish or risible—which, it must be said, is how a number of Palgrave's selections now look. In his taste for noble grandeur and his willingness to court sentimentality in the name of sincerity, he occasionally falls into surpassing bathos.

Can any modern reader possibly get through Cowper's "The Castaway" with a straight face? Behold its sailor hero, moments after he has been swept overboard:

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away.

But even in the most disastrous selections there is often some hint of how the poem might once have passed scrutiny. For instance, Cowley's "On the Death of Mr. William Hervey"—the poet's elegy for a close friend—struck me as maybe the most laughable verse in the entire volume. At one juncture, descending to a nadir among many low points, Cowley enjoins Nature to speak for him:

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge,
say,
Have ye not seen us, walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?

Yet the succeeding lines unfold a little treasure:

Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

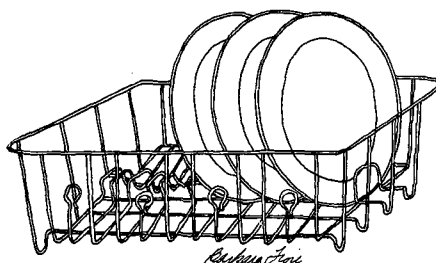
That concluding line was appropriated by Malcolm Lowry for the title of a novel—a title I loved long before I knew its provenance. How much better, more chilling and sombre, the title is for the grave's belonging not to a "love" but to a "friend"—for there can be no suggestion here of any passion vast enough to surmount death. This grave is dark indeed. Hence the very aspects of the poem that render it silly also serve to make it, in a borrower's hands, stately and memorable. One comes to feel hesitant about dismissing outright anything in the anthology.

Palgrave cites in his preface a number of ambitions: he wishes to give pleasure, to avoid jarring transitions, to respect the sentiments of the past. Estimable as these aims are, one might argue that a still higher goal for any anthology is to unsettle—to make us rethink, reappraise, reorganize. This

Palgrave achieves. His greatest asset here may be his nicety of perception: he has an eye for small details, an ear for subtle tones. And he presents his appreciations with an unforced, unfeignable delight; even where one disagrees with him, one trusts utterly in his sincerity. Therefore one must pause and ponder when Palgrave examines a line of Shelley's—"And wild roses, and ivy serpentine"—and has this to say: "Our language has perhaps no line modulated with more subtle sweetness. A good poet *might* have written *And roses wild*,—yet this slight change would disenchant the verse of its peculiar beauty." For this reader, anyway, it is difficult to see just what about the line was so captivating (in reversing the second foot—sometimes called the sensitive foot—of a pentameter line, Shelley did something slightly irregular, but this hardly seems an unprecedented or miraculous effect), and yet I don't doubt for a moment that for Palgrave the line's magic was potent and true.

While it is charming to come upon little-known anonymous lyrics, and fascinating to see what Palgrave does with Shakespeare's sonnets ("which from the wealth of the material, required greater consideration than any other portion of the Editor's task"), and illuminating to have Spenser's famous "Prothalamion" set beside Heywood's less celebrated but beautifully complementary "Pack, clouds, away," the book's greatest rewards may reside in those moments when we can't quite partake of Palgrave's enthusiasms. We trust him sufficiently so that we're left discomfited when he offers a judgment that appears highly dubious ("We have no poet more marked by rapture, by the ecstasy which Plato held the note of genuine inspiration, than Collins") or a poem that hangs like a deadweight. Can there be a finer testimonial to any anthology than this—that where its taste seems to falter you ask yourself uneasily, *Is it him or me?* For all Palgrave's talk of "tenderness of feeling" and "sympathy with beauty," his plush Victorian jewel box troubles, it rumples, it disconcerts.

—BRAD LEITHAUSER



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